THE

LOVER:

AND

READER.

Essex: 1754.

KEADER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TOLEK:

THE

THE

LOVER.

To which is added, The

READER;

By the ſame AUTHOR.

P. P. Eun. Stb & J. London. Lover

K

Phyllida amo ante alias: nam me diſcedere flevit.
Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Tonſon* at *Shakeſpear's-Head* over-againſt *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*. 1715.

POEM.



TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE

FOLLY

OF

LHE

TO

Sir *Samuel Garth*, M. D.

SIR,

AS ſoon as I thought of making the *Lover* a Preſent to one of my Friends, I reſolved, without farther diſtracting my Choice, to ſend it *To the Beſt-natured Man*. You are ſo univerſally known for this Character, that an Epiſtle ſo directed would find its Way to

You without your Name, and I believe no Body but You yourſelf would deliver ſuch a Superſcription to any other Perſon.

This Propenſity is the nearest akin to Love; and Goodnature is the worthieſt Affection of the Mind, as Love is the nobleſt Paſſion of it: While the latter is wholly employed in endeavouring to make happy one ſingle Object, the other diffuſes its Benevolence to all the World.

As this is Your natural Bent, I cannot but congratulate to You the ſingular Felicity that your Profeſſion is ſo agreeable

ble to your Temper. For what Condition is more deſirable than a conſtant Impulſe to relieve the Diſtreſſed, and a Capacity to adminiſter that Relief? When the ſick Man hangs his Eye on that of his Phyſician, how pleaſing muſt it be to ſpeak Comfort to his Anguiſh, to raiſe in him the firſt Motions of Hope, to lead him into a Perſuaſion that he ſhall return to the Company of his Friends, the Care of his Family, and all the Bleſſings of Being?

The Manner in which You practiſe this heavenly Faculty of aiding human Life, is ac-

cording to the Liberality of Science, and demonſtrates that your Heart is more ſet upon doing Good than growing Rich.

The pitiful Artifices which Empyricks are guilty of to drain Caſh out of Valetudinarians, are the Abhorrence of your generous Mind; and it is as common with *Garth* to ſupply Indigent Patients with Money for Food, as to receive it from Wealthy ones for Phyſick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the Generoſity which is already applauded by all that know You, appear to thoſe whoſe Gratitude You every Day refuſe, if they knew that

that You reſiſt their Preſents leaſt You ſhould ſupply thoſe whoſe Wants you know, by taking from thoſe with whoſe Neceſſities you are unacquainted?

The Families You frequent receive You as their Friend and Well-wiſher, whoſe Concern, in their behalf, is as great as that of thoſe who are related to them by the Tyes of Blood and the Sanctions of Affinity. This Tenderneſs interrupts the Satisfactions of Converſation, to which You are ſo happily turned, but we forgive You that our Mirth is often inſipid to You, while You ſit abſent to what paſſes

paſſes amongſt us from your Care of ſuch as languiſh in Sickneſs. We are ſenſible their Diſtreſſes, inſtead of being removed by Company, return more ſtrongly to your Imagination by Compariſon of their Condition to the Jollities of Health.

But I forget I am writing a Dedication; and in an Addreſs of this Kind, it is more uſual to celebrate Mens great Talents, than thoſe Virtues to which ſuch Talents ought to be ſubſervient; yet where the Bent of a Man's Spirit is taken up in the Application of his whole Force to ſerve the World in

his

his Profeſſion, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with Thanks for what he is, than Applauſes for what he is capable of being. Beſides, Sir, there is no Room for ſaying any thing to You as You are a Man of Wit and a great Poet; all that can be ſpoken that is worthy an ingenuous Spirit, in the Celebration of ſuch Faculties, has been incomparably ſaid by your ſelf to others, or by others to you: You have never been excelled in this Kind, but by thoſe who have written in Praiſe of you: I will not pretend to be your Rival even with ſuch an Advantage over

over you, but, assuring you, in Mr. *Codrington*'s * Words, that I do not know whether my Love or Admiration is greater,

I remain,

SIR,

Your most Faithful Friend,

and most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* *Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy:*
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.

Codrington to Dr. Garth before the Dispensary.

THE LOVER.

Written in Imitation of the TATLER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

N° 1. *Thurſday, February* 25. 1714.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto. Hor.

THERE have been many and laudable Endeavours of late Years, by ſundry Authors, under different Characters, and of different Inclinations and Capacities, to improve the World, by Half-ſheet Advertiſements, in Learning, Wit, and Politicks; but theſe Works have not attentively enough regarded the ſofter Affections of the Mind,

which being properly raiſed and awakened, make way for the Operation of all good Arts.

AFTER mature Deliberation with my ſelf upon this Subject, I have thought, that if I could trace the Paſſion or Affection of Love, through all its Joys and Inquietudes, through all the Stages and Circumſtances of Life, in both Sexes, with ſtrict reſpect to Virtue and Innocence, I ſhould, by a juſt Repreſentation and Hiſtory of that one Paſſion, ſteal into the Boſom of my Reader, and build upon it all the Sentiments and Reſolutions which incline and qualify us for every thing that is truly Excellent, Great, and Noble.

ALL You, therefore who are in the dawn of Life, as to Converſation with a faithleſs and artful World, attend to one who has paſſed through almoſt all the Mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befal you in the purſuit of Love: If you diligently obſerve me, I will teach you to avoid the Temptations of lawleſs Deſire, which leads to Shame and Sorrow, and carry you into the Paths of Love, which will conduct you to Honour and Happineſs. This Paſſion is the Source of our Being, and as it is ſo, it is alſo the Support of it; for all the Adventures which they meet with who ſwerve from Love, carry them ſo far out of the Way of their

true

true Being, which cannot pleaſingly paſs on when it has deviated from the Rules of honourable Paſſion.

MY Purpoſe therefore, under this Title, is to Write of ſuch things only which ought to pleaſe all Men, even as Men; and I ſhall never hope for prevailing under this Character of *Lover* from my Force in the Reaſon offer'd, but as that Reaſon makes for the Happineſs and Satisfaction of the Perſon to whom I addreſs. My Reader is to be my Miſtreſs, and I ſhall always endeavour to turn my Thoughts ſo as that there ſhall be nothing in my Writings too ſevere to be ſpoken before one unacquainted with Learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the Paths of Virtue, or deſirous to walk in them for the future.

MY Aſſiſtants, in this Work, are Perſons whoſe Conduct of Life has turned upon the Incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable Paſſion, as they reſpectively are apt to call it, from the Impreſſion it has left upon their Imaginations, and which mingles in all their Words and Actions.

IT cannot be ſuppoſed the Gentlemen can be called by their real Names, in ſo publick a manner as this is. But the Heroe of my Story, now in the full Bloom of Life, and ſeen every Day in all the Places

of Reſort, ſhall bear the Name of one of our *Britiſh* Rivers, which waſhes his Eſtate. As I deſign this Paper ſhall be a Picture of familiar Life, I ſhall avoid Words derived from learned Languages, or ending in Foreign Terminations: I ſhall ſhun alſo Names ſignificant of the Perſon's Character of whom I talk; a Trick uſed by Play-wrights, which I have long thought no better a Device than that of underwriting the Name of an Animal on a Poſt, which the Painter conceived too delicately drawn to be known by common Eyes, or by his Delineation of its Limbs.

Mr. *SEVERN* is now in the twenty fifth Year of his Age, a Gentleman of great Modeſty and Courage, which are the radical Virtues which lay the ſolid Foundation for a good Character and Behaviour both in publick and private. I will not, at this time, make the Reader any further acquainted with him than from this Particular, that he extreamly affects the Converſation of People of Merit who are advanced in Years, and treats every Woman of Condition, who is paſt being entertained on the foot of Homage to her Beauty, ſo reſpectfully, that in his Company ſhe can never give her ſelf the Compunction of having loſt any thing which made her agreeable. This natural Goodneſs has gainde him many Hearts, which have agreeable

ble Perſons to give with them: I mean, Mothers have a Fondneſs for him, and wiſh that Fondneſs could be gratified by his Paſſion to their Daughters. Were you to viſit him in a Morning, you would certainly find ſome awkard thing of Buſineſs, ſome old Steward, or diſtant Retainer to a great Family, who has a Propoſal to make to him, not (you may be ſure) coming from the Perſon who ſent him, but only in general to know whether he is engaged

Mr. *SEVERN* has at this time Patterns ſent him of all the young Women in Town; and I, who am of his Council in theſe Matters, have read his Particulars of Women brought him, not from profeſſed Undertakers that way, but from thoſe who are under no Neceſſity of ſelling immediately, but ſuch who have Daughters a good Way under Twenty, that can ſtay for a Market, and ſend in their Account of the Lady, in general Terms only; As that ſhe is ſo Old, ſo Tall, worth ſo much down, and has two Batchelor Unkles (one a rich Merchant) that will never Marry; her Maiden-Aunt loves her mightily, and has very fine Jewels, and the like. I have obſerved in theſe Accounts, when the Fortune is not ſuitable, they ſubjoin a Poſtſcript, ſhe is very Handſome; if ſhe is rich

and Defective as to Charms, they add, ſhe is very good.

BUT I was going to ſay, That Mr. *Severn* having the good Senſe to affect the Converſation of thoſe elder than himſelf, paſſes ſome Time at a Club, which (with himſelf) conſiſts of ſix; whom we ſhall name as follows.

Mr. *OSWALD*, a Widower, who has within theſe few Months buried a moſt agreeable Woman, who was his beloved Wife, and is indulged by this Company to ſpeak of her in the Terms ſhe deſerved of him, with allowance to mingle Family-Tales concerning the Merit of his Children, and the Ways and Methods he deſigns to take, to Support a painful and lonely Being, after the loſs of this Companion, which tempered all his Sorrows, and gave new Senſe and Spirit to his Satisfactions.

Mr. *MULLET*, a Gentleman, who in the moſt plentiful Fortune, ſeems to taſte very little of Life, becauſe he has loſt a Lady whom he paſſionately loved, and by whom he had no Children; he is the laſt of a great Houſe, and tho' he wants not many Months of Fifty, is much ſought by Ladies as bright as any of the Sex; but as he is no Fool, but is ſenſible they compare his Years with their own, and have a mind to Marry him, becauſe they have

a mind to Bury him, he is as froward, exceptious and humourſome as e'er a Beauty of 'em all: I, who am intimate with *Mullet* as well as *Severn*, know that many of the ſame Women have been offered to him of Fifty, in caſe of loſing him of Five and Twenty; and ſome perhaps in hopes of having them both: For they prudently judge, that when *Mullet* is dead, it may then be time enough for *Severn* to Marry; and a Lady's Maid can obſerve that many an unlikelier Thing has come to paſs, than this view of Marriage between her young Miſtreſs and both thoſe Gentlemen.

Mr. *JOHNSON* is a Gentleman happy in the Converſation of an excellent Wife, by whom he has a numerous Offſpring; and the manner of ſubjecting his Deſires to his Circumſtances, which are not too plentiful, may give Occaſion in my future Diſcourſes to draw many Incidents of Domeſtick Life, which may be as agreeable to the reſt of the young Men of this Nation, as they are to the well-diſpoſed Mr. *Severn*.

THE fifth Man of this little Aſſembly is Mr. *Wildgooſe*, an old Batchelor, who has lived to the 53d Year of his Age, after being diſappointed in Love at his 23d. That Torment of Mind frets out in little Diſſatisfactions and Uneaſineſſes againſt every thing elſe, without adminiſtring

Remedy to the Ail it ſelf, which ſtill feſters in his Heart, and would be inſupportable, were it not cooled by the Society of the others abovementioned. A poor old Maid is one, who has long been the Object of Ridicule, her Humours and Particularities afford much Matter to the Facetious; but the old Batchelor has ten times more of the ſplenatick and ridiculous, as he is converſant in larger Scenes of Life, and has more Opportunities to diffuſe his Folly, and conſequently can vex and delight People in more Views, than an ancient Virgin of the other Sex.

THE ſixth and laſt of this Company, is my dear ſelf, who oblige the World with this Work. But as it has been frequently obſerved, that the Fine Gentleman of a Play has always ſomething in him which is of near Alliance to the real Character of the Author, I ſhall not pretend to be wholly above that Pleaſure, but ſhall in the next Paper principally talk of my Self, and ſatisfie my Readers how well I am qualified to be the Secretary of Love. I had ordered my Bookſeller to adorn the Head of my Paper with little pretty broken Arrows, Fans thrown away, and other Enſigns Armorial of the Iſle of *Paphos*, for the Embelliſhment of my Work; but as I am a young Author, and pretend to no more but a happy Imitation of one who

went

went before me, he would not be at that Charge; when I failed there, I desired him only to let the Paper be gilded; but he said that was a new Thing, and it would be taken to be written *by a Person of Quality*, which, I know not for what Reason, the *Bibliopoles* are also very averse to, and I was denied my second Request. However, this did not discourage me, and I was resolved to come out; not without some particular Hopes, that if I had not so many Admirers, I might possibly have more Customers than my Predecessor, whom I profess to imitate; for there are many more who can feel what will touch the Heart, than receive what would improve the Head.

I therefore design to be the Comfort and Consolation of all Persons in a languishing Condition, and will receive the Complaints of all the faithful Sighers in City, Town, or Country; firmly believing, that as bad as the World is, there are as Constant ones within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, as ever wandered in the Plains of *Arcadia*.

I shall in my next Paper, (as much as I can spare of it, from talking of my self) tell the World how to communicate their Thoughts to me, which will very properly come in with the Description of my Apartment, and the Furniture of it, together

ther with the Account of my Perſon, which ſhall make up the ſecond Paper or Chapter, and ſhall be placed before the *Errata* of this. I have nothing further to ſay now, but am willing to make an end of this Leaf as quaintly as poſſible, being the firſt; and therefore would have it go off like an Act in a Play, with a Couplet; but the Spirit of that will be wholly in the Power of the Reader, who muſt quicken his Voice hereabouts, like an Actor at his *Exit*, helping an empty Verſe with lively Hand, Foot, and Voice, at once; and if he is reading to Ladies, ſay briskly, That, with regard to the greateſt Part of Mankind,

Foreign is every Character beſide;
But that of Lover every Man has try'd.

N° 2. *Saturday, February* 27.

——Mentis gratiſſimus Error. Hor.

I Cannot tell how many Years, Months, Hours, Days or Minutes have paſſed away ſince I firſt ſaw Mrs. *Ann Page*; but certain I am, that they have ran by me, without my being much concerned in what was tranſacted in the World around

round me all that while. Mrs. *Page* being a Gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to Diſtraction, has made me very particular in my Behaviour upon all the Occurrences on this Earth, and negligent of thoſe things in which others terminate all their Care and Study; inſomuch, that I am very ſenſible it is only becauſe I am harmleſs, that the buſie World does not lock me up; for if they will not own themſelves mad, they muſt conclude I am, when they ſee me cold to the Purſuits of Riches, Wealth and Power; and when People have been ſpeaking of great Perſons and Illuſtrious Actions, I cloſe the whole with ſomething about Mrs. *Page*, they are apt to think my Head turned, as well as I do theirs. However, I find Conſolation in the Simplicity of my Diſtreſs, (which has baniſhed all other Cares) and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the ſilly Crowds who are toiling for more than they want, I am, without doubt, in my ſelf the moſt innocent of all Creatures; and a Squirrel in a Chain, whoſe Teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing Miſchief. Mrs. *Ann Page* had ſuch a Turn with her Neck, when I, thinking no harm, firſt looked upon her, that I was ſoon after in a Fever, and had like to have left a World (which I ever ſince deſpiſed) and been at Reſt. But as Mrs. *Ann*'s Parents comply'd with her own

Paſſion

Paſſion for a Gentleman of much greater Worth and Fortune than my ſelf, all that was left for me was to lament or get rid of my Paſſion by all the Diverſions and Entertaiments I could. But I thank Mrs. *Ann* (I am ſtill calling her by her Maiden Name) ſhe has always been Civil to me, and permitted me to ſtand Godfather at the Baptiſm of one of her Sons.

THIS would appear a very humble Favour to a Man of ungovern'd Deſire; but as for me, as ſoon as I found Mrs. *Ann* was engaged, I could not think of her with Hope any longer, any other ways than that I ſhould ever be ready to expreſs the Paſſion I had for her, by Civilities to any thing that had the moſt remote relation to her. But alas! I am going on as if every Body living was acquainted with Mrs *Ann Page* and my ſelf, when there is indeed no occaſion of mentioning either; but to inform the Reader, that it is from the Experience of a Patient, I am become a Phyſician in Love. I have been in it thirty Years, juſt as long as the Learned *Sydenham* had the Gout; and tho' I cannot pretend to make Cures, I can, like him, put you in a good Regimen when you are down in a Fit. As I was ſaying, this Affection of mine left behind it a Scorn of every thing elſe; and having an Averſion to Buſineſs, I have paſſed my Time very much in Obſervation up-

on

on the Force and Influence this Paſſion has had upon other Men, and the different Turns it has given each reſpective Generation from the Cultivation or Abuſe of it. You'll ſay I fell into very unhappy Days for a Lover of my Complexion, who can be ſatisfied with diſtant Good-will from the Perſon beloved, and am contented that her Circumſtances can allow me only her Eſteem, when I acquaint you that my moſt vigorous Years were paſſed away in the Reign of the Amorous *Charles* the Second. The Licences of that Court did not only make that Love, which the Vulgar call Romantick, the Object of Jeſt and Ridicule, but even common Decency and Modeſty were almoſt abandoned as formal and unnatural. The Writers for the Stage fell in with the Court, and the Theatre diffus'd the Malignity into the Minds of the Nobility and Gentry, by which means the Degeneracy ſpread it ſelf through the whole People, and Shame it ſelf was almoſt loſt: Naked Innocence, that moſt charming of Beauties, was confronted by that moſt hideous of Monſters, barefaced Wickedneſs.

THIS made me place all my Happineſs in Hours of Retirement; and as great Diſtreſſes often turn to Advantages, I impute it to the Wickedneſs of the Age, that I am a great Maſter of the Baſe-Viol.

WITH

WITH this Inſtrument I have paſſed many a heavy Hour, and laid up Treaſures of Knowledge, drawn from Contemplation, on what I had ſeen every Day in the World, during the Intervals from Muſick and Reading, which took up the Principal Part of my Time. My Purpoſe, at preſent, is to be a Knight-Errant with the Pen, ſince that Order of Men who were ſo with their Swords, are quite laughed out of the World. My Buſineſs is to kill Monſters, and to relieve Virgins; but as it has been the Cuſtom, time out of Mind, for Knights, who take upon them ſuch laudable and hazardous Labours, to have a Caſtle, a Mote round it, and all other Conveniencies within themſelves, it has luckily happened, that the ſpacious and magnificent Apartment, which the Ingenious Mr. *Powell* lately poſſeſſed in *Covent-Garden*, has lately been relinquiſhed by him, upon ſome importunate Words and Menaces given him by a Gentleman who has the Sovereignty of it, by Vertue of ſome enchanted Rolls of Parchment which convey that Manſion unto the ſaid chief Commander vulgarly called a Landlord. By this means, you are to underſtand, that the Apartment, wherein the little Kings and Queens lately diverted ſo many of our Nobility and Gentry, is now mine. This ſpacious Gallery, for ſuch I have made it for my muſings and wan-

wandrings of Thought, I have dignified with the Name of *the Lover's Lodge*, where, under fancied Skies, and painted Clouds, left by Mr. *Powell*, I ſit and read the true Hiſtories of famous Knights and beautiful Damſels, which the Ignorant call Romances. To make my Walk more gloomy, and adapted both for Melody and Sadneſs, there lies before me, at preſent, a Death's Head, my Baſe-Viol, and the Hiſtory of *Grand Cyrus*. I cannot tell by what Chance, I have alſo ſome Ridiculous Writers in my Study, for I have an Averſion for Comicks, and thoſe they call pleaſant Fellows, for they are inſenſible of Love. Thoſe Creatures get into a Familiarity with Ladies, without reſpect on either ſide, and conſequently can neither ſee what is amiable, or be the Objects of Love. I wonder how theſe Buffoons came into my Head. But I was going to intimate, that the Notions of Gallantry are turned topſie-turvey, and the Knight-Errantry of this profligate Age is deſtroying as many Women as they can. It is notorious, that a young Man of Condition does no more than is expected from him, if before he thinks of ſettling himſelf in the World, he is the Ruin of half a dozen Females, whoſe Fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious Anceſtors, whether ſucceſsful in Virtue or Iniquity, have left him.

THUS

THUS I every Day ſee Innocents abuſed, ſcorned, betrayed and neglected by Brutes, who have no Senſe of any thing but what indulges their Appetites; and can no longer ſuffer the more charming and accompliſhed Part of the Species to want a Friend and Advocate. I ſhall enquire, in due time, and make every Anti-Heroe in *Great Britain* give me an Account why one Woman is not as much as ought to fall to his Share; and ſhall ſhew every abandoned Wanderer, that with all his bluſtering, his reſtleſs following every Female he ſees, is much more ridiculous, than my conſtant, imaginary Attendance on my Fair One, without ever ſeeing her at all.

BUT the main Purpoſe of this Chapter I had like to have ſlipped over, to wit, the more exact Account of my Bower: As it is not natural for a Man in Love to ſleep all Night, but to be a great Admirer of Walking, I am at the Charge of four Tapers burning all Night, and take my Itinerations, with much gloomy Satisfaction, from one end to the other of my long Room, my Field-Bed being too ſmall to interrupt my Paſſage, tho' placed in the middle of my Apartment. No one who has not been polite enough to have viſited Mr. *Powell*'s Theatre, can have a Notion how I am accommodated; but if you will ſuppoſe a ſingle Man had *Weſtminſter-Hall* for his Bed-Chamber,

Chamber, and lay in a Truckle-Bed in the midſt of it, it will give you a pretty good Idea of the Poſture in which I dream (but with Honour and Chaſtity) of the incomparable Mrs. *Page*.

MY Predeceſſors in Knight-Errantry, who were, as I above obſerved, Men of the Sword, had their Lodgings adorned with burniſhed Arms round the Corniſhes, Limbs of dryed Giants over their Heads and all about the Moat of their Caſtle, where they walked by Moon-light; but as I am a Pen-Champion and live in Town, and have quite another ſort of People to deal with, to wit, the Criticks, Beaus and Rakes of *Covent-Garden*, I have nothing but Stand-diſhes, Pens and Ink, and Paper, on little Tables at equal Diſtance, that no Thought may be loſt as I am muſing. I am forced to comply, more than my Inclinations and high Paſſions would otherwiſe permit, and tell the World how to correſpond with me, after their own Method, in the common Way: I am to ſignifie, therefore, that I am more acceſſible than any other Knights ever were before me, and in plain Terms, that there is a Coffee-houſe under my Apartment; nay further, that a Letter directed, to Mr. *Marmaduke Myrtle* at the *Lover's Lodge*, to be left at *Shanley*'s Coffee-houſe *Covent-*

Garden, will find the gentleſt of Mortals,
Your moſt Enamoured, Humble Servant.

N°. 3. *Tueſday March* 2.

Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend:
And all you Vulgar of my School, attend.

Art of Love, Congreve.

Lover's-Lodge, March 2.

NOW I have told all the World my Name and Place of Abode, it is impoſſible for me to enjoy the Studious Retirement I promis'd my ſelf in this place. For moſt of the People of Wit and Quality who frequented theſe Lodgings in Mr. *Powell*'s time, have been here, and I having a ſilly Creature of a Footman who never lived but with private Gentlemen, and cannot ſtedfaſtly Lie, they all ſee by his Countenance he does not ſpeak Truth when he denies me, and will break in upon me. It is an unſpeakable Pleaſure that ſo many beauteous Ladies have made me Compliments upon my Deſign to favour and defend the Sex againſt all Pretenders without Merit, and thoſe who have Merit, and uſe it only to deceive and betray. The principal Fair ones of the Town, and the

moſt

moſt eminent Toaſts, have ſign'd an Addreſs of Thanks to me, and in the Body of it laid before me ſome Grievances, among which the greateſt are the evil Practices of a Sett of Perſons whom they call in their Preſentation the *Lovers Vagabond*. There has been indeed, ever ſince I knew this Town, one Man of Condition or other, who has been at the Head, and, giving Example to this ſort of Companions, been the Model for the Faſhion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to Property in a Country where Thieves were tolerated, and it is as much ſo to talk of Honour and Decency when the prevailing Humour runs directly againſt them. The *Lovers Vagabond* are an Order of Modern Adventurers, who ſeem to be the exact Oppoſite to that venerable and chaſte Fraternity, which were formerly called Knights Errant. As a Knight Errant profeſſed the Practice and Protection of all Virtues, particularly Chaſtity, a *Lover Vagabond* tramples upon all Rights Domeſtick, Civil, Human and Divine, to come at his own Gratification in the Corruption of Innocent Women. There are ſometimes Perſons of good Accompliſhments and Faculties who commence ſecretly *Lovers Vagabond*; but tho' Amorous Stealths have been imputed by ſome Hiſtorians to the wiſeſt and greateſt of Mankind, yet none but ſuperficial Men

have ever publickly entered into the Liſt of the Vagabond. A *Lover Vagabond*, conſidering him in his utmoſt Perfection and Accompliſhment, is but a ſeeming Man. He uſually has a Command of inſignificant Words accompanied with eaſie Action, which paſſes among the ſillier part of the Fair for Eloquence and fine Breeding. He has a Mein of Condeſcention, from the Knowledge that his Carriage is not abſurd, which he purſues to the utmoſt Impudence. He can cover any Behaviour, or cloath any Idea with Words that to an unskilful Ear ſhall bear nothing of Offence. He has all the Sufficiency which little Learning, and general Notices of things give to giddy Heads, and is wholly exempt from that Diffidence which almoſt always accompanies great Senſe and great Virtue in the Preſence of the Admired. But the *Lover Vagabond* loving no Woman ſo much as to be diſtreſſed for the loſs of her, his Manner is generally eaſie and janty, and it muſt be from very good Senſe and Experience in Life, that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, tho' much to the Advantage of thoſe whom I have taken under my Care, that the chief of this Order, at preſent, among us in *Great Britain*, is but a ſpeculative *Debauchée*. He has the Language, the Air, the tender Glance; he can

hang

hang upon a Look, has moſt exactly the ſudden Veneration of Face when he is catched ogling one whoſe Pardon he would beg for gazing, he has the Exultation at leading off a Lady to her Coach; can let drop an indifferent thing, or call her Servants with a Loudneſs, and a certain gay Inſolence well enough; nay, he will hold her Hand too faſt for a Man that leads her, and is indifferent to her, and yet come to that Gripe with ſuch ſlow Degrees, that ſhe cannot ſay he ſqueezed her Hand, but for any thing further he has no Inclination. This Chieftain, however, I fear will give me more Plague and Diſturbance than any one Man with whom I am to engage, or rather whom I am to circumvent. He is buſie in all Places; an ample Fortune and vigour of Life enable him to carry on a ſhew of great Devaſtation where-ever he comes. But I give him hereby fair Warning to turn his Thoughts to new Entertainments, upon pain of having it diſcovered that ſhe is ſtill a Virgin upon whom he made his laſt Settlement. The Secret, that he is more innocent than he ſeems, is preſerved by great Charge and Expence on humble Retainers and Servants of his Pleaſures. But ſome of the Women, who are above the Age of Novices, have found him out, and have in a private Gang given him the Nick-name of the *Blite*, for that

they find themſelves blaſted by him, tho' they are not ſenſible of his Touch. It was the other Day ſaid, at a Viſit, Mr. ſuch a one, naming the *Blite*, had ruined a certain young Lady; *No*, ſaid a ſenſible Female, *If ſhe ſays ſo, I am ſure ſhe wrongs him. He may*, continued ſhe, with an Air of a diſappointed Woman, between Rage and Laughter, *hire Ruffians to abuſe her, but many a Woman has come out of the* Blite's *Hands even ſafer than ſhe wiſhed. I know one to whom, at parting, with a thouſand Poetical Repetitions, and preſſing her Hands, he vowed he would tell no Body; but the Flirt, throwing out of his Arms, anſwered pertly*, I don't make you the ſame Promiſe.

THO' I ſhall from time to time diſplay the *Lovers Vagabond* in their proper Colours, I here publiſh an Act of Indemnity to all Females who took them for fine Fellows 'till my Writings appeared, that is to ſay, (for in a publick Act we muſt be very clear) I ſhall not look back to any thing that happened before *Thurſday* the 25th of *February* laſt paſt, that being the firſt Day of my Appearance in Publick.

I expect, therefore, to find that on that Day all vagrant Deſires took their leave of the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

IN order to recover Simplicity of Manners without the Loſs of true Gaiety of Life,

Life, I ſhall take upon me the Office of *Arbiter Elegantiarum.* I cannot eaſily put thoſe two *Latin* into two as expreſſive *Engliſh* Words; but my Meaning is, to ſet up for a Judge of elegant Pleaſures, and I ſhall dare to aſſert, in the firſt place, (to ſhew both the diſcerning and ſeverity of a juſt Judge) that the greateſt Elegance of Delights conſiſts in the Innocence of them; I expect, therefore, a Seat to be kept for me at all Balls, and a Ticket ſent, that by my ſelf, or a ſubordinate Officer of mine, I may know what is done and ſaid at all Aſſemblies of Diverſion; I ſhall take care to ſubſtitute none, where I cannot be my ſelf preſent, who are not fit for the beſt bred Society; in the Choice of ſuch Deputies I ſhall have particular regard to their being accompliſhed in the little Uſages of ordinary and common Life, as well as in noble and liberal Arts.

I have many Youths, who, in the intermediate Seaſons between the Terms at the Univerſities, are under my Diſcipline, after being perfect Maſters of the *Greek* and *Roman* Eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, ſuch as coming in, and going out of a Room. Mr. *Severn* himſelf, whom I now make the Pattern of Good-breeding, and my top fine Gentleman, was with me twice a Day for ſix Months upon his firſt coming to Town, before he could leave

the Room with any tolerable Grace; when he had a mind to be going he never could move without bringing in the Words, *Well Sir, I find I interrupt you*; or *Well I fear you have other Buſineſs*; or *Well I muſt be going*; hereupon I made him give me a certain Sum of Mony down in Hand, under the Penalty of forfeiting Twenty Shillings every time upon going away he pronounced the Particle *well*. I will not ſay how much it coſt him before he could get well out of the Room. Some ſilly Particle or other, as it were to tack the taking leave with the reſt of the Diſcourſe, is a common Error of young Men of good Education.

THO' I have already declared I ſhall not uſe Words of Foreign Termination, I cannot help it if my Correſpondents do it. A Gentleman therefore who ſubſcribes *Aronces*, and writes to me concerning ſome Regulations to be made among a Sett of Country Dancers, muſt be more particular in his Account. His general Complaint is, that the Men who are at the Expence of the Ball, bring People of different Characters together, and the Libertine and Innocent are huddled, to the Danger of the latter, and Encouragement of the former. I have frequently obſerved this kind of Enormity, and muſt deſire *Aronces* to give me an exact Relation of the Airs and Glances

of

of the whole Company, and particularly how Mrs. *Gatty* ſets, when it happens that ſhe is to paſs by the *Lover Vagabond*, who, I find, is got into that Company by the Favour of his Couſin *Jenny*. For I deſign to have a very ſtrict Eye upon theſe Diverſions, and it ſhall not ſuffice, that, according to the Author of *The Rape of the Lock*, all Faults are laid upon *Sylphs*; when I make my Enquiry, as the ſame Author has it,

What guards the Purity of melting Maids
In courtly Balls and midnight Maſquerades,
Safe from the treacherous Friend and daring Spark,
The Glance by Day and Whiſper in the dark?
When kind Occaſion prompts their warm Deſires,
When Muſick ſoftens, and when Dancing fires?

Thurſday,

N° 4. *Thurſday, March* 4.

The Dancer joining with the tuneful Throng,
Adds decent Motion to the ſprightly Song.
This Step denotes the careful Lover, This
The hardy Warrior, or the drunken Swiſs.
His pliant Limbs in various Figures move,
And different Geſtures different Paſſions prove.
Strange Art! that flows in ſilent Eloquence,
That to the pleas'd Spectator can diſpence
Words without Sound, and, without ſpeaking, Senſe.

Weaver's *Hiſtory of Dancing.*

THE great Work which I have begun for the Service of the more polite Part of this Nation, cannot be ſuppoſed to be carried on by the Invention and Induſtry of a ſingle Perſon only: It is, therefore, neceſſary that I invite all other ingenious Perſons to aſſiſt me. Conſidering my Title is *The Lover*, and that a good Air and Mien is (in one who pretends to pleaſe the Fair) as uſeful as Skill in all or any of the Arts and Sciences, I am mightily pleaſed to obſerve, that the Art of Dancing is, of late, come to take Rank in the Learned World, by being communi-

municated in Letters and Characters, as all other parts of Knowledge have for some Ages been. I shall desire all those of the Faculty of Dancing, to write me, from time to time, all the new Steps they take in the Improvement of the Science. I this Morning read, with unspeakable Delight, in *The Evening Post*, the following Advertisement.

On Tuesday *last was puliſh'd,*

'The *Bretagne*, a *French* Dance, by 'Mr. *Pecour*, and Writ by Mr. *Siris*; 'Engraven in Characters and Figures, for 'the use of Masters, price 2*s.* 6*d. Note*, 'Mr. *Siris*'s Ball-Dances are likewise Print-'ed, and his original Art of Dancing by 'Characters and Figures. All Sold by *J. 'Walsh* at the *Harp* and *Hautboy* in *Ca-'therine-Street* in the *Strand.*

TAKE this Dance in its full Extent and Variety, it is the best I ever read, and tho' Mr. *Siris*, out of Modesty, may pretend that he has only translated it, I cannot but believe, from the Stile, that he himself writ it; and if I know any thing of Writing, he certainly penned the last *Coupée*. This admirable Piece is full of Instruction, you see it is called the *Bretagne*, that is to say, the *Britain*. It is intended for a Festival Entertainment (like Mr. *Bays*'s Grand Dance,) that, upon Occasion of the Peace

with

with *France* and *Spain*, the whole Nation ſhould learn a new Dance together. Some of the beſt experienced Perſons in *French* Dancing, are to practiſe it at the great Room in *York-buildings*, where, it ſeems, the Maſter of the Revels lives. He, as it is uſual, carries a White Wand in his Hand, and at a Motion made with it to the Muſick, the Dance is to begin. I am credibly informed, that out of Reſpect, and for Diſtinction-ſake, he has ordered, that the firſt Perſon who ſhall be taken out, is to be the Cenſor of *Great Britain*. I do not think this at all unlikely, nor below the Gravity of that Sage; for it is well known, the Judges of the Land dance the firſt Day of every Term, and it is ſuppoſed, by ſome, they are to dance next after the Cenſor.

Mr. *Siris* has made the beginning of this Movement very difficult for any one who has not, from his natural Parts, a more than ordinary Qualification that way. The Dance is written in the Genius required by Mr. *Weaver* in his *Hiſtory of Dancing*. *The Ancients* (ſays that more than Peripatetick Philoſopher, Mr. *Weaver*) *were ſo fond of Dancing, that* Pliny *has given us Dancing Iſlands, which Paſſage of* Pliny, Cælius Rodiginus *quotes. There is alſo an Account*, ſays he, *that in the* Torrhebian *Lake, which is alſo called the* Nymphæan, *there are certain Iſlands of the Nymphs which move round*

round in a ring at the ſound of the Flutes, and are therefore called the Calamine *Iſlands, from* Calamus, *a Pipe or Reed; and alſo the Dancing Iſlands, becauſe at the ſound of the Symphony they were moved by the beating of the Feet of the Singers.*

I appeal to all the learned Etymologiſts in *Great Britain*, whether it is poſſible to aſſign a Reaſon for calling this Grand Dance *The Britain*, if the *French* did not think to make this a dancing Iſland. The Stile of Mr. *Siris* is apparently Political, as any judicious Reader will find, if he peruſes his *Siciliana*, which was writ to inſtruct another Dancing Iſland, taught by the *French*. Let any Man who has read *Machiavil*, and underſtands Dancing Characters, caſt an Eye on Mr. *Siris*'s ſecond Page. It is Entituled, *The* Siciliana, *Mr.* Siris's *new Dance for the Year* 1714. Mr. *Siris*, a Native of *France*, you may be ſure, ſees further into the *French* Motions for the enſuing Year than we heavy *Engliſhmen* do, or he would never ſay it was made for that more than any other Year, for all Authors believe their Works will laſt every Year after they are written to the Worlds end. I take it for a ſly Satyr upon the awkard Imitation of all Nations which have not yet learned *French* Dances, that the very next Page to the *Siciliana* is called the *Baboons Minuet*. Then after that

again,

again, to intimidate the People who won't learn from the *French*, he calls the next the *Dragoons Minuet*: I wiſh all good Proteſtants to be aware of this *Movement*, for they tell me that when it is teaching, a Jeſuit, in diſguiſe, plays on the Kit.

BUT I forget that this is too elaborate for my Character. All that I have to ſay to the matter of Dancing, is only as it regards Lovers; and as I would adviſe them to avoid dabbling in Politicks, I have explain'd theſe Political Dances, that the Motions we learn may never end in Warlike ones, like thoſe which were performed by the Antients with claſhing of Swords, deſcribed by Mr. *Weaver* (in the above-mentioned Hiſtory) out of *Claudian.*

Here too, the Warlike Dancers bleſs our Sight,
Their Artful Wandring, and their Laws of flight,
An unconfus'd Return, and inoffenſive Fight.
Soon as the Maſter's Blow proclaims the Prize,
Their moving Breaſts in tuneful Changes riſe,
The Shields ſalute their Sides, or ſtrait are ſhown
In Air with waving, deep the Targets groan,
Struck with alternate Swords, which thence rebound,
And end the Conſort, and the Sacred Sound.

Saturday,

№. 5. *Saturday, March 6.*

——My Soul's far better Part,
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart.
For what thy Father to thy Mother was,
That Faith to thee, that Solemn Vow I paſs!
Art of Love, Congreve.

AS I have fixed my Stand in the very Center of *Covent-Garden*, a Place for this laſt Century particularly famed for Wit and Love, and am near the Play-houſe, where one is repreſented every Night by the other, I think I ought to be particularly careful of what paſſes in my Neighbourhood; and as I am a profeſs'd Knight-Errant, do all that lies in my Power to make the Charming Endowment of Wit, and the prevailing Paſſion of Love, ſubſervient to the Intereſts of Honour and Virtue. You are to underſtand, that having yeſterday made an Excurſion from my Lodge, there paſſed by me near St. *James*'s the Charmer of my Heart. I have, ever ſince her Parents firſt beſtowed her, avoided all places by her frequented; but Accident once or twice in a Year brings the bright Phantom into my ſight, upon which there is a flutter in my Boſom for many

Days following; when I conſider that during this Emotion I am highly exalted in my Being, and my every Sentiment improved by the effects of that Paſſion; when I reflect that all the Objects which preſent themſelves to me, now are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her Preſence; in fine, when I find in my ſelf ſo ſtrong an Inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with ſuch a readineſs to receive kind Impreſſions of thoſe I converſe with, I am more and more convinced, that this Paſſion is in honeſt Minds the ſtrongeſt Incentive that can move the Soul of Man to laudable Accompliſhments. Is a Man Juſt? let him fall in Love and grow Generous; is a Man Good-natured? let him Love and grow Publick-ſpirited. It immediately makes the Good which is in him ſhine forth in new Excellencies, and the Ill vaniſh away without the Pain of Contrition, but with a ſudden Amendment of Heart. This ſort of Paſſion, to produce ſuch Effects, muſt neceſſarily be conceived towards a modeſt and virtuous Woman; for the Arts to obtain her muſt be ſuch as are agreeable to her, and the Lover becomes immediately poſſeſſed with ſuch Perfections or Vices, as make way to the Object of his Deſires. I have plenty

of

of Examples to enforce theſe Truths, every Night that a Play is acted in my Neighbourhood; the noble Reſolutions which Heroes in Tragedy take, in order to recommend themſelves to their Miſtreſſes, are no way below the Conſideration of the wiſeſt Men, yet, at the ſame time, Inſtructions the moſt probable to take Place in the Minds of the Young and Inconſiderate: But in our degenerate Age the Poet muſt have more than ordinary Skill to raiſe the Admiration of the Audience ſo high, in the more great and publick Parts of his Drama, to make a looſe People attend to a Paſſion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own Boſoms. That perfect Piece, which has done ſo great Honour to our Nation and Language, called *Cato*, excels as much in the Paſſion of its Lovers, as in the ſublime Sentiments of its Hero; their generous Love, which is more Heroick than any Concern in the Chief Characters of moſt Dramas, makes but ſubordinate Characters in this.

WHEN *Marcia* reproves *Juba* for entertaining her with Love in ſuch a Conjuncture of Affairs, wherein the Common Cauſe ſhould take Place of all other Thoughts, the Prince anſwers in this noble Manner:

——Thy Reproofs are juſt
Thou Virtuous Maid; I'll haſten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with Cato's *Virtue.*
If e'er I lead them to the Field, when all
The War ſhall ſtand ranged in its juſt Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on Thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on Thee!
And in the ſhock of charging Hoſts, remember
What glorious Deeds ſhou'd grace the Man, who hopes
For Marcia's *Love.*

IT has been obſervable, that the Stage in all times has had the utmoſt Influence on the Manners and Affections of Mankind; and as thoſe Repreſentations of Human Life have tended to promote Virtue or Vice, ſo has the Age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent Reflections upon Marriage and innocent Love, with which our Theatre has long abounded, have been the great cauſe of our Corrupt Sentiments in this reſpect. It is not every Youth that can behold the fine Gentleman of the Comedy repreſented with a good Grace, leading a looſe and profligate Life, and condemning Virtuous Affection as inſipid, and not be ſecretly Emulous of what appears ſo amiable to a whole Audience. Theſe gay Pictures ſtrike ſtrong and laſting Impreſſions on the Fancy and Imagination of Youth, and are hardly to be eraſed in riper Years, unleſs a Commerce between Virtuous and Innocent

cent Lovers be painted with the ſame Advantage, and with as lovely Colours by the moſt Maſterly Hands on the Theatre. I have ſaid Maſterly Hands, becauſe they muſt be ſuch who can run counter to our natural Propenſity to inordinate Pleaſure; little Authors are very glad of Applauſe purchaſed any way; looſe Appetites and Deſires are eaſily raiſed, but there is a wide Difference between that Reputation and Applauſe which is obtained from our Wantonneſs, and that which flows from a Capacity of ſtirring ſuch Affections which, upon cool Thoughts, contribute to our Happineſs.

BUT I was going to give an Account of the Exultation which I am in, upon an accidental View of the Woman whom I had long loved, with a moſt pure, tho' ardent Paſſion; but as this is, according to my former Repreſentations of the Matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I muſt break the force of it by leading a Life ſuitable and analogous to it, and making all the Town ſenſible, how much they owe to her bright Eyes which inſpire me in the Performance of my preſent Office, in which I ſhall particularly take all the Youth of both Sexes under my Care.

THE two Theatres, and all the Polite Coffee-houſes, I ſhall conſtantly frequent, but principally the Coffee-houſe under my

Lodge, *Button*'s, and the Play-houſe in *Covent-Garden*: But as I ſet up for the Judge of Pleaſures, I think it neceſſary to aſſign particular Places of Reſort to my young Gentlemen as they come to Town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. *Button*'s, on the firſt Day of their Arrival in Town. I recommend it, therefore, to young Men to frequent *Shanley*'s ſome Days before they take upon them to appear at *Button*'s; I have ordered that no one look in the Face of any New-Comer, and taken effectual Methods that he may poſſeſs himſelf of any empty Chair in the Houſe without being ſtared at; but foraſmuch as ſome who may have been in Town for ſome Months together heretofore, by long Abſence have relapſed from the Audacity they had arrived at, into their firſt Baſhfulneſs and Ruſticity, I have given them the ſame Privilege of Obſcure Entry for ten Days. I have directed alſo, that Books be kept of all that paſſes in Town in all the eminent Coffee-houſes, that any Gentleman, tho' juſt arrived out of Exile from the moſt diſtant Counties in *Great Britain*, may as familiarly enter into the Town-Talk, as if he had lodged all that time in *Covent-Garden*; but above all things I have provided, that proper Houſes for Bathing and Cupping may be ready for thoſe Country Gentlemen, whoſe too heal-

thy

thy Viſages give them an Air too Robuſt and importunate for this Polite Region of Lovers, who have ſo long avoided Wind and Weather, and have every Day been out-ſtripp'd by them in the Ground they have paſſed over by ſeveral Miles. As to the Orders under which I have put my Female Youth at Aſſemblies, Opera's and Plays, I ſhall declare them in a particular Chapter under the Title of, *The Government of the Eye in Publick Places.*

N° 6. *Tueſday, March* 9.

On Rows of homely Turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the Wreaths of every common
Tree.
There, while they ſit in Ruſtick Majeſty,
Each Lover has his Miſtreſs in his Eye.

Art of Love.

CORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous, and indeed I cannot but be pleaſed with the Intelligence, which one of them ſends me, for the Novelty of it. The Gentleman is a very great Antiquary, and tells me he has ſeveral Pieces by him, which are Letters

from the *Sabine* Virgins to their Parents, Friends and Lovers in their own Country, after the famous Rape which laid the Foundation of the *Roman* People. He thinks these very proper Memorials for one who writes an History under the Title of *Lover*. He has also Answers to those Letters, and pretends *Ovid* took the Design of his Epistles from having had these very Papers in his Hands. This you'll say is a very great Curiosity, and for that Reason I have resolved to give the Reader the following Account, which was written by a *Sabine* Lady to her Mother, within ten Days after that memorable mad Wedding, and is as follows.

Dear Mother,

'THIS is to acquaint you, that I am
'better pleased with a very good-
'natured Husband in this little Village
'here of *Rome*, than ever I was in all the
'State and Plenty at your House. When
'he first seized me, I must confess he was
'very rough and ungentle, but he grows
'much tamer every Day than other, and
'I do not question but we shall very soon
'be as orderly and sober a Couple as you
'and my Father. My Cousin *Lydia* no
'body knows of certainly, but the poor
'Girl had two or three Husbands in the
'Rout, and as she is very pretty, they say
'all contend for her still. *Romulus* has ap-
'pointed

'pointed a Day to fix the diſputed Mar-
'riages; but it is very remarkable, that ſe-
'veral can neither agree to live together,
'or to part. For if one propoſes it, that
'is taken ſo mortally ill, that the other
'will inſiſt upon ſtaying, at leaſt till the o-
'ther conſents to ſtay, and then the Party
'who denied demands a Divorce, to be
'revenged of the ſame Inclination in the
'other. Thus they ſay, they cannot con-
'ſent to cohabit till they are upon an Equa-
'lity in having each refuſed the other.
'This you muſt believe will make a great
'perplexity; but *Romulus*, who expects a
'War, will have great regard to let none
'who do not like each other ſtay toge-
'ther, and makes it a Maxim, that a Ro-
'buſt Race is not to be expected to de-
'ſcend from Wranglers. Pray let me know
'how my Lover, who propoſed himſelf
'to you, bears the loſs of me. I muſt con-
'feſs I could not but reſent his being in-
'different on this Occaſion, after all the
'Vows and Proteſtations he made when
'you left us together. I don't queſtion but
'he will make Jeſts upon the Poverty of
'the *Romans*; but they threaten here, that
'if you are not very well contented with
'what has paſſed, they will make you a
'Viſit with Swords in their Hands, and
'demand Portions with your Daughters.
'When I was made Prize by my good

'Man, who is remarkably Valiant, (for 'which reaſon they left me undiſputed 'in his Hands) he ſoon took off my firſt 'Terrors from my Obſervation of that his 'Preheminence, and a certain determinate 'Behaviour, with a dying Fondneſs that 'glowed in his Eyes. I told him from 'what I ſaw other People ſuffer, I could 'not but think my Lot very fortunate, that 'I had fallen into his Hands, and begged 'of him he would indulge my Curioſity 'in going with me to ſome Eminence, 'and obſerve what befel the reſt of my 'Friends and Countrywomen. He did 'ſo, and from the Place we ſtood on, I 'obſerved what paſſed in all the hurlyburly, 'he obſerving to me the Quality and Me-'rit of the Husbands, I giving to him an 'account of the Wives. How ſtrangely 'Truth will out! *Hiſpulla*, as I ſaw, when 'they were ſtrugling for her, has crook-'ed Legs; *Chloe* laughed ſo violently when 'ſhe was carried off, that I obſerved her 'Lover, as pretty as ſhe is, hardly thought 'it a Purchaſe; while *Dictynna*, as home-'ly as ſhe is, by muffling her Face and 'ſhrieking, was contended for by twenty 'Rivals; that arch Crea ure *Flora* has e-'ſcaped by offering her ſelf; as ſoon as 'ſhe perceived what was intended, ſhe 'got upon a little Hillock and cried out, '*Who will have me, who will have me?*

'Here

'*Here I am; come take me.* This forward-
'neſs made every Man think her a com-
'mon Woman, and the Flirt is now ſafe
'under the Protection of *Romulus*, as a
'Woman not yet diſpoſed of; but when
'her Character and Innocence is known,
'it is thought ſhe will fall to the Lot of
'*Marcius*, for his generous Behaviour to
'*Thaleſtrina*, who you know was betroth-
'ed to *Cincinnatus*: *Marcius* and *Cincinna-*
'*tus* have long been mortal Enemies, and
'met each other in Skirmiſhes of our dif-
'ferent Nations, wherein ſometimes one,
'ſometimes the other has been ſucceſsful.
'This noble Virgin, whoſe Beauty and
'Virtue diſtinguiſhed her above all the
'*Sabine* Youth, fell into the Hands of
'*Marcius*. Our Apartments here are not
'very lofty, and Arbors and Grottoes,
'ſtrewed with Ruſhes, Herbage and Flow-
'ers, make up the beſt Bridal Beds among
'the *Romans*; to ſuch an Abode as this
'*Marcius* dragged the lovely *Thaleſtrina*.
'This People are not polite enough, eſpe-
'cially on this Occaſion, to expreſs their
'Paſſion by Civility and ceremonious Be-
'haviour: When *Thaleſtrina* was convin-
'ced of *Marcius*'s immediate Purpoſe,
'ſhe fell into a Swoon at his Feet, and with
'a Sigh in her Fall cryed, *Oh* Cincinnatus!
'*MARCIUS*, at the ſuddenneſs of the
'Accident, and the Name of his Enemy

'and

' and Rival for Military Glory, was sur-
' priſed with may different Paſſions and
' Reſentments, which all ought to have
' given way to the Care of *Thaleſtrina*;
' but in a Nation of Men only, and on the
' firſt Day wherein they had a Woman in
' their Commonwealth, he was much at
' a loſs how to be aſſiſtant to her; but as
' he ſaw Life revive in her, Nature and
' good Senſe dictated rather to abſent him-
' ſelf, than be preſent at the many Diſtor-
' tions of her Perſon in coming to her ſelf.
' He retired, but entered the Place again
' when he thought ſhe might be enough
' recovered to be capable of receiving
' what he had to ſay to her.

' HE approached as ſhe leaned againſt
' a Tree which ſupported the Bower, and
' delivered himſelf in theſe Terms.

" *MADAM*, The Paſſion you were
" lately in, your noble Form, and the
" Perſon you called upon in your Diſtreſs,
" give me to underſtand you are *Thaleſtri-*
" *na*. I am *Marcius*, and have no Debate
" with *Cincinnatus*, but on account of
" Glory; were he a Stranger to me, your
" Paſſion for him ſhould ſecure you; were
" he my Friend, you ſhould command all
" in my Power, in ſpite of all the Charms
" I ſee in you; and as he is my Enemy,
" I ſcorn to wound him in a Circumſtance
" wherein he is not capable of making a
" De-

" Defence. You have common Humani-
" ty, and the Generosity of an Enemy for
" your Safeguard; I will return you to
" *Cincinnatus*; and I see, by the beauti-
" ful Gratitude which I now read in your
" Face, you will represent this Conduct to
" the Advantage of the *Romans*, of whom
" there is not one who does not sacrifice
" his private Passions to the Service of his
" Country. I assure you, I know not whe-
" ther it is more beholden to me this
" Day for the Offering which I make of
" my Anger, or my Love.

' HE did not put her to the Pain of long
' Acknowledgments of so great a Bounty
' as that of her very self, but conducted
' her into the Presence of *Romulus*, and
' told him, with a very joyous Air, he
' had resigned a fine Woman from his Bed,
' to purchase a Brave Man to his Country.

' I know *Cincinnatus* so well, that I doubt
' not but he will be a Friend to *Rome*, and
' interpose his good Offices for a Peace
' between us and the *Sabines*: I hope all
' will join in the same Mediation, who
' have Children here; for I already know
' not to which Party my Heart would wish
' Success, if a War should ensue; for I find
' a Wife is no longer a Daughter or any
' other Name, which comes in Competi-
' tion with that Relation: But hope things
' will so end, that I may have the Pleasure
' to be the faithful Consort of an honest

' Man,

‘ Man, without interfering with any other
‘ Character, eſpecially that of,

Madam,

Your Dutiful Child,
Miramantis.

N° 7. *Thurſday, March* 11.

——halet & ſua caſtra Cupido. Ov.

The Battle of EYES.

IT has been always my Opinion, that a Man in Love ſhou'd addreſs himſelf to his Miſtreſs with Paſſion and Sincerity; and that if this Method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourſe to Artifice or Diſſimulation, in which he will always find himſelf worſted, unleſs he be a much better Proficient in the Art than any Man I have yet been acquainted with.

THE following Letter is a very natural Exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it *The Battle of Eyes*, as it brought to my Mind ſeveral Combats of the ſame Nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. *Ann Page*.

Sweet

Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Have for ſome time been ſorely ſmit-
'ten by Mrs. *Lucy*, who is a Maiden
'Lady in the Twenty Eighth Year of her
'Age. She has ſo much of the Coquette
'in her, that it ſupplies the place of Youth,
'and ſtill keeps up the Girl in her Aſpect
'and Behaviour. She has found out the
'Art of making me believe that I have the
'firſt place in her Affection, and yet ſo
'puzzles me by a double Tongue, and
'an ambiguous Look, that about once a
'Fortnight I fancy I have quite loſt her. I
'was the other Night at the Opera, where
'ſeeing a place in the ſecond Row of the
'Queen's Box kept by Mrs. *Lucy*'s Live-
'ry, I placed my ſelf in the Pit directly
'over-againſt her Footman, being deter-
'mined to ogle her moſt paſſionately all
'that Evening. I had not taken my Stand
'there above a Quarter of an Hour, when
'*Enter Mrs.* Lucy. At her firſt coming
'in I expected ſhe would have caſt her
'Eye upon her humble Servant; but, in-
'ſtead of that, after having dropp'd Curt-
'ſie after Curtſie to her Friends in the
'Boxes, ſhe began to deal her Salutes a-
'bout the Pit in the ſame liberal manner.
'Although I ſtood in the full Point of View,
'and, as I thought, made a better Figure
'than any body about me, ſhe ſlid her

'Eye

'Eye over me, Curtſied to the Right and
'to the Left, and would not ſee me for
'the ſpace of three Minutes. I fretted
'inwardly to find my ſelf thus openly af-
'fronted on every ſide, and was reſolved
'to let her know my Reſentments by the
'firſt Opportunity. This happened ſoon
'after; for Mrs. *Lucy* looking upon me,
'as tho' ſhe had but juſt diſcovered me,
'ſhe begun to ſink in the firſt offer to a
'Curtſie; upon which, inſtead of making
'her any return, I cocked my Noſe, and
'ſtared at the Upper Gallery; and imme-
'diately after raiſing my ſelf on Tiptoe,
'ſtretched out my Neck, and bowed to a
'Lady who ſate juſt behind her. I found,
'by my Coquette's Behaviour, that ſhe
'was not a little nettled at this my Civili-
'ty, which paſſed over her Head. She
'looked as pale as Aſhes, fell a talking
'with one that ſat next her, and broke out
'into ſeveral forced Smiles and Fits of
'Laughter, which I dare ſay there was no
'manner of occaſion for. Being reſolved
'to puſh my Succeſs, I caſt my Eye through
'the whole Circle of Beauties, and made
'my Bow to every one that I knew, and
'to ſeveral whom I never ſaw before in my
'Life. Things were thus come to an o-
'pen Rupture, when the Curtain riſing,
'I was forced to face about. I had not ſat
'down

'down long, but my Heart relented, and
'gave me ſeveral Girds and Twitches for
'the barbarous Treatment which I had
'ſhewn to Mrs. *Lucy*. I longed to ſee the
'Act ended, and to make Reparation for
'what I had done. At the firſt riſing of the
'Audience, between the Acts, our Eyes
'met; but as mine begun to offer a Parley,
'the hard-hearted Slut conveyed her ſelf
'behind an old Lady in ſuch a man-
'ner, that ſhe was concealed from me for
'ſeveral Moments. This gave me new
'matter of Indignation, and I begun to
'fancy I had loſt her for ever. While I
'was in this perplexity of Thought, Mrs.
'*Lucy* lifted her ſelf up from behind the La-
'dy who ſhadowed her, and peeped at me
'over her right Shoulder. Nay, Madam,
'thinks I to my ſelf, if thoſe are your Tricks,
'I will give you as good as you bring; up-
'on which I withdrew, in a great Paſſion,
'behind a tall broad-ſhouldered Fellow,
'who was very luckily placed before me.
'I here lay *Incog* for at leaſt three Se-
'conds; *Snug* was the Word; but being
'very uneaſie in that Situation, I again e-
'merged into open Candle-light, when
'looking for Mrs. *Lucy*, I could ſee no-
'thing but the old Woman, who ſcreen-
'ed her for the remaining Part of the In-
'terlude. I was then forced to ſit down to
'the Second Act, being very much agitated

'and

'and tormented in Mind. I was terribly
'afraid that she had discovered my Unea-
'sinesss, as well knowing, that if she caught
'me at such an Advantage, she would use
'me like a Dog. For this Reason I was
'resolved to play the Indifferent upon
'her at my next standing up. The Second
'Act, therefore, was no sooner finished,
'but I fastened my Eye upon a young Wo-
'man who sat at the further End of the
'Boxes, whispering at the same time, to
'one who was near me, with an Air of
'Pleasure and Admiration. I gazed up-
'on her a long time, when stealing a
'Glance at Mrs. *Lacy*, with a Design to
'see how she took it, I found her Face
'was turned another way, and that she
'was examining, from Head to Foot, a
'young well-dressed Rascal who stood be-
'hind her. This cut me to the Quick,
'and notwithstanding I tossed back my
'Wig, rapped my Snuff-box, displayed my
'Handkerchief, and at last cracked a Jest
'with an Orange Wench, to attract her
'Eye, she persisted in her confounded
'Ogle, till Mrs *Robinson* came upon the
'Stage to my Relief. I now sate down
'sufficiently mortified, and determined,
'at the end of the Opera, to make my Sub-
'mission in the most humble Manner. Ac-
'cordingly, rising up, I put on a sneaking
'penitential Look, but, to my unspeaka-

'ble

'ble Confuſion, found her Back turned 'upon me.

'I had now nothing left for it but to 'make amends for all by handing her to 'her Chair. I buſtled through the Crowd, 'and got to her Box-door as ſoon as poſ-'ſible, when, to my utter Confuſion, the 'young Puppy, I have been telling you 'of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. '*Lucy* in his Hand. I could not have 'ſtarted back with greater Precipitation 'if I had met a Ghoſt. The malicious 'Gipſie took no Notice of me, but turn-'ing aſide her Head ſaid ſomething to her 'Dog of a Gentleman-Uſher, with a Smile 'that went to my Heart. I could not ſleep 'all Night for it, and the next Morning 'writ the following Letter to her.

Madam,

"I Proteſt I meant nothing by what paſ-"ſed laſt Night, and beg you will "put the moſt candid Interpretation up-"on my Looks and Actions; for howe-"ver my Eyes may wander, there is none "but Mrs. *Lucy* who has the entire Poſ-"ſeſſion of my Heart.

I am, Madam,

With a Paſſion that is not to be expreſſed either by Looks, Words, or Actions,

Your moſt Unalienable,

and moſt Humble Servant,

Tom. Whiffle.

'AND now, Sir, what do you think
'was her Anſwer? Why, to give you a
'true Notion of her, and that you may
'gueſs at all her curſed Tricks by this
"one——Here it is.

Mr. Whiffle,

"I Am very much ſurprized to hear you
"talk of any thing that paſſed be-
"tween us laſt Night, when to the beſt of
"my Remembrance I have not ſeen you
"theſe three Days.

Your Servant,

L. T.

N° 8. *Saturday, March* 13.

Linquenda Tellus & Domus & Placens Uxor. Hor.

IN the Calculation of a Man's Happineſs in Life, there is no one Circumſtance which ought more carefully to be conſidered, than the Object of one's Love. As that will certainly take full Poſſeſſion of the Heart, except it be reſiſted in time,

it

it is the utmoſt Madneſs to let your Affection fix where you cannot expect the Approbation of your Reaſon. If a Man does not take this Precaution, his Days will paſs away with frivolous Pleaſures and ſolid Vexations; his own Reflections only muſt ſoften his Misfortunes and Afflictions; but he can have no recourſe, no help from his cooler Thoughts, who dare not admit his Reaſon into his Council. We cannot look back upon the Pleaſures which flow from looſe Deſire, but with Remorſe and Contrition, and therefore the Mind cannot recur to them on occaſions of Diſtreſs, to borrow Comfort; but honourable Love, tho' it has all the Softneſs and Tenderneſs which Imagination can form, can be admitted under the ſevereſt Affliction, and is the beſt Inſtrument to break its Force; but as it breaks the Force of Sorrow, it does not do it by wholly removing the Affliction, but rather by diverſifying it. He that is under any great Calamity, loſes the Senſe of it, as it touches himſelf; and his Affliction, which, perhaps, would have had in it the Terrors of Fear and Shame, is, by the neglect of his own part in the Affair, turned only into Pity and Compaſſion for a tender Wife who participates it. This kind of Concern carries an Antidote to its Poiſon, and the Merit of her regard to him has ſomething in it ſo pleaſing, that the

Soul feels a ſecret Conſolation in the Happineſs of being poſſeſſed of ſuch a Companion, at the ſame time that he thinks her Participation is the greateſt Article of his Diſtreſs. In all Ages Men who have differed from the Sentiments of the World, when they have been precipitated by Fury and Party, and been ſacrificed to the Rage of their Enemies, have in Trials of this ſort ſunk under their Diſtreſſes, or behaved themſelves decently in them, according to the Support which they have met with from the Domeſtick Partners of their Affliction. This is an Opportunity to vent the ſecret Pangs of Heart to one whoſe Love makes nothing ungrateful, or, to utter the Senſe of Injuries, where that appears conſcious Virtue, which to any other Audience would ſound like Pride and Arrogance.

THERE are indeed very tender things to be recited from the Writings of Poetical Authors, which expreſs the utmoſt Tenderneſs in an amorous Commerce; but indeed I never read any thing which, to me, had ſo much Nature and Love, as an Expreſſion or two in the following Letter; but the Reader muſt be let into the Circumſtance of the Matter, to have a right Senſe of it. The Epiſtle was written by a Gentlewoman to her Husband, who was condemned to ſuffer Death: The unfortunate

tunate Cataſtrophe happened at *Exeter* in the Time of the late Rebellion. A Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Penruddock*, to whom the Letter was written, was Barbarouſly Sentenced to die without the leaſt Appearance of Juſtice. He aſſerted the Illegality of his Enemies Proceedings, with a Spirit worthy his Innocence, and the Night before his Death his Lady writ to him the Letter which I ſo much admire, and is as follows.

Mrs. *Penruddock*'s laſt Letter to her Husband.

My dear Heart,

'MY ſad Parting was ſo far from making
' me forget you, that I ſcarce
' thought upon my ſelf ſince, but wholly
' upon you. Thoſe dear Embraces which
' I yet feel, and ſhall never loſe, being the
' faithful Teſtimonies of an indulgent Huſ-
' band, have charm'd my Soul to ſuch a
' Reverence of your Remembrance, that
' were it poſſible, I would, with my own
' Blood, cement your dead Limbs to Life
' again; and (with Reverence) think it no
' Sin to rob Heaven a little while longer
' of a Martyr. Oh my Dear! you muſt
' now pardon my Paſſion, this being
' my laſt (oh fatal Word) that ever you
' will receive from me; and know, that

'until the laſt Minute that I can imagine
'you ſhall live, I will ſacrifice the Prayers
'of a Chriſtian, and the Groans of an af-
'flicted Wife. And when you are not
'(which ſure by Sympathy I ſhall know)
'I ſhall wiſh my own Diſſolution with you,
'that ſo we may go Hand in Hand to Hea-
'ven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have,
'or rather have not done for you; how
'turn'd out of Doors becauſe I came to
'beg Mercy; the Lord lay not your Blood
'to their Charge. I would fain Diſcourſe
'longer with you, but dare not; Paſſion
'begins to drown my Reaſon, and will
'rob me of my *devoire*, which is all I have
'left to ſerve you. Adieu therefore ten
'thouſand times, my deareſt Dear; and
'ſince I muſt never ſee you more, take
'this Prayer; May your Faith be ſo ſtrength-
'ened that your Conſtancy may continue,
'and then I know Heaven will receive
'you; whither Grief and Love will in a
'ſhort time (I hope) tranſlate,

My Dear,

Your ſad, but conſtant Wife even to love your Aſhes when Dead,

Arundel Penruddock.

'*May* the 3d, 1655, 11 a-Clock at
'Night. Your Children beg your Bleſſing,
'and preſent their Duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any thing ſo affectionate as that Line, *Thoſe dear Embraces which yet I feel.*

Mr. *PENRUDDOCK*'s Anſwer has an equal Tenderneſs, which I ſhall recite alſo, that the Town may diſpute whether the Man or the Woman expreſſed themſelves the more kindly, and ſtrive to imitate them in leſs Circumſtances of Diſtreſs; for from all, no Couple upon Earth are exempt.

Mr. *Penruddock*'s laſt Letter to his Lady.

Deareſt beſt of Creatures,

'I Had taken leave of the World when I 'received Yours: It did at once recal 'my Fondneſs for Life, and enable me to 'reſign it. As I am ſure I ſhall leave none 'behind me like you, which weakens my 'Reſolution to part from you, ſo when I 'reflect I am going to a Place where there 'are none but ſuch as you, I recover my 'Courage. But Fondneſs breaks in upon 'me; and as I would not have my Tears 'flow to morrow, when your Husband, 'and the Father of our dear Babes, is a 'Publick Spectacle; Do not think mean-'ly of me, that I give way to Grief now 'in private, when I ſee my Sand run ſo faſt, 'and I within few Hours am to leave you 'Helpleſs, and expoſed to the Mercileſs 'and Inſolent, that have wrongfully put

' me to a ſhameleſs Death, and will object
' that Shame to my poor Children. I thank
' you for all your Goodneſs to me, and
' will endeavour ſo to die, as to do nothing
' unworthy that Virtue in which we have
' mutually ſupported each other, and for
' which I deſire you not Repine that I am firſt
' to be rewarded, ſince you ever preferred
' me to your ſelf in all other things; afford
' me, with Chearfulneſs, the Precedence
' in this.

' I deſire your Prayers in the Article of
' Death, for my own will then be offered
' for You and Yours.

J. Penruddock.

N° 9. *Tueſday, March* 16.

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi! Hor.

UPON my opening the Lover's Box this Morning, I found nothing in it but the following Letter, made up very nicely, and ſealed with a little *Cupid* holding a flaming Heart in each Hand, and circumſcribed, *Love unites us*. I find, by the Contents of this Letter, that my Correſpondent will ſoon change his Device,

and

and perhaps make the Figure of *Hymen* perform that part which, at preſent, he has aſſigned to *Cupid*.

SIR,

'AS you are a Man of Experience in 'the World, I beg your Advice in 'a Matter of great Importance to me. I 'have, for ſome time, been engaged in 'cloſe Friendſhip with a fine Woman: 'Your Knowledge of Mankind will eaſily 'inform you of the Purport of that Phraſe. 'In ſhort, I have lived with her, as with a '*She-Friend*, in the utmoſt Propriety of 'that Term; but, at preſent, I am under 'a very great Embaraſs; for having run 'out moſt of my Fortune, in the Courſe 'of my Converſation with her, I find my 'ſelf neceſſitated to go into a new way of 'Life, and by that means to make my 'ſelf whole again. A favourable Oppor-'tunity preſents it ſelf: A rich Widow '(the common Refuge of us idle Fellows) 'has ſpoke kindly of me, and I have Rea-'ſon to believe will very ſhortly put me 'in Poſſeſſion of her Perſon and Jointure. 'Tell me, dear Mr. *Myrtle*, how I ſhall 'communicate this Affair to the poor 'Creature whom I am going to forſake. 'If I know her Temper, ſhe loves me ſo 'well that ſhe would rather ſee me beg-'gar'd and undone, than in a State of

'Wealth

'Wealth and Eaſe with another Woman. 'She will call my Endeavours to make 'my ſelf happy, being falſe to her. Nay, 'I don't know but ſhe may be Fool enough 'to make away with her ſelf; for the laſt 'time I talk'd to her, and mentioned this 'Affair at a diſtance, ſhe ſeemed to ſhow 'a curſed hankering after purling Streams. 'Let me Conjure thee, old *Marmaduke*, 'if thou wilt not give me ſome Advice, to 'give ſome to this Poor Woman; make 'her ſenſible that a Man does not take a 'Miſtreſs for Better for Worſe, and that 'there is ſome Difference between a Lo-'ver and a Husband: But you know bet-'ter than I can tell you, what to ſay upon 'ſo nice a Subject.

I am,

Your moſt humble Servant,

W. T.

THERE is nothing which I more abhor, than that kind of Wit which betrays a hardneſs of Heart. Inhumanity is never ſo odious, as when it is practiſed with Mirth and Wantonneſs. If I may make ſo free with my Correſpondent, he ſeems to be a Man of this unlucky Turn. I ſhall not fall into the ſame Fault which I con-

demn

demn in him; but, that I may be ſerious on ſuch an Occaſion, will deſire my Readers to conſider throughly the Evils which they are heaping up to themſelves, when they engage in a Criminal Amour. If they die in it, they know very well what muſt be the dreadful Conſequence. If either of them break looſe from the other, the Melancholy and Vexation that re produced on ſuch Occaſions, are too dear a Payment for thoſe Pleaſures which preceded, and are paſt, as though they had never been.

THE Woman is generally the greateſt Sufferer in Caſes of this Nature; for by the long Obſervations I have made on both Sexes, I have eſtabliſhed this as a Maxim, that *Women diſſemble their Paſſions better than Men, but that Men ſubdue their Paſſions better than Women.*

I have heard a Story to my preſent Purpoſe, which has very much affected me. The Gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an Eye-Witneſs of ſeveral parts of it.

ABOUT ten Years ago there lived at *Vienna* a *German* Count, who had long entertained a ſecret Amour with a young Lady of a conſiderable Family. After a Correſpondence of Gallantries, which had laſted two or three Years, the Father of the young Count, whoſe Family was reduced to a low Condition, found out a very

ry advantageous Match for him, and made his Son ſenſible that he ought, in common Prudence, to cloſe with it. The Count, upon the firſt Opportunity, acquainted his Miſtreſs very fairly with what had paſſed, and laid the whole matter before her, with ſuch Freedom and Openneſs of Heart, that ſhe ſeemingly conſented to it. She only deſired of him that they might have one Meeting more, before they parted for ever. The Place appointed for this their Meeting, was a Grove which ſtands at a little diſtance from the Town. They converſed together in this Place for ſome time, when on a ſudden the Lady pulled out a Pocket-Piſtol, and ſhot her Lover into the Heart, ſo that he immediately fell down Dead at her Feet. She then returned to her Father's Houſe, telling every one ſhe met what ſhe had done. Her Friends, upon hearing her Story, wou'd have found out means for her to make her Eſcape; but ſhe told 'em ſhe had killed her dear Count, becauſe ſhe could not live without him; and that for the ſame Reaſon ſhe was reſolved to follow him by whatever way Juſtice ſhould determine. She was no ſooner ſeized, but ſhe avowed her Guilt, rejected all Excuſes that were made in her Favour, and only begged that her Execution might be ſpeedy. She was ſentenced to have her Head cut off, and was apprehen-

ſive of nothing but that the Intereſt of her Friends ſhould obtain a Pardon for her. When the Confeſſor approached her, ſhe asked him where he thought was the Soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his Caſe was very dangerous, conſidering the Circumſtances in which he died. Upon this ſo deſperate was her Frenzy, that ſhe bid him leave her, for that ſhe was reſolved to go to the ſame place where the Count was. The Prieſt was forced to give her better hopes of the Deceaſed, from Conſiderations that he was upon the point of breaking off ſo Criminal a Commerce, and leading a new Life, before he could bring her Mind to a Temper fit for one who was ſo near her End. Upon the Day of her Execution ſhe dreſſed her ſelf in all her Ornaments, and walked towards the Scaffold more like an expecting Bride than a Condemned Criminal. My Friend tells me, that he ſaw her placed in the Chair, according to the Cuſtom of that Place, where after having ſtretched out her Neck with an Air of Joy, ſhe called upon the Name of the Count, which was the appoined Signal for the Executioner, who, with a ſingle Blow of his Sword, ſevered her Head from her Body.

MY Reader may draw, without my Aſſiſtance, a ſuitable Moral out of ſo Tragical a Story.

Thurſdry,

N° 10. *Thurſday, March* 18.

—Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.

I Have lately been very much teized with the Thought of Mrs. *Anne Page*, and the Memory of thoſe many Cruelties which I ſuffered from that obdurate Fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* Ware, againſt which I had unfortunately declared my Averſion. I do not know but this was the firſt Occaſion of her Coldneſs towards me, which makes me ſick at the very Sight of a *China* Diſh ever ſince. This is the beſt Introduction I can make for my preſent Diſcourſe, which may ſerve to fill up a Gap till I am more at Leiſure to reſume the Thread of my Amours.

THERE are no Inclinations in Women which more ſurpriſe me than their Paſſions for Chalk and *China*. The firſt of theſe Maladies wears out in a little time; but when a Woman is viſited with the ſecond, it generally takes Poſſeſſion of her for Life. *China* Veſſels are Play-things for Women of all Ages. An old Lady of fourſcore ſhall be as buſie in cleaning an *Indi-*

an

an Mandarin, as her Great Grand Daughter is in dreſſing her Baby.

THE common way of purchaſing ſuch Trifles, if I may believe my Female Informers, is by exchanging old Suits of Cloaths for this brittle Ware. The Potters of *China* have, it ſeems, their Factors at this diſtance, who retail out their ſeveral Manufactures for caſt Cloaths and ſuperannuated Garments. I have known an old Petticoat metamorphoſed into a Punch-Bowl, and a Pair of Breeches into a Tea-Pot. For this reaſon my Friend *Tradewell* in the City calls his great Room, that is nobly furniſhed out with *China*, his Wife's Wardrobe. In yonder Corner, ſays he, are above twenty Suits of Cloaths, and on that Scrutore above a hundred Yards of furbelow'd Silk. You cannot imagine how many Night-Gowns, Stays and Mantoes, went to the raiſing of that Pyramid. The worſt of it is, ſays he, a Suit of Cloaths is not ſuffered to laſt half its time, that it may be the more vendible; ſo that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the Husband's Pocket, who is often purchaſing a great Vaſe of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine Head, or a Silk Gown for his Wife. There is likewiſe another Inconvenience in this Female Paſſion for *China*, namely, that it adminiſters to 'em great matter for Wrath and Sorrow. How much Anger

and

and Affliction are produced daily in the Hearts of my dear Country-women, by the breach of this frail Furniture. Some of them pay half their Servants Wages in *China* Fragments, which their Careleſsneſs has produced. *If thou haſt a Piece of Earthen Ware, conſider,* ſays *Epictetus, that it is a Piece of Earthen Ware, and by conſequence very eaſie and obnoxious to be broken: Be not therefore ſo void of Reaſon as to be angry or grieved when this comes to paſs.* In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from ſuch additional and ſupernumerary Calamities of Life, I wou'd adviſe them to forbear dealing in theſe periſhable Commodities, till ſuch time as they are Philoſophers enough to keep their Temper at the fall of a Tea-Pot or a *China* Cup. I ſhall further recommend to their ſerious Conſideration theſe three Particulars: Firſt, That all *China* Ware is of a weak and tranſitory Nature. Secondly, That the Faſhion of it is changeable: and Thirdly, That it is of no uſe. And firſt of the Firſt: The Fragility of *China* is ſuch as a reaſonable Being ought by no means to ſet its Heart upon, tho' at the ſame time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occaſion, that this very Conſideration recommends them to our Choice; our Luxury being grown ſo wanton, that this kind of Treaſure becomes the more

bus valuable

valuable, the more eaſily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a Price from its Brittleneſs. There is a kind of Oſtentation in Wealth, which ſets the Poſſeſſors of it upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves in thoſe things where it is hard for the Poor to follow them. For this Reaſon I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken Pleaſure in Egg-ſhells, eſpecially in thoſe which are curiouſly ſtained and ſtreaked, and which are ſo very tender that they require the niceſt Hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the Brittleneſs of this Ware were not ſufficient to make it Coſtly, the very Faſhion of it is changeable, which brings me to my ſecond Particular.

IT may chance that a Piece of *China* may ſurvive all thoſe Accidents to which it is by Nature liable, and laſt for ſome Years if rightly ſituated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this Inconvenience, it is ſo ordered that the Shape of it ſhall grow unfaſhionable, which makes new Supplies always neceſſary, and furniſhes Employment for Life to Women of great and generous Souls who cannot live out of the Mode. I my ſelf remember when there were few *China* Veſſels to be ſeen that held more than a Diſh of Coffee, but their Size is ſo gradually enlarged, that there are many, at preſent, which are capable of hold-

ing half a Hogſhead. The Faſhion of the Tea Cup is alſo greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful Variety of Colour, Shape and Size.

BUT, in the laſt place, *China* Ware is of no Uſe. Who would not laugh to ſee a Smith's Shop furniſhed with Anvils and Hammers of *China*? The Furniture of a Lady's favourite Room is altogether as abſurd: You ſee Jars of a prodigious Capacity that are to hold nothing. I have ſeen Horſes and Herds of Cattel in this fine ſort of Porſelain, not to mention the ſeveral *Chineſe* Ladies who, perhaps, are naturally enough repreſented in theſe frail Materials.

DID our Women take delight in heaping up Piles of Earthen Platters, brown Juggs, and the like uſeful Products of our *Britiſh* Potteries, there would be ſome Senſe in it. They might be ranged in as fine Figures, and diſpoſed of in as beautiful Pieces of Architecture; but there is an Objection to theſe which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of ſome Uſe, and might be taken down on all Occaſions to be employed in Services of the Family; beſides that they are intollerably cheap, and moſt ſhamefully durable and laſting.

Saturday,

N° 11. *Saturday, March* 20.

Mæcenas Atavis edite regibus.

Bentley's Horace.

THE following Epiſtle is written to me from the Pariſh of *Gotham* in *Hereford-ſhire*, from one who had Credentials from me to be received as an humble Servant to a young Lady of the Family which he mentions; becauſe it may be an Inſtruction to all who Court great Alliances, I ſhall inſert it Word for Word, as it came to my Hands.

Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

'ACCORDING to your Perſuaſion 'I came down here into the 'Country, with a deſign to Ingraft my 'ſelf into the Family to which you re- 'commended me; but I wiſh you had 'thought a little more of it, before you 'gave me that Advice, for a Man is not 'always made happy by having ſettled 'himſelf in a powerful Houſe; for Riches 'and Honour are Ornamental to the Poſ- 'ſeſſors of 'em, only when thoſe Poſſeſ- 'ſors have ſuch Arts or Endowments

'which would render them Conſpicuous 'without them; but theſe Creatures to 'whom you adviſed me to be allied are 'ſuch, whoſe Intereſt it is to court Pri-'vacy, and are made up of ſo many De-'fects, that they could not better recom-'mend themſelves to the World, or con-'ſult their own Intereſt, than by hiding; 'but they are ſo little inclined ſo ſuch a 'prudent Behaviour, that they ſeem to 'think that their Appearance upon all 'Occaſions cannot chuſe but be advanta-'geous to them; and yet ſuch is the 'force of Nature in biaſſing all its Inſtru-'ments to the Uſes for which ſhe has made 'them moſt fit, that they are ever under-'taking what would make the moſt beau-'tiful of Human Race appear as ugly as 'themſelves. Thus they take upon them 'to manage all things in this Country; 'and if any Man is to be Accuſed, Ar-'reſted, or Diſgraced, one of theſe hide-'ous Creatures has certainly a Hand in it. 'By theſe Methods and Arts they govern 'thoſe who Contemn them, and are per-'petually followed by Crowds who hate 'them: At the ſame time there is I know 'not what exceſſively Comick and Di-'verting, to behold theſe very odd Fel-'lows in their Magnificencies.

'YOU muſt know they ſet up extream-'ly for Genealogies, old Codes, and My-

'flick

‘ ſtick Writings, and knowing abundance
‘ of what was never worth knowing in
‘ the ſeveral Ages in which it was acted;
‘ but there is conſtantly, in all they pre-
‘ tend to, ſome Circumſtance which ſe-
‘ cretly tends to raiſe the Honour and An-
‘ tiquity of their Family. Thus they are
‘ not contented, as all we the reſt of the
‘ World are, to become more Ancient
‘ every Day than other as Time paſſes on,
‘ but they grow old backwards, and eve-
‘ ry now and then they make ſome new
‘ Purchaſe of muſty Rolls and Papers,
‘ which they tell you acquaints them with
‘ ſome new Matter concerning their fur-
‘ ther Antiquity. I met here, to my great
‘ Surpriſe, *Abednego* the *Jew*, who uſed
‘ to transfer Stock for me at *Change-Al-*
‘ *ly*. I was going to ſalute him, but he
‘ tipped me the Wink, and taking me a-
‘ part at a proper Opportunity, deſired
‘ me not to diſcover him, For, ſays he
‘ laughing, I am come down here as a
‘ Cheat; he explained himſelf further,
‘ that his way was to get ſome Paper that
‘ was Mouldy, Duſty, or Moth-eaten,
‘ and write upon it *Hebrew* Characters,
‘ which he ſold to Sir *Anthony Crab-tree*'s
‘ Library; you muſt know there is no-
‘ thing ſo monſtrous but they can make
‘ paſs upon the People; ſo terrible are the
‘ *Crab-trees* in this County, The laſt

'Piece of Antiquity which they produ-
'ced, was a Letter written, in *Noah*'s own
'Hand, to their Anceſtor, and found
'upon a Mountain in *Wales*, (which, by
'the way, is ſaid by them to be the old-
'eſt and higheſt Mountain in the World)
'directed to their Anceſtor Sir *Robert*
'*Crab-tree*, an *Antediluvian* Knight. This,
'Sir, paſſes very currently here, and is
'well received, becauſe all allow there
'have been no Faces like theirs in any
'other Family ſince the Flood.

'IT would be endleſs to give you a
'diſtinct Account of theſe Worthies in
'one Letter, but I will go as far as I can
'in it. I was, when I declared my Love,
'appointed an Hour in their great Hall,
'where were aſſembled all their Relati-
'ons and Tenants; but inſtead of receiv-
'ing me with Civility, as one who deſir-
'ed to be of their Family, as they know
'not how to ſhew Power and Greatneſs,
'but by doing things terrible and diſa-
'greeable, Mr. *Peter Brickduſt* ſtands up
'before all the Company, and enters in-
'to a downright Invective againſt me, to
'ſhew that I was not fit to be entertained
'among them. They call him here at
'*Gotham*, and in all theſe Parts, the *Ac-*
'*cuſer*, becauſe it is his natural Propenſi-
'ty to think the Worſt of every Man.
'Tho' the Implement has a very great E-

'ſtate,

'ſtate, the Poverty of his Soul is ſuch, 'that he will do any thing for a further 'Penny. He condeſcends to audit part 'of the Rents of Sir *Anthony*'s Eſtate, and, 'tho' born to a better Fortune than the 'Knight himſelf, is his utter Slave. His 'Buſineſs about him is to find out ſome 'Body or other for him, from time to 'time, on whom to exerciſe his great 'Power and Intereſt. *Peter* has the very 'Look of a Wicked one of low Practice. '*Peter* is made for a Lurcher, and as being 'a Creature of Prey, he riſes to the Ob-'ject he aims at, as if he were going to 'ſpring at ſome Game; but he ſlinks, as 'you may have ſeen a Cur at once exert 'and check his little Anger when he ſees 'a ſtrange Maſtiff. Naturaliſts ſay all Men 'have ſomething in their Aſpect of other 'Animals, which reſemble them in Con-'ſtitution. *Peter*'s Countenance diſcovers 'him a Creature of ſmall Prey; it is a 'mixture of the Face of a Cat, and that 'of an Owl. He has the ſpiteful Eager-'neſs of the former, blended with the ſtu-'pid Gravity of the latter. He ſtood be-'hind a Poſt all the while he was talking, 'and groped it as if he were feeling for 'Hobnails. All that he ſaid was ſo ex-'travagant, wild, and groundleſs, and 'urged with a Mein ſo ſuitable to the 'Falſhood and Folly of it, that I was ra-

'ther diverted than offended at *Brickduſt*.
'When from another Quarter of the Hall,
'placed juſt under a Gallery, there ſtood
'up the Knight's Brother. It is impoſſi-
'ble to expreſs the Particularity of this
'Gentleman. His Mein is like that of a
'broken Tradeſman the firſt Day he wears
'a Sword; his Aſpect was ſad, but rather
'the Face of a Man incapable of Mirth,
'than under any Sorrow, and yet he does
'not look dull neither, but attentive to
'both Worlds at once, and has in his
'Brow both the Uſurer and the Saint. I
'obſerved great Reſpect paid to him; but
'methought ſome Leavings of Conſcience
'made him look ſomewhat abaſhed at the
'great Civilities which were paid him.
'He roundly aſſerted I was not worth a
'Groat, and indeed made it out in a Mo-
'ment; for by ſome Trick or other, he
'had got in his Cuſtody all the Writings
'which make out the Title to my Eſtate.
'WHAT made this whole Matter
'the more extravagantly pleaſant was,
'that there is an odd droning Loudneſs
'in the Brother's Voice, which made a
'large *Iriſh* Greyhound open at every
'Pauſe he made. That great ſurly Crea-
'ture made ſo docile and ſervile, was to
'me matter of much Entertainment and
'Curioſity. The Knight's Brother, I aſ-
'ſure

'ſure you, ſpoke with a good ſteady Im-
'pudence, and having been long inur'd
'to Talk what he does not mean, he
'looks as if he meant what he ſaid.

'THE Pleaſantry of this excellent
'Farce is, that all theſe Fellows were
'bred Presbyterians, and are now ſet up
'for High Church-men. They carry it ad-
'mirably well, and the Partizans do not
'diſtinguiſh that there is a difference be-
'tween thoſe who are of neither ſide, from
'generous Principles, and thoſe who are
'diſintereſted only from having no Prin-
'ciples at all. The Knight himſelf was
'not in the Country, but is expected eve-
'ry Day; they ſay he is a precious one.
'They make me expect he will treat me
'after another Way. His manner is very
'drole; he is very affable, and yet keeps
'you at a Diſtance; for he talks to every
'Body, but will let no Body underſtand
'him. Here is a Gentleman in the Coun-
'try, a good intelligent Companion, that
'gives me a very pleaſant Idea of him; he
'ſays he has ſeen him go through his great
'Hall full of Company, and whiſper eve-
'ry Man as he paſſed along; when they
'have all had the Whiſper, they have
'held up their Heads in a ſilly Amaze-
'ment, like Geeſe when they are drink-
'ing: But perhaps more of this another
time;

'time; you would marry me into this good-
'ly Houſe,

I thank you for nothing, Dear SIR,

and am your Humble Servant for That.

P. S. Here is a Story here that Mr. '*Whatd'e-call* laughs at all they pretend 'to do againſt him, and is prepared for 'the Worſt that can happen. To in-'ure himſelf to be a publick Spectacle, 'they ſay, he rid an Hour and a half, at 'Noon-Day on *Wedneſday* laſt, behind '*Charles* the Firſt at *Charing-Croſs*.

N° 12. *Tueſday, March* 23.

When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to Love,
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wiſe
Sink in the ſoft Captivity together. Portius *in* Cato.

THE following Letter, written in the fineſt *Italian* Female Hand, as beautiful as a Picture or Draught of a Letter, rather than the Work of a Pen, in the fineſt ſmall gilt Paper, when opened, diffuſed the moſt agreeable Odours, which very ſuddenly ſeize the Brains of thoſe who have

have ever been Sick in Love. There is no Neceſſity on ſuch an occaſion as this, that the Epiſtle ſhould be filled with ſprightly Expreſſions. The fold of the Letter, the care in Sealing it, and the Device on the Seal, are the great Points in Favours of this kind from the Fair; for when it is a Condeſcenſion to do any thing at all, every thing that is not ſevere is gracious. As ſoon as I looked upon the Hand, my poor fond Head would needs perſuade it ſelf that it came from Mrs. *Page*; but I read, and found it was the Acknowledgment of an Obligation, I have not Merit enough ever to be capable of laying upon any; the Letter is thus,

Mr. MYRTLE, *March* 19, 1714.

'SINCE you have taken upon your ſelf
' the Province of Love, all Tranſa-
' ctions relating to that Paſſion moſt pro-
' perly belong to your Paper. I beg the
' favour of you to inſert this my Epiſtle
' in your very next, in order to give the
' earlieſt Notice poſſible of my having re-
' ceived very great Favour and Honour
' done to me, by ſome one to whom I
' am more obliged, than it can ever be
' in my Power to return. I beg therefore
' that you will inſert the following Adver-
' tiſement,

'tiſement, and you will oblige (tho' un-
'known,)

Your Servant, and great Admirer,

A. B.

'A certain Preſent, with a Letter from 'an unknown Hand, hath been very ſafe-'ly delivered to the Party to whom di-'rected.

IT is the niceſt part of Commerce in the World, that of doing and receiving Benefits. Benefits are ever to be conſidered rather by their Quality than Quantity, and there are ſo many thouſand Circumſtances, with reſpect to Time, Perſon and Place, which heighten and allay the Value, that even in ordinary Life it is almoſt an Impoſſibility to lay down Rules on this Subject; becauſe it alters in every individual Caſe that can happen, and there is ſomething ariſes in it, which is ſo inexplicable, that none but the Perſons concerned can judge of them, and thoſe, as well as all other Perſons, are incapable of giving Judgment in their own Caſe. All theſe Circumſtances are ſtill more intricate in that part of Life which is naturally above the Rules of any Laws, and muſt flow from the very Soul to be of any Regard at all, and are more exquiſitely valuable and conſiderable,

as

as they proceed more from Affection, without any manner of Reſpect to the intrinſick Worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of Ribband or a Jewel. The Lover in the Comedy is not methinks abſurd, where he prates of his Rules and Obſervations on this Subject.

YOU muſt entertain Women high, and bribe all about them. They talk of Ovid *and his Art of Loving; be liberal, and you out-do his Precepts——The Art of Love, Sir, is the Art of Giving——Be free to Women, they'll be free to you. Not every Open-handed Fellow hits it neither. Some give up Lap-fulls, and yet ne'er oblige. The Manner, you know, of doing a Thing, is more than the Thing its ſelf—Some drop a Jewel which had been refus'd if bluntly offered.*

Some loſe at Play what they deſign a Preſent.

The Skill is to be generous, and ſeem not to know it of your ſelf, 'tis done with ſo much Eaſe; but a liberal Block-head preſents a Miſtreſs as he'd give an Alms——

I intend all this upon the Paſſion of Love within the ſtricteſt Rules; but Benefits and Injuries cannot touch to the Quick, 'till the Paſſion is arrived to ſuch a height as to be mutual. Before that, all Preſents and Services are only the Offerings of a Slave to a Tyrant; it is therefore neceſſary, to make them worthy to be received,

to

to ſhew that they proceed from Affection, and that all your Talents are employed in ſubſerviency to that Affection. The Skill and Addreſs which is uſed on theſe Occaſions in conveying Preſents, or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reaſon much more regarded than the Preſents or Actions themſelves. I knew a Gentleman who affected making good Company chearful, and diverting himſelf with a whimſical way he had of laying particular Obligations upon ſeveral Ladies by the ſame Action, and making each believe it was done for her ſake. Thus he would make a Ball, and tell one he wiſhed ſhe would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: Another, that he was overjoyed to ſee her there, for that he was ſure had ſhe not, no body elſe would have been there that Evening. He would whiſper a third, who was brought thither by a Relation, and without being named, And did your Couſin believe ſhe introduced you hither; there is a Gentleman yonder ſaid, ſhe came with you, and not you with her. By this wily way he was by all eſteemed the moſt obliging fine Gentleman; that was ſo genteely ſaid, and t'other thing ſo prettily contrived, that who but *Chartes Myrtle* with all the fair and delightful, in his time. About his flouriſhing Years the Stage had a particular Livelineſs owing to this Paſſion,

Paſſion, but too often to this Paſſion abuſed and miſrepreſented. *Otway*, who writ then, expoſed in his Play of *Venice preſerved*, the Bounty of a ſilly diſagreeable old Sinner, who at that time was a great Pretender to Politicks, in which he was the moſt ungainly Creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than *Antonio* (for ſo he calls him) a Politician, except *Antonio* a Lover. This grim puzzled Leacher is thus treated by his *Aquilina*, whom he keeps and viſits: In one of thoſe lovely Moments ſhe ſays to him, *I hate you, deteſt you, loath you, I am weary of you, I am ſick of you —crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body; you love to be medling with every thing, and if you had not Mony you are good for nothing.* This imperious Wench of this fribling Politician, was in the Intereſts of thoſe who were then attempting to deſtroy his Country; ſhe rates him in behalf of *Peirre*, who is her Favourite, and is then plotting the Deſtruction of *Venice*. *—Where's my Lord, my Happyneſs, my Love, my God, my Hero.* This contemptible Image repreſents in a very lively manner, how offenſive every Endeavour to pleaſe is in the Man who is in himſelf diſagreeable; poor *Antonio*, to ſatisfie an amorous Itch, muſt not only maintain his Wench, but ſupport every Ruffian in her favour that is an Enemy to his Country; which

which will for ever be the Fate of thoſe who attempt to be what Nature never deſigned them, Wits, Politicians and Lovers.

BUT I will break off this Diſcourſe to oblige a Neighbour, who writes me the following Letter.

Good Mr. MYRTLE,

'AS I am your near Neighbour, within
' two Doors of the *Lover's Lodge*,
' and within the ſound of your melodious
' Baſe-viol, I cannot better expreſs my Gra-
' titude for that Favour you do my Ears,
' large than by inviting you to divert your
' Eyes in my large Gallery, which is now gar-
' niſht, from top to bottom, with the fineſt
' Paintings *Italy* has ever produced: I
' dare promiſe my ſelf you will find ſuch
' Variety, and ſuch beautiful Objects, of
' both Hiſtory and Landſchape, Pro-
' fane and Sacred, that it will not only be
' ſufficient to pleaſe and recreate the Sight,
' but alſo to yield Satisfaction and Plea-
' ſure to your Mind, and inſtructive e-
' nough to inform and improve every Bo-
' dies elſe: When you have well viewed
' and conſidered the whole Collection, then
' I am to leave it to you, whether you
' will not think it may be of Uſe to the
' Readers of your *Lover*, (which I under-
' ſtand is to come out to Morrow, very
' luckily for me the Day before my Sale
' begins)

'begins) to recommend the viewing of 'my Collection to them, as a very agree-'able and inſtructive Amuſement to all 'Perſons in Love. But this and every 'thing elſe, that may concern me or my 'Collection, I leave to Mr. *Myrtle*'s Judg-'ment, and known Readineſs to ſerve 'Mankind in their particular Stations of 'Life.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

and Obliged Humble Servant,

James Grame.

N° 13. *Thurſday, March* 25.

Multi de Magnis, per Somnum, Rebu' loquuntur. Lucr.

THE ſtrong Propenſity that, from my Youth, I have had to Love, hath betrayed me into innumerable Singularities, which the inſenſible Part of Mankind are apt to turn into Ridicule.

The aſtoniſhing Accounts of Sympathy, Faſcination, Errantry and Enchantments, are thereby become ſo familiar to me, that my Converſation, upon thoſe Subjects, hath made ſeveral good People believe me to be no better than I ſhould be. My Behaviour hath heretofore been ſuitable to my Opinions. I have loſt great Advantages by waiting for lucky Days, and have been looked upon ſeverely by fair Eyes, while I expected the benign Aſpect of my Stars. Many a time have I miſſed a Ball, for the Pleaſure of walking by a purling Stream; and choſe to wander in unfrequented Solitudes, when I might have been a King at *Queſtions and Commands*. It is well known what a Proſpect I had of riſing by the Law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my Study with Poems and Romances, than with dull Records and mutable Acts of Parliament. I intend, at ſome convenient Seaſon, to communicate to the Publick a Catalogue of my Books; and ſhall, every now and then, oblige the World with Extracts out of thoſe Manuſcripts, which Love and Leiſure have drawn from my Pen. I have a Romance, in ſeven neat Folios, almoſt finiſhed; beſides Novels, Ditties, and Madrigals innumerable. The following Story is collected out of Writers in ſo learned a Language, that I am almoſt aſhamed to

own

own it. I must say for my Excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth Year, upon my leaving the University, and is adapted to the Taste of those who are far gone in Romance; not to mention the several Morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it,

The Dreams of ENDYMION.

THE Night was far advanced, and Sleep had sealed the Eyes of the most watchful Lovers, when on a sudden a confused Sound of Trumpets, Cymbals and Clarions made all the Inhabitants of *Heraclea* start from their Beds in Terror and Amazement. An Eclipse of the Moon was the Occasion of this Uproar; and a mixt Multitude of all Ages and Conditions ran directly to the Top of Mount *Latmos* with their Instruments of Musick to assist the fair Planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her Sphere by the Power of Magical Incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former Beauty, they returned home with Joy and Triumph, to take that benefit of Repose, which they thought their Piety deserved. Only *Cleander*, the Amorous *Cleander*, gave himself up to his Musings, and wandering through the Trees that cloath

Mount *Latmos*, inſenſibly reached the Summit of the Mountain. He was feeding his Eye with the fine Landskip that was ſpread before him, when he heard a languiſhing Voice utter theſe Words intermixt with Sighs: *Cruel Goddeſs, why wilt thou make me wretched by the Remembrance of my Happineſs! Ye Powers,* ſaid *Cleander* to himſelf, *is not that the Voice of* Endymion? He had no ſooner ſaid this, than he crept along whither the Voice directed him, and ſaw to his inexpreſſible Aſtoniſhment the following Spectacle. This ſtrange Object was a Man ſtretched at length on a Declivity of the Mountain, with his Arms acroſs his Breaſt, and his Eyes levelled at the Moon. *Thou fair Regent of the Moon,* ſaid he, *after the Enjoyment of a Goddeſs, why wilt thou degrade thy Lover, and throw him back to Mount* Latmos *and Mortality? Ah Inconſtant! thou thinkeſt no more of* Endymion. *'Tis he, 'tis he,* cried *Cleander, 'tis* Endymion, *or the Ghoſt of my Friend.* With theſe Words he ran to him, and caught him in his Arms with the warmeſt Expreſſions of Tranſport. If *Cleander* was overjoyed, *Endymion* was no leſs, and their Endearments had laſted a long time, if *Cleander*'s Curioſity had not ſpurred him to learn the Cauſe of *Endymion*'s long Abſcence from *Heraclea*, his Adventures, and

the

the reaſon of his odd Complaints. After repeated Intreaties, *Endymion* delivered himſelf in the following manner:

YOU may remember, that my frequent Contemplation of the Heavens had gained me the Reputation of a great Aſtronomer, amongſt the Sages of *Heraclea*. But had there not been more powerfu Motives, I had not, for Thirſt of Knowledge, abandoned the good-natured Ladies of our City, with ſo much Youth and Vigour about me. You muſt know, that I had ſo often dreamt that *Diana* looked kindly on me, that I went to her Temple at *Epheſus* to learn the Will of the Goddeſs. I was ſurpriſed to find her famous Statue there entirely to reſemble the lovely Image that had a thouſand times ſmiled on me, in my Viſions. The ſucceeding Night I bribed the Prieſteſs with a conſiderable Sum, to let me paſs the time within the Temple. After I had ſaid whatever a violent Paſſion could inſpire, I fell in a Trance before the Shrine that encompaſſed her Statue, and to my inexpreſſible Joy ſaw the Goddeſs deſcend, and bid me ask her, with a Smile, whatever I deſired.

'Bright Goddeſs, ſaid I, were I to have 'my Wiſh, I would beg that the Pleaſure, 'I now enjoy, might be eternal. But 'ſince that is too much, give me, I pray 'thee, a Seat among the Stars that may

'place me ever in thy View, and neareſt
'to thy Chariot. Or if the number of
'the Stars be compleat, and the Deſtinies
'deny me this; Grant me at leaſt to be
'wholly thine upon Earth, and diſdain
'not the Preſent that I make thee of my
'ſelf. Whether in Heaven, or in Earth,
'anſwered the Goddeſs, I will loſe no
'Opportunity to gratifie thee. Scarce had
ſhe uttered theſe Words, but I loſt the
ſight of her, and only heard the Sound of
her Quiver, as ſhe turned and glided a-
way.

I related my Viſion the next Morning to *Evadne* the Prieſteſs, who expreſſed great Joy at my Succeſs, and having ſprinkled me with Water from the Sacred Fountain, and ſpoken myſterious Words, diſmiſs'd me with a Viol of powerful Juices, and Inſtructions how to uſe it. According to her Commands I repaired to this Mountain, where having drank off the Enchanted Draught, I lay ſtretched upon the Ground, and fixed my Eyes with Delight on the Moon. Suddenly, methought, the Heavens were cleft, and an Ivory Chariot drawn by Horſes, or Dragons, took me up, and whirled me over Cities, Rivers, Foreſts, and Oceans, in a moment of time. I was, at length, ſet down in the middle of a Wood, where the Face of Nature was more delicious, than the Imagination of

Poets

Poets or Painters have yet deſcribed. I had not walked long before I heard the Voices of Women, and at my drawing near I perceived *Diana* in the midſt of her Nymphs. The beautiful Virgins were placed round her, under the Shadow of Trees: Some of them lay ſtretched on the Graſs, others were viewing themſelves in the Streams: Here was one ſharpening the Point of an Arrow, there another was ſtroaking a Hound: Their Horns were hung upon the Boughs, and their Bows and Quivers were careleſsly ſcattered upon the Ground. The Queen herſelf was leſs diſtinguiſhed by her Golden Bow and Silver Creſcent, than by that Beauty, which had long held me Captive. I ruffled a little too eagerly thro' the Boughs where I had concealed my ſelf, when a Nymph that ſtood near her, caſting a Look towards me, cried out, *a Man! a Man!* At that Word one of the oldeſt of the Virgins bent her Bow at me, and had ſhot me through the Heart, if *Diana* had not ſeaſonably interpoſed. Hold, cried the Goddeſs, if he muſt die, let him die by my Hand. Give me, continued ſhe, the Bundle of Arrows that *Cupid* preſented me with the other Day, when we hunted in the *Idalian* Grove. A pretty young Nymph having put them in her Hands, ſhe threw Arrow after Arrow at me, 'till I had re-

ceived a hundred Wounds, which conveyed ſuch a ſubtle Poiſon into my Blood, that I loſt my Sight, ſtaggered, and fell down dead. I had not lain long in that Condition, when, to my great Amazement, I found my ſelf in the Arms of *Diana* dreſt after the manner of her Nymphs; and I ſaw the Light and her Eyes at the ſame time. I found, after that, ſhe had uſed that ſeeming Cruelty to conceal our Loves; and thenceforward I paſſed for one of her Sex, and was looked upon as the Favourite Nymph of her Train. My Days were ſpent in thoſe Sports which ſhe takes Pleaſure in: How often have we ranged the Deſarts of *Hyrcania!* How agreeably have we wandered on the Banks of *Peneus*, or *Eurotas!* How many Lions have we courſed in *Getulia!* How have we panted after the ſwifteſt Deer in *Creete*, and purſued the Tigers of *Armenia*! But our Nights——To what a pitch of Glory and Happineſs was I raiſed! How much happier yet were my Lot, if the Mouth that taſted were allowed to reveal my Joys! But, oh *Cleander*! what ſhall we think of the other Sex, when I ſhall have aſſured thee, that Goddeſſes themſelves are inconſtant? It is in the Nature of Females to be ſuddenly hurried from one Extream to another. Love or Hate wholly poſſeſſes them; they have no third Paſſion. What

they

they will, they will abſolutely, and demand unlimited Obedience. They are ever prepared to ſhow how little they can value their Lovers, and ſacrifice what was once held dear, to their Ambition and thirſt of Dominion. When they ceaſe to love, they endeavour to perſuade us, by Coldneſs and ſlighting Uſage, that we never were beloved. But not being able to impoſe ſo far upon our Underſtanding, and to give the Lie to our Senſes, they endeavour to make us loſe the Memory, as they have loſt the Deſire of Poſſeſſion. After ſo long a Courſe of Sighs, Vows, Fidelity, Submiſſion, and whatever Lovers talk of, I was hurried away from the happy Regions I have deſcribed, in the ſame manner that I went; and, not many Hours ſince, found my Body extended on this Mountain, where the Goddeſs deſcended with a Veil over her Face; but upon hearing a Noiſe of Trumpets and Clarions, left me without ſpeaking, and fled to the Moon in an Inſtant. The Aſſurance that I was abandoned, made me vent thoſe Complaints, which were ſtill the more juſt, becauſe after the Favour of a Goddeſs, I ſhall loath the faint Beauties of *Heraclea*.

ENDYMION had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, than he and his Friend were ſurpriſed with a loud Laugh from behind a

Buſh

Buſh that grew near them. Inſtantly ſtarted up three young Women, who had dogged *Cleander* in his ſolitary Walk, one of which was his Miſtreſs. They ran ſo faſt to *Heraclea*, that he could not over-take them; and before ten that Morning, all the Women of the Town had had a Fling at *Endymion*. Tho' they ſecretly believed his Amours to be real, they had the Malice to ridicule them, as the Viſions of a diſtempered Imagination. Nay, theſe giggling Gipſies had Credit enough to get the poor Gentleman jeſted into a Proverb. Inſomuch that if a Lover blabbs out the Secret, the *Heracleans* call him a *Lunatick*; they ask a pretty Fellow that conceals his Intreigues, if he hath *a Miſtreſs in the Clouds*? and to boaſt of Favours is, with them, *to have the Dreams of* Endymion.

I could Dream on much longer with great delight to my ſelf at leaſt, but that I am awakened by the following Letter from a Gentleman, whom I have great reaſon to have an high Reſpect for, having frequently been an Eye-Witneſs of his Behaviour, both as to Love and Honour. I have ſeen him as a Lover win by fair Courtſhip at leaſt fifty Ladies; and as a Soldier in open Field obtain compleat Victories always over ſuperior Numbers, and ſometimes obſerved the whole owing to his ſingle Valour. *SIR*,

SIR,

'I Am to have a Benefit Play on *Monday* 'next, and the ſtreſs of the Story de- 'pending upon Love, I hope it will find 'a Room in your Paper.

'IT is the *Albion* Queens, with the 'Death of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*. Where 'that illuſtrious Lover, the Duke of *Nor-* 'folk, rather than he will deny his Flame, 'gives up his Life. Whenever I ſee you, 'I ſhall do you Honour, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

George Powel.

№ 14. *Saturday, March* 27.

Oderint dum Metuant.

Motto on Sir Anthony Crabtree's *Coach.*

I Am to Day very buſie, having a Wedding Suit for a Gentleman, and the Knots of the Bride, offered to my Conſideration, and the Wedding itſelf to be on *Eaſter Tueſday*; therefore the Reader muſt be

be contented with this Letter, all which I do not my self understand, for the Entertainment of this Day.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'READING the Letter in your *Lo-*
' *ver* of the 20th from your Friend
' concerning the Family of the *Crabtrees*,
' I was pleased at the Non-reception of
' your Friend into that ridiculous Gene-
' ration; in which Family, as I am told,
' may be found an Antique Record in *He-*
' *brew*, proving their Original. Sir *An-*
' *thony* is cautious of shewing the Manu-
' script, but his Secretary, with whom I'm
' well acquainted, and whose Knowledge
' is great in Crabbed Characters, does as-
' sure me it's writ in the Prophane Igno-
' rant Stile used by the Phanaticks before
' the Restoration, and seems to be formed
' out of the Phrases of the *Revelations*,
' with many Periods ending with the Sight
' of the Beast, and the Image of the Beast,
' and the like. I think your Friend ought
' to be thankful for his Deliverance: How-
' ever I can't say Sir *Anthony* was always
' for destroying every thing, having once
' saved (not his Country, but) his House:
' The Story is thus relatad by a Servant
' then living in the Family. It seems, in
' the Time of Sir *Ralph*, Father to this
' precious Stick *Anthony*, there was in the
' Family

'Family a Man that had lived long, but 'wickedly, under the Cloak of Religion; 'but at length was discovered to have de-'filed the House with a Maid Servant who 'proved with Child, which was an Abo-'mination to Sir *Ralph*, who turned both 'out of Doors without paying them their 'Wages, being considerable, and order-'ed the Bed wherein the Crime had been 'committed, with the Furniture of that 'Room, to be burnt, which they were 'accordingly. The Fellow thought by 'marrying the Woman, he might so far 'Ingratiate himself into his Master's Fa-'vour, as to get their Wages; but Sir *Ralph* was too Religious to allow that 'any thing could be due to the Wicked. 'Upon which the Fellow resolved, since 'he was to be a Loser, his Master should 'be no Gainer; therefore sent a Message 'to Sir *Ralph*, to let him know if he would 'pay him, he had something of moment 'to impart to him, which might be for 'the good of him and his Family: To this 'the old Gentleman gave Ear, and being 'ever apprehensive of some Plot or other 'against him (in which Sir *Anthony* takes 'much after him) resolved to pay the Fel-'low, and have him examined; and when 'the great Secret came out, it was that he 'and the Maid had lain together upon eve-'ry Bed in the House, and in every Room; 'upon

'upon which the whole House and Fur-
'niture was condemned to be burnt on
'a certain Day; but the Night before the
'Execution Sir *Anthony* came down to his
'Father's, and with a high Hand saved
'House and Goods. This is the plain well-
'known Matter of Fact, and this is the
'first House that I ever heard of to have
'been so near burning by the Fire of Love.
'I can assure you, the Family is now
'grown much more polite, but having been
'bred in such Strictness and Formality,
'during the time of good Sir *Ralph*, both
'*Anthony* and his Brother *Zachariah* come
'into a Wenches Chamber with the same
'Air they used to enter their Congrega-
'tions of Saints. It is an hard thing to un-
'learn Gestures of the Body, and tho' *An-
'thony* has quite got over all the Preju-
'dices of his Education, not only as to Su-
'perstition, but as to Religion also, he
'makes a very queer Figure, and the per-
'secuted Sneak is still in his Face, tho'
'he now sets up for a Persecutor.

'IF the lower Behaviour and Hypocri-
'sie, which the Enemies to Dissenters ac-
'cuse them of, was utterly forgotten, and
'which by their Freedom and more open
'Communication with the rest of the
'World from the Toleration, is really at
'an End, I say, if all this were wholly out
'of the Memory of Man, all their Ran-

'cour,

‘ cour, Spite, and Obſtinacy might be re-
‘ vived among the *Crabtrees*. This Par-
‘ ticular however is to be more emphati-
‘ cally enlarged upon by thoſe who ſhall
‘ write their Hiſtory, which is, that they
‘ are impudent to a Jeſt. They having as
‘ little Reſpect for Mankind, as Mankind
‘ has for them, they do not care how groſs
‘ the thing is they attempt, ſo they can
‘ carry it. Sir *Anthony* wanting a Cauſe,
‘ the laſt Circuit, to keep up the Face of
‘ his Grandeur, and to make himſelf po-
‘ pular, ſpoke to *Brickduſt* to accuſe ſome
‘ Body for Diſreſpect to an *Illuſtrious Fa-*
‘ *mily*. They could not find ſuch a one,
‘ but *Brickduſt* told him of a Hawker who
‘ had Books about him writ in Favour of
‘ that Houſe. Sir *Anthony* ſaid, that would
‘ do as well, provided they could perſuade
‘ People to pronounce the Books were a-
‘ gainſt that Intereſt. Well, they got the
‘ poor Hawker in amongſt them, at a Coun-
‘ ty Court, and in ſpite of all that the
‘ Gentlemen of greateſt Honour, Quality
‘ and Eſtate could ſay, the Cry went againſt
‘ the Pedlar. There were indeed a great
‘ many People of Senſe and Faſhion, who
‘ are carryed away by the *Crabtrees*, ſol-
‘ licited to call out, that the Hawker ſhould
‘ be turned out of the Place, when they
‘ ſaw, from the Appearance for Him, they
‘ could carry it no further. But they could

‘ procure

‘ procure no Body to do even this, but a
‘ natural Fool, who had made ſport at a
‘ *Wincheſter* Wedding, and is every where
‘ as much known for an Ideot, as if he had
‘ his *Mooriſh* Dancers Habit and Bells on.
‘ Thus between Jeſt and Earneſt they turn-
‘ ed out the Pedlar, for the very contrary
‘ of what the Fellow had done. Sir *An-*
‘ *thony* ſays this was right, and ſtill profeſſes
‘ he is a Friend to that Family; for, ſays
‘ that merry cunning Fellow, if I can bring
‘ it to that paſs that no body ſhall dare to
‘ ſpeak for them, without my leave, I ſhall
‘ eaſily manage that no body dare to be
‘ againſt them. This is, Mr. MYRTLE,
‘ the Logick of the *Crabtrees*. But I
‘ know not how to relate half the fine
‘ things I know of them; read *Sancho Pan-*
‘ *cha*'s Government in *Barataria*, get *Hu-*
‘ *dibras* by heart, caſt your Eye upon Books
‘ of Dreams, Incantations and Witchcrafts,
‘ and it will give you ſome faint Pictures
‘ of the Exotick and Comick Deſigns of this
‘ unaccountable Race, who are (accord-
‘ ing to their own different Accounts of
‘ their Parts and Births) occaſionally *Sy-*
‘ *rians*, *Egyptians*, *Saxons*, *Arabians*, and
‘ every thing but *Welch*, *Britiſh*, *Scotch*,
‘ *Iriſh*, or any thing that is for the Inter-
‘ eſt of theſe Dominions. As you are the
‘ Patron of Love, I deſire to know of you
‘ whether, after this faithful Repreſenta-

‘ tion

'tion of things, you ought to lament that
'your Friend has been rejected by the
'*Crabtrees.*

Your most humble Servant,

Ephraim Caſtlefoap.

N° 15. *Tueſday, March* 31.

Crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famæ,
Hic tibi pallori, Cynthiæ, verſus erit. Proper.

I Should be but a very ill Guide to others, in the Ways of this Town, if I continually kept in my Lodge; I do ſometimes make Excurſions and viſit my Neighbours, whoſe Manners and Characters cannot but be of great Uſe to the Youth of this Kingdom, whom I propoſe to conduct in Safety, if they will follow my Advice. It is the Buſineſs of a Pilot to diſcover Shoals, Rocks and Quickſands, in order to land his Paſſengers in Safety. I ſhall take Pains to hang out Lights, but if thoſe who Sail after me will rather chuſe to be ſtranded, (where I have given them a Signal of Danger,) than follow my Courſe, their

Shipwrack is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

THERE are now in Town, among the Ladies who have given up all other Conſiderations, to gratify themſelves in one ſort of Delight, Three Eminent above the reſt for their Charms and Vices. The firſt can only pleaſe Novices; the ſecond ſeeks only Men of Buſineſs, and ſuch of them as are between Fools and Knaves; the third runs through the whole Race of Men, and has Arts enough about her to enſnare them all, as well as Deſire enough to entertain them all. Theſe Ladies are profeſſed Curtezans, and live upon it:

THE firſt I ſhall give an Account of is *Jenny Lipſy*. All Creatures of Prey have their particular Game, and never dream of any other. *Jenny* never aims at any but Novices, and ſhe makes her Advances with ſo much Skill, that ſhe is ſeldom without two or three in purſuit of her, who are in their firſt Month of a Town-Life. I ſate by her, a Week or two ago, at a Play; there was ſeated juſt before her a pretty ſnug Academick, who, I obſerved, was deſtined for her Entertainment that Evening. There ſate by her a courſe Hoyden in a black Scarff, who ſeemed a Servant Maid ſtoln out with *Jenny* on this Frolick to a Play. *Jenny*, at every thing which paſſed in the Play that had little Senſe in

' it,

it, was ſo delighted as not to contain her ſelf from loud Laughs, but particularly checked her ſelf, with a well-acted Romp-like Confuſion, when ſhe was obſerved by the pretty young Gentleman; her Maid profeſſing, in a lower Voice, ſhe would never come abroad with her again. Many kind Looks however paſſed between my young Gentleman, and one he conceived as unskilled in the Town as himſelf. She begged his Pardon, two or three times, for preſſing upon him negligently, and hoped there was no Offence, in ſuch a Tone and Voice, and ſuch a natural Impertinence, and want of Judgment, as would have deceived any Man in Town but *Roger Veterane*, who ſuſpects every thing. My young Spark offered his Service, at the end of the Play, to ſee her out; *Jenny* ſaid he was a Stranger to her, tho' he looked like a civil Body; but her Maid interpoſed and ſaid, If the Gentleman will get us out of the Crowd, there can be no harm, ſince ſhe would keep with her.

THE ſecond Woman of Conſideration is that artful ſhy Dame Madam *Twilight*. This Lady has got a Step or two in Age, Experience, and Addreſs, beyond Miſs *Jenny* abovementioned. She has been above theſe ten Years known for what ſhe is, but ſhe has preſerved ſuch a Decency in her Manners, and has ſo little Frolick in

her Temper, that every Lover takes it she is as much pleased with him, as he with her. *Twilight* therefore has passed her ten Years Libertinism in short Marriages, rather than different Riots. The many Gallants, whose Relict she is, treat her with Civility and Respect where-ever they meet her, and every Man flatters himself it is the Necessity of her Affairs made her take such a loose, but she certainly loved no body but him. *Twilight*, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a Whisper, and retire very willingly with great Reluctance, seldom discovering Desire enough to overcome the Confusion to which her Compliance obliges her. But I must leave her Character half drawn, and in the Dress she often affects, a Veil, to hasten to her who gives me most disquiet of any of her Sex, when I am endeavouring to save the Free and Innocent from the Slavery to which she affects to reduce all Mortals, especially those of Merit.

THIS Lady, who is the Heroine of to-Day's Paper, as well acquainted with this Town as the Plains of *Arcadia*, dignified and distinguished among the loose Wanderers of Love by the Name of *Clidamira Dustgown*, is Mistress of the whole Art of Women; she can do what she pleases, with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that cou'd save himself from

from her but by flight. She can, as Occasion ſerves, be termagant and haughty, if the Follower is in his Nature ſervile; then again ſo humble and reſigning to thoſe who love and admire none but themſelves! She can lead the Converſation among raw Youths who are proud of being admitted into her Company, and will Liſp and grow ſo Girliſh, and prevail upon hardened and experienced Rakes of the Town, who are above hurting any thing but Innocence. *Clidamira* is a Female Rake; the Male ones, I juſt now obſerved, affect moſtly to have to do with the Innocent, and *Clidamira*'s Paſſion is to deceive and bubble the Knowing. To indulge this Humour in herſelf, ſhe has all the Learning of a Spark of the Town, is deep in Miſcellany Poems, Plays, Novels and Romances; has the Copies of Verſes, Scandals and Whiſpers all the Winter, which are brought forth in *London* and *Weſtminſter*; all the Summer thoſe produced at *Epſom*, *Tunbrige*, and the *Bath*; her Lewdneſs is as great, and her Underſtanding greater than that of any of her Admirers: By the force of the latter ſhe is as much courted, even by thoſe who have had her (as the Phraſe is) as the fineſt Woman whoſe Charms are yet untaſted; her Skill is ſuch, that her Practice in Wickedneſs has not at all made her Hipocriſie of Innocence appear awkard or unlovely, but ſhe

can be any thing ſhe ever was, to thoſe who like what ſhe was, better than what ſhe is, the moſt accompliſht Frolick, and diſſolute of all Wenches. What makes me have no Patience with Madam *Duſtgown* is, that ſhe is now laying all her Snares, and diſplaying all her Charms, to withdraw my Heart from Mrs. *Page*. But ſhe ſhall die; I will ſacrifice her, to gain a Smile for that Merit from my own incomparable Fair One.

CLI'DAMIRA has at this time three different Keepers; a rich Citizen, whom ſhe has Orders, upon Occaſion, to write to in the Stile of a Widow who wants his Charity; a Married Man of Quality, whom ſhe is to addreſs ſo, as that his Lady, who is as jealous as a Stateſman, and admires her Lord for the fineſt Gentleman in the World, might read it; her third is a Gentleman learned in the Laws, whom ſhe writes to as his Client, when ſhe has a mind to raiſe ſmall Sums to ſupport her laviſh Gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real Paſſion, and ſharing the Hire of her Proſtitution. It was neceſſary laſt Week her dear Comrade ſhould have a fine Horſe he had ſeen; ſhe levyed the Price of him upon her Slaves by the following Method. She writes

To her City Friend.

SIR,

'DID I not know what Acts of Chari-
'ty your Worſhip daily does, and
'that your good Lady is as inclined to do
'good as your ſelf, I ſhould not take this
'Liberty to move your Compaſſion to the
'Widow and Fatherleſs. If your Wor-
'ſhip's Buſineſs ſhould divert you from tak-
'ing Notice of this according to Direction
'here-under written, I ſhall preſume to
'wait upon your Lady my ſelf.

I am, &c.

THE latter Circumſtance being a Threat, immediately produced a Largeſs above her ordinary Salary.

THE great Skill is to write Letters that may fall into any Hands, even a Wife's, and diſcover nothing. Her Stile to my Lord was thus.

My Lord,

'IS it poſſible you can doat with ſo much
'Conſtancy on the Charms of a Wife,
'to be blind to the thouſand nameleſs things
'that I do and ſay before you, even in her
'Preſence, to reveal a Paſſion too ſtrong
'to be ſmothered?

MY Lady pouts ten Days after the intercepting such a Billet, misinterprets every Look and Sentence of every Friend she has, and keeps my Lord waking till he has dived into the Matter, and fined for his Quiet to *Clidamira*.

HER worthy Chamber Council is captivated at the prodigious Wit of the Creature, when she sends a bundle of old Parchments from Widow *Lackitt*, and has them lodged with his Clerk with a couple of Guineas, and underwrites she will give him his Brief at her own Lodgings. The busie Creature, who is in Joy when he is not actually taking Pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the Wit, Cunning and Address of deceiving that notable deep Discerner his own Clerk; that, for fear of appearing too dull for an Hint himself, Cash is immediately conveyed to his Client, as left with him from the Person who is to lend the Mony upon the Mortgage Thus the sly Thief shows, tho' he is a Man of Business, if he would give his Mind to it, he could be as notable a Gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her Council is cheated in Raptures.

N° 16. *Thurſday, April* 1.

——Some Grains of Senſe
Still mixt with Vollies of Impertinence.
Rocheſter's Poems.

THE Writer of the following Letter being a Perſon, if you will believe his own Story, the moſt impertinently croſſed in Love that ever any Mortal was, and allowing his Letter to fit only for one Day in the Year, I have let him have his Will, and made it the Buſineſs of this.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'SINCE I writ my laſt to you, where-
'in I gave you ſome Account of the
'confounded Uſage which I met with from
'the miſchievous and ridiculous Race of
'the *Crab-trees*, I have made it my buſi-
'neſs to enquire into, and conſider the
'Arts and Stratagems, by which a People
'ſo like in Genius to the *Cercopitheci*,
'ſhould ſo long be ſuffered to impoſe up-
'on many wiſe, brave and learned Gen-
'tlemen in this County. After much Deli-
'beration

'beration with my ſelf I am come to this 'Reſolution, That all their Succeſſes are 'owing to a certain graceleſs Impudence 'in themſelves, and an unmanly Mode-'ſty in others. There is nothing but they 'will attempt from their want of Defe-'rence to the reſt of the World; and 'there is nothing but others ſeem ready 'to ſuffer from a too great Senſibility of 'what the World will think of them. A-'mong other the extraordinary Circum-'ſtances by which this Race is ſignalized, 'I am moſt diverted with their Superſti-'tion; they are, you muſt know, great 'Obſervers of lucky and unlucky Days, 'and Sir *Anthony*, whoſe great Talent 'lies in making Fools of Mankind, chuſes 'on the firſt of *April* to ſettle his Schemes 'for the enſuing Year; and yet with all 'the hurry which he eternally appears in, 'he is the lazieſt Thief living One of 'his Propoſitions for Management is to 'affect Buſtle, and avoid Buſineſs: This, 'with ſeveral other as wiſe Maxims, is ſet 'down by his Secretary to be entered up-'on the 1ſt of *April* next. The next to 'that, as I could gather it out of Mr. Se-'cretary's *Coptick* Characters, is, Never 'to look before hand, but do as well as 'you can in the preſent Moment.

'Sir *ANTHONY* has had great Suc-'ceſs in following this latter Poſition; 'but

'but his Noddle is ſo full, by being always
'extricating himſelf from ſome preſent
'Difficulty, that he has not time to re-
'flect, that tho' Men will bear ſome Hard-
'ſhips into which they are ſurprized, they
'may be rouſed by repeated Injuries.

'THEY tell me moſt incredible
'Whimſies of him. Among the reſt, that
'he ſhall take a Book of Humour and Ri-
'dicule, and take upon him to draw out
'a Scheme of Politicks hid under thoſe
'ſeeming Pleaſantries. A notable Money
'Scrivener has informed me, that his
'Knighthood has conceived a mighty O-
'pinion of *South* Sea Stock, not from the
'National and ſolid Security that is given
'to ſupport the Intereſt thereof, but from
'the following memorable Paſſage in the
'94th Page of a Book called *a Tale of a*
'*Tub*. Moſt People agree that Piece was
'written for the advancement of Religi-
'on only; but Sir *Anthony*, who ſees more
'and leſs than any other Man living, will
'have it to be a Collection of Politicks;
'and the Paragraph upon which he
'grounds his kind Conception of the
'Fund abovementioned, is as follows.

'*THE firſt Undertaking of Lord* Peter
'*was to Purchaſe a large Continent lately*
'*ſaid to have been diſcovered in* Terra Au-
'ſtralis incognita. *This Tract of Land he*
'*bought a very great Pennyworth from the*
'*Diſcoverers*

'*Diſcoverers themſelves* (*tho' ſome pre-*
'*tended to doubt whether they had ever*
'*been there*) *and then retailed it into ſeve-*
'*ral Cantons to certain Dealers, who car-*
'*ried over Colonies, but were all Ship-*
'*wreckt in the Voyage. Upon which Lord*
' Peter *ſold the ſaid Continent to other Cu-*
'*ſtomers* again, *and* again, *and* again, *and*
' again *with the ſame Succeſs.*

' Mr. *MYRTLE*, if you Publiſh this
'Ribaldry I now ſend you, be ſure you
'chuſe the Day auſpicious to the *Crab-*
'*trees* (to wit) the 1ſt of *April*, a Day
'wherein, time out of Mind, People have
'thought fit to divert themſelves with
'paſſing upon their Neighbours Nonſenſe
'and Impoſition for Wit and Art. But
'to go on; in order to amaſs a vaſt Sum
'of Money which he deſigns to place in
'the Fund, the Benefits of which are ſo
'myſteriouſly deſcribed in the above men-
'tioned Political Diſcourſe, Sir *Anthony*
'has reſolved to part with the moſt valu-
'able Manuſcripts in his Library, which
'are actually ſent to Town to be ſold on
'the ſaid 1ſt Day of *April*, and Cata-
'logues given *gratis* to all the Fellows of
'the Royal Society. The things which
'he expects moſt for, are as follows, *Fo-*
'*bor Camolanthi's Rudiments of Letters*;
'being the firſt Scrawls made by the ſaid
'*Camolanthi* with his own Hand, before
' the

'the Invention of Writing, wherein is to 'be ſeen the firſt B that ever was made. 'The ſecond Curioſity is the very white 'Wax which *John a Gant* had in his Hand, 'when he made the famous Conveyance 'by an Overt Act of biting, and the fol-'lowing Words,

'*In witneſs that this is Sooth,*
'*I bite the white Wax with my Tooth.*

'THE third is an *Egyptian Mummy*, 'very freſh, and fit to be kept as a Pre-'deceſſor to any Houſe which is ſo An-'cient as to have loſt the Records of its 'Anceſtry.

'THE fourth is *the firſt hallowed Slip-'per which was kiſſed in honour of St.* Pe-'ter, who is reported by Hereticks to 'have worn none at all himſelf, but to 'have gone a fiſhing barefoot. It would 'be endleſs to tell you all Circumſtances 'of theſe prodigious Fellows, but *Zacha-'riah* and *Brickduſt* are gone Poſt to *Lon-'don* to vouch for theſe Antiquities. *Za-'chariah*, Sir *Anthony* ſays, has a very 'good Countenance to ſtand by the *Mum-'my* at the Sale, as well as to vouch for 'the *White Wax* in the Conveyance: I 'don't know what they may do with your '*Londoners*, but they have quite loſt them-'ſelves at *Gotham*, and the twelve wiſe

'Men

'Men are aſhamed of them; upon which 'the *Crabtrees* ſay they will have twelve 'others, but this is ſuppoſed to be only a 'Bounce; for the *Gothamites* begin to 'perceive, tho' too late, that the *Crab-trees* are not ſuch cunning Curs as they 'pretend, but are at the Bottom Fools, 'tho' they ſet up for the other Character. 'I ſuppoſe you muſt have heard the Story 'of the *Book-man*; falling upon that in-conſiderable Fellow has explained them 'more than any thing that ever happened, 'and Sir *Anthony*, by all intelligent Peo-'ple, was reckoned a *Cudden* for medling 'with him; for, ſay they, there were a 'thouſand ways of getting rid of him, and 'it was not worth doing it, whatever 'Chaſtiſement they might put him to, at 'the rate of expoſing themſelves and their 'Affairs to the Examination which that 'impotent Vengeance brought upon them.

'THUS the *Crabtrees*, who indeed 'never had Senſe, have now loſt the Ap-'pearance of it; and Sir *Anthony*, for theſe 'ten Days laſt paſt, could not get any Bo-'dy to whiſper him: When he offers it, 'the Party attempted ſtands full before 'him, and there you ſee poor Sir *Antho-'ny*, in a need to whiſper, jerking and 'writhing his Noddle, and begging an 'Audience of a Starer who ſtands in the 'Poſture of a Man ſtiff with Amazement, 'that

'that he had not found him out before. If
'you'll turn to the next Page to that I quo-
'ted above, to wit, the next to the 94th,
'(which Phraſe I own I ſteal from *Juve-*
'*nal's Volveris à prima quæ proxima*,) you
'will find that Sir *Anthony* ſtole the man-
'ner of his Levy from Lord *Peter*'s In-
'vention of erecting *a whiſpering Office*,
'for the publick Good and Eaſe——of all
'*—Eves-droppers, Phyſicians, Midwives,*
'*ſmall Politicians, Friends fallen out*, re-
'*peating Poets, Lovers happy or in deſpair,*
'*Bawds, Privy-Councellors, Pages*, Pa-
'*raſites* and *Buffoons.*——*An Aſſes Head*
'*was placed ſo conveniently, that the Par-*
'*ty might eaſily with his Mouth accoſt ei-*
'*ther of the Animal's Ears.* The other
'Parts of that Paragraph are too courſe to
'be repeated. Sir *Anthony* is mightily a-
'fraid his dear Relations will hardly get
'ſafe back again to him, and therefore
'like the Country Fellow who ſaid, *it*
'*was pity there was not an Act of Parlia-*
'*ment againſt all Foreigners that ſhould pre-*
'*tend to invade this Land*, he has given
'them a Paſs which he thinks will be of as
'much Force all over *England*, as it would
'lately have been in this County where he
'is a Juſtice. There is one particular plea-
'ſant Clauſe in it, wherein he requires
'all People, notwithſtanding their Looks,
'to let them paſs for honeſt Men.

'ZA-

'*ZACHARIAH* disputed carrying
'that Clause, and said he was sure no Bo-
'dy could take him for any other; but
'Sir *Anthony* over-ruled him, and in his
'swearing way said, it could do him no
'harm to have it about him: Which is all
'at present,

From the most unfortunate of Lovers,

Ricardetto Languenti.

N° 17. *Saturday, April* 3.

Who taught the Parrot humane Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pie?
'Twas witty Want fierce Hunger to appease:
Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.

Dryden's Persius.

MRS. *Anne Page* was smiling very graciously upon me, in a Dream between seven and eight yesterday Morning, when three thundering Knocks at my Door drove the fair Image from my Fancy, as *Diana* was hurried to the Moon by the Cymbals and Trumpets of *Heraclea*. My Servant came up to me, while I was cursing the rude Hand that had

had diſturbed me; and delivered me a Letter, which was given him, as he ſaid, by a luſty freſh-coloured young Man in an Embroidered Coat, who promiſed to call upon me, two Days hence, at the ſame Hour. The dread of ſuch another Noiſe made me break open the Letter with ſome Precipitation.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'MY Story in ſhort is this. My Father 'kept me under, after I came from 'School, and ſnubbed me conſumedly, 'till I was Five and twenty; and then he 'died, and left me Three thouſand *per* '*Annum*. I came to *London*, this Winter, 'where I am to be married to a fine young 'Lady, when I can get her in the Mind. 'But, I don't know how, there is no plea-'ſing of her. She hath made my Heart 'ake ſo often, that I have reſolved to fol-'low ſomebody elſe; but ſhe hath ſuch a 'way with her Eyes, that I cannot do with-'out her. When I firſt came to Town, I 'heard ſhe ſhould ſay, how that I was ſo '*Rough!* Upon which I ſhaved every Day, 'and waſhed my Hands once in half an 'Hour, for a Week together. Being in-'formed, that ſhe hoped I might be *Po-'liſhed* in time, I got a broad *French* Bea-'ver, and an Embroider'd Coat, that coſt 'me Threeſcore Pound. I cannot indeed

'blame her for complaining that I have no
'*Taſte*, for I have loſt my Stomach; and
'I entirely agree with her that I want *Air*,
'for I am almoſt choaked in this ſmoaky
'Town. But this is not all. She hath gi-
'ven out, that ſhe wiſhes I would Travel:
'And ſhe told me no longer ſince than
'yeſterday, that the Man ſhe married
'ſhould make the *Tour* of *Italy*. Now,
'Sir, I would be at any Expence, in Build-
'ing, to pleaſe her; but as for going into
'Out-landiſh Countries, I thank her for
'That. In ſhort, ſhe would have me out
'of the way. For you muſt know, there
'is a little Snipper-ſnapper from *Oxford*
'that is mightily in her Books. I don't
'know how it comes to paſs; but though
'he hath but a plain grey Suit, he hath
'ſuch a fawning way with him, that my
'Mind miſgives me plaguily. He hath
'Words at his Fingers ends, and I can ſay
'nothing but he has ſome Anſwer or a-
'nother that puts me out; and yet he
'talks ſo, that one cannot be Angry
'neither. He always reads your LOVERS
'to her, and I hear her ſay often, that ſhe
'ſhould like ſuch an ingenious Man as
'Mr. MYRTLE. Now, what I deſire is your
'Advice; for, as I told you before, I can-
'not do without her. I am a hearty Fel-
'low, and believe me, if you do me any

'Good,

'Good, you ſhall have Gloves, and dance
'at my Wedding.

Your humble Servant to Command,

Timothy Gubbin.

IT falls out very luckily that I can recommend Mr. *Gubbin* to a Perſon for his Purpoſe, without further riſquing my own Repoſe. The following Letter, which I received a Week ago, ſhall ſerve for an Anſwer to His. And I further declare, that I conſtitute the Author thereof my Eſquire, according to the Prayer of his Petition. I have accordingly aſſigned him an Apartment in *the Lover's Lodge*; and ſhall further encourage him, as I find his Merits anſwerable to his Pretenſions.

Launcelot Bays *to* Marmaduke Myrtle.

Courteous Knight,

'AS you are a Profeſſor and Patron of
'Love, I throw my ſelf at your Feet
'to beg a Boon of you. When I have
'told you my Story, you will confeſs that
'I am the moſt Amorous and Chaſte of
'Swains. I am, Sir, by Profeſſion, an
'Author, and the Scene of my Labours
'is a Garret. My Genius leads me to

'Love, and I have a gentle manner. When 'I have occaſion for Mony, I fancy to my 'ſelf a Lady, and write ſuch ſoft things, 'as you would bleſs your ſelf to hear. But 'living at preſent in the City, where ſuch 'Ware fetches but little, I ſhall, without 'your Aſſiſtance, fall ſhortly into great Po-'verty of Imagination. Would you be-'lieve it, Sir? I have lived this Month 'on a Poſie for a Ring.

'MY Requeſt is, that I may be tran-'ſplanted from this barren Soil into *Covent-'Garden*. My greateſt Ambition is to be 'received in the Quality of Eſquire to ſo 'courteous a Knight as you are; to carry 'your Pen in this your gentle Warfare, 'and do the Squirely Offices eſtabliſhed 'in this Order of Chivalry. You may not 'perhaps find me unqualified to take ſome 'Drudgeries off your Hands, which you 'muſt otherwiſe undergo; and may poſ-'ſibly appoint me Sub-tutor to the *Bri-'tiſh* Savages, before they approach the 'Fair. It is thought ſufficient that the 'Taylor and Dancing-maſter have ma-'naged an awkard Boy at his firſt coming 'to Town: Nay, upon the ſtrength of a 'Box of *fine Myrtle Barcelona*, a young 'Fellow, now-a-days, ſets up for Love 'and Gallantry. The ill Succeſs of ſuch 'unformed Cavaliers, makes a Perſon of 'my Talents neceſſary in a civilized Coun-'try.

'try. You know, the Ladies will be at-
'tacked in form, before they liſten to
'Terms; and though they do not abſolute-
'ly inſiſt upon Hanging or Drowning, they
'think it but decent, that ſuch Attempts
'be made in Rhyme and Sonnet. I believe
'you will agree with me, that no Woman
'of Spirit thinks a Man hath any Reſpect
'for her, 'till he hath plaid the Fool in
'her Service; and the mean Opinion that
'Sex hath of a Poet, makes any thing in
'Metre, from a Lover, an agreeable Sacri-
'fice to their Vanity.

'NOW, ſince there are few Heads turn-
'ed both for Dreſs and Politeneſs, ſince
'witty Sayings ſeldom break out from
'two Rows of fine Teeth, and true Spell-
'ing is not often the Work of a pretty
'Hand: I propoſe, for the good of my
'Country, to ſet up a Toy-ſhop of writ-
'ten Baubles, and Poetical Trinkets. The
'Perfumes of Flattery, the Cordials of
'Vows, the Salts of Wit, and the Waſhes
'of Panegyrick are ranged in due order;
'and placed in proper Receptacles to be
'retailed out at reaſonable Prices. Here
'the Spark may be furniſhed with Satyrical
'Laſhes, when he has loſt his Clouded
'Cane. Here he may purchaſe Points,
'Conceits, and Repartees, as uſeful againſt
'an Enemy as the niceſt Puſhes his Fen-
'cing-Maſter can teach him. The moſt

'graceful Bow, he can learn, ſhall be ſtill 'improved by a Compliment I can put in 'his Mouth; and, to ſay no more, his Pe-'riwig ſhall by my Means, be the leaſt 'valuable thing upon his Shoulders.

'NO generous Lover will repine at my 'good Fortune, when he hears that I get 'a warm Coat by that which gains him the 'Embraces of a Bride. While he feaſts 'all his Senſes, I ſhall content my ſelf with 'the Luxury of ſome Meat, and much 'Drink. Thus, an equal Diſtribution will 'be made of Worldly Pleaſures. As They 'become undoubtedly Happy, I ſhall grow 'undoubtedly Fat; Hearts will be at Reſt, 'and Dunns be payed.

'THE following Liſt of my Wares I 'deſire you to advertiſe; which will not 'fail, I hope, to bring Cuſtomers, and 'may lay a Foundation for the Commerce 'of Love in this Trading Iſland.

'LOVE-LETTERS and Sonnets, 'by the Quire, at five Guineas the Proſe, 'and ten the Verſe; with Allowance to 'thoſe that buy Quantities.

'A Sett of Rymes ready paired for any 'ordinary Amour; never uſed but twice.

'THE Art of Pleaſing; or, Rules for 'Defamation; with a compleat Index.

'AN Apology for the Colour of a 'Lady's Hair; with a Word or two in 'defence of white Eye-laſhes

'A

'A Treatiſe for, and another againſt 'growing Fat. Sharp Sayings againſt 'Faults which People cannot help; with 'Anſwers to each.

'A Compliment for a Maſque, and a 'Repartee for a Rival. Neither ever 'ſpoken before.

'AN Invective againſt embroidered 'Coats, for the Uſe of younger Brothers; 'to which is added an Appendix con-'cerning Fringed Gloves.

'A Liſt of the Heathen Goddeſſes, with 'the Colour of their Hair and Eyes; for 'the Aſſiſtance of young Gentlemen, that 'were never at the Univerſity.

'DOUBLE Entendres, and Feeling 'Language, collected from the Works of 'the moſt celebrated Poeteſſes of the Age.

'VOWS for young Virgins, to be ſold 'by Number; and Flattery for old Maids 'by Weight.

'RAPTURES, Tranſports, and Ex-'clamations, at a Crown a Dozen.

'TURTLES, Fountains, Grottoes, 'Foreſts, Roſes, Tigreſſes, Rocks and 'Nightingales, at common Prices.

N° 18. *Tuesday, April* 6.

Parva leves capiunt animos. Ovid.

I Was the other Night in the Box of the Gallery at Sir *Courtly Nice*, a Comedy I never miſs for the Sake of the Knight himſelf, *Hothead* and *Teſtimony*, all Parts in themſelves very diverting and Excellently performed by the Actors. Sir *Courtly*'s Character expoſes to an extravagance thoſe ſhallow Creatures, whoſe Imaginations are wholly taken up with Form and Outſide, and labour only at an Excellence in indifferent things. To utter the Words, *Your humble Servant*, and Bow with a different Air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole Part in as pleaſant a Scene as any of the Comedy. This puts me a muſing upon the Force of being able to act faſhionably in ordinary occaſions, and filling up their part of the Room with a tolerable good Air, while there is nothing paſſing which engages the Attention of the Aſſembly or Company to any one other Point. It is monſtrous to obſerve how few amongſt us are able to do it, 'till half

half their Life is paſſed away, and then at laſt they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave themſelves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where ſo conſpicuous as in an Aſſembly of Men of Parts, when they are got together upon any great Point, as at the College of Phyſicians, the Royal Society, or any other Place where you have had an Opportunity of ſeeing a good many *Engliſh* Gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a loſs whether this proceeds from a too great Reſpect for themſelves, or too great Deference to others; but, it ſeems to be partly one partly t'other. Whatever the Cauſe is, I have often ſeen the effect to a very great degree of Pleaſantry. You ſhall, in the inſtant a Man is going to ſpeak, ſee him ſtunt himſelf, and not riſe within three Inches of his natural height, but lean on one ſide, as if taken with a ſudden Sciatica; and 'tis ten to one whether he recovers, without danger of falling quite down with ſhifting Legs; and I have known it, when a very ingenious Gentleman has tried both his Legs, almoſt to tripping himſelf up, and then catched at himſelf with his Arms in the Air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his Speech ſtared out of his Head by a ſet of ill-natured Curs that rejoiced in his Confuſion, ſat down in a ſilence not to be broken during this Life.

There

There is no Man knows, till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himſelf is: He cannot be let into this till he has attempted to ſpeak in Publick; when he firſt does it, in an inſtant, from ſitting to ſtanding up, the Air is as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the top of the *Alps*. You ſee him gaſp, heave and ſtruggle like an Animal in an Air Pump, till he falls down into his Seat, but enjoys his Health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his Tongue. If the intended Orator ſtand upon the Floor, I have ſeen him miſcarry by taking only too large a Step forward, and then in the Air of a Beggar, who is recommending himſelf with a lame Leg, ſpeak ſuch bold Truths, as have had an effect juſt equal to the Aſſurance with which they were uttered. A too great regard for doing what you are about with a good Grace, deſtroys your Capacity of doing it at all; but if Men would place their Ambition firſt upon the Virtue of the Action, and attempt things only becauſe it is their Duty to attempt them, grace of Action and becoming Behaviour would naturally attend Truth of Heart and honeſty of Deſign; but when their Imaginations are bent only upon recommending themſelves, or impoſing upon others, there is no wonder, that they are ſeized with ſuch awkard Derelictions in the midſt of their Vanity or Falſhood.

I remember when I was a young Fellow, there was a young Man of Quality that became an accompliſhed Orator in one Day. The Circumſtance was this: A Gentleman who had chaſtiſed a Ruffian for an Inſolence towards a Kinſwoman of his, was attacked with outrageous Language in that Aſſembly; when his Friend's Name was ill treated from Man to Man, this ingenuous Youth diſcovered the utmoſt Pain to thoſe that ſat near him, and having more than once ſaid, *I am ſure I could fight for him, why can't I ſpeak for him?* at laſt ſtood up. The Eyes of the whole Company were upon him, and tho' he appeared to have utterly forgot what he roſe up to ſpeak, yet the generous Motive which the whole Company knew he acted upon, procured him ſuch an Acclamation of Voices to hear him, that he expreſſed himſelf with a Magnanimity and Clearneſs proceeding from the Integrity of his Heart, that made his very Adverſaries receive him as a Man they wiſhed their Friend. I mention this Circumſtance to ſhow, that the beſt way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only becauſe you ought. This thing happened ſoon after the Reſtoration, and I remember a ſet of Fellows they called the new Converts were the chief Speakers. It is true they always ſpoke againſt their Conſcience; but having been longer uſed to

do

do ſo in Publick, (as all are gifted at their Meetings) they excelled all other Proſtitutes in firm Countenances and ſtiff Bodies. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their Points by having their Conſciences ſeared, while that of others lay bleeding; but I am got into Chat upon Circumſtances of a higher Nature than thoſe of ordinary Life, Compliment and Ceremony. I was ſpeaking of Sir *Courtly*'s *Your humble Servant Madam.*

AS for my part, I always approve rather thoſe who make the moſt of a little Underſtanding, and carry that as far asthey can, than thoſe who will not condeſcend to be perfect, if I may ſo ſpeak, in the under Parts of their Character. Mrs. *Page* ſaid very juſtly of me, one Day, (for you muſt know I am as mute as a Fiſh in her Preſence,) If Mr. *Myrtle* can't ſpeak for Love, and his Miſtreſs can't ſpeak out of Decency, their Affair muſt end as it began, only in dumb Show. I have a Couſin at the Univerſity who lately made me a Viſit; I know him to want no Learning, Wit or Senſe, if he would pleaſe to diſpence it to us by Retail. He can make an Oration or write a Poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in ſmall Parcels. He is come indeed to bear our raillying him upon it without being ſurly. I asked him,

if he ſhould talk with a Man who had a whole Language except the Conjunctions Copulative, how would he be able to underſtand him? Small Matters it is abſolutely neceſſary to capacitate our ſelves for: Great Occaſions do not occur every Moment. The *Jew* ſaid very prettily, in defence of his frequent ſuperſtitious Waſhings, and the like outward Services; I do theſe becauſe I have not always Opportunities to manifeſt my Devotion in Acts of Virtue. I had abundance to do to make my Couſin open his Mouth at all. He and I, one Evening, had ſate together three Hours without uttering a Syllable; I was reſolved to ſay nothing till he began the Diſcourſe, but finding the Silence endleſs, I deſired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza; we took two or three turns there in the dark in utter Silence; at laſt ſaid I to him, Couſin *Tom*, this Taciturnity of thine, conſidering the Senſe I know thou haſt in thee, is a Vexation I can no longer endure with Patience; we are now in the dark, and I can't ſee how you do it, but here give me your Hand, let me, while I hold you here, entreat you to exerciſe the Uſe of your Lips and Tongue, and oblige me ſo far as to utter, with as much Vehemence as you can, the Word *Coach*. My Youth took my Friendſhip as I intended it, and,

as

as well as he could in a laughing Voice, he cried C-o-a-c-h; Very well Couſin, ſays I, try if you can ſpeak it at once, with which he began to cry Coach, Coach, pulling himſelf out of my Hand; No, ſays I, Couſin, you ſhall not go till you are perfect; with that he called loudly and diſtinctly, inſomuch that we had in an Inſtant all the Coaches from *Will*'s and *Tom*'s about the *Portico* or little Piazza; the Fellows began to call Names, as thinking themſelves abuſed ſince no one came to take Coach; upon which one cryed out, What Raſcals are thoſe in the Piazza? You Scoundrels, ſaid I, what are you good for but to keep your Horſes and ſelves in Exerciſe? would you ſtare and ſtand idle at Coffee-houſe Doors all Night? I went on with great Fluency, in the Language thoſe Charioteers uſually meet with, upon which they came down armed with Whips, and my Couſin complaining his Sword was borrowed of another College, and would not draw, wondered I would bring my ſelf and him into ſuch a Scrape; he had not done ſpeaking before a Whip Laſh took him on the Cheek, upon which my young Gentleman ſnatched my Cane out of my Hand, and found every Limb about him as well as his Tongue. I ſtood by him with all my Might, and would fain have brought it to that, that my Couſin might be carried before a

Juſtice, by way of Exerciſe in different Circumſtances, rather than go on the inſipid, dull, uſeleſs thing which an unmanly Baſhfulneſs had made him; but he improved daily after this Adventure of the Coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly and with as good an Air as any Gentleman in Town. In a Word, his Actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the Confidence into which I at firſt betrayed him, by the ſilly Adventure I have now related.

N° 19. *Thurſday, April* 8.

—quid deceat, non videt ullus amans. Ovid.

I Shall be mightily in Arrear with my Correſpondents, if I do not, for ſome time, appoint one Day in the Week to take into Conſideration their Epiſtles.

THE firſt that falls into my Hands, out of a Bundle before me, is from an unhappy Man who is fallen in Love, but knows not with whom. Take his Caſe from his own Epiſtle.

Mr.

Mr. MYRTLE, *April* 3, 1714.

'I Am a young Gentleman of a moderate 'Fortune, have ſpent the greateſt part 'of my Time for theſe two or three Years 'laſt paſt in what they call ſeeing the Town, 'but am now reſolved to Marry, and for-'ſake that unſettled kind of Life. My 'Thoughts are at preſent divided between 'two Siſters; and as they are both amia-'ble, I can't as yet determine which to 'make my Addreſſes to, but muſt beg your 'Advice in this Critical Poſture of Affairs. '*Lucinda* has Senſe enough, is very hand-'ſom, and excellently well ſhaped, her Eyes 'command Reſpect from all who behold 'them; it is impoſſible to ſee and not a-'dore her; ſhe dances to the greateſt Per-'fection imaginable, and is in ſhort every 'way ſo well accompliſh'd, that her Charms 'would be irreſiſtible, had ſhe not too 'great a mixture of Pride, and did not 'ſelf-Admiration in ſome meaſure obſcure 'the Luſtre of her Beauty. *Celia* is not ſo 'handſome as her Siſter, yet is very pret-'ty; when ſhe Talks ſhe captivates her 'Hearers, yet ſeems wholly ignorant at 'the ſame time of her own Charms; and 'when the Eyes of the whole Company 'are fixt on her, ſhe, with all the Inno-'cence in the World, ſeems to wonder 'at their Attention, and rather apprehends

'that

'that ſome Defect in her Perſon or Con-
'verſation, than any Perfection in either,
'is the cauſe of their earneſt Obſervance.
'When I am with *Celia*, her agreeable ea-
'ſie Converſation and Good-humour ra-
'viſh my Soul, and 'tis then I reſolve with
'myſelf to fix my Thoughts on her alone;
'but when *Lucinda* approaches, all my
'Reſolutions vaniſh, and I'm *Celia*'s no
'longer. I have endeavoured to ſearch
'into my own Thoughts as nicely as poſ-
'ſible, and have at laſt diſcovered that 'tis
'*Lucinda* I admire, but *Celia* I love;
'I would therefore beg your Advice which
'I ought to chuſe, her, that by the deli-
'cacy of her Face and Shape, and ſtate-
'lineſs of her Mien and Air, enforces my
'Adoration; or her that by the agreeable-
'neſs of her Good-humour and Conver-
'ſation engages my Love. An Anſwer
'to this will be very acceptable to

Your humble Servant,

Charles Doubt.

THE Circumſtance of this Gentleman puts me in mind of a Paper of Verſes in Sir *John Suckling*, upon two Siſters whoſe Beauties were ſo equal and ſo like, that they diſtracted the Choice and Approbation of their Beholders. While the Eyes of

their Admirers were taken up in comparing their ſeveral Beauties, their Hearts were ſafe by being unreſolved on whom of the two to fix. That witty Author on this Occaſion concludes,

He ſure is happy'ſt that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that ſees them both together.

MY Correſpondent has not told me, that he has not eaſie Acceſs to both his young Ladies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propoſe the Expedient of ſeeing them both together, as an effectual Method towards coming to determination in this Caſe, tho' it had the contrary Effect in the Caſe of the Siſters reported by *Suckling*. If my Correſpondent has ſtated the matter, right *Celia* will gain Ground of *Lucinda*; for Beauty palls by intimate Converſation, but good Humour and Affability gain new Strength the more frequently they diſcover themſelves. I expect this Correſpondent, provided he goes into my Method, ſhould give me an Account how he finds himſelf, that I may note it in my Book of Receipts.

THE next Gentelman, I find, is extreamly high in his Feaver, for he ſtarts from one thing to another in the preſent hurry of his Spirits, and makes it impoſſible for me to give any regular Judgment of his Condition. I find he is but lately fall-

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en into it, and I muſt obſerve his future Letters very attentively, before I can be able to preſcribe any thing for his Recovery. It is the Nature of his Diſeaſe, in the firſt Place, that the Patients think every Man delighted with their Ravings. The Stile of the Letter ſeems to me to be that which the Learned in Love diſtinguiſh by the Sublime Unintelligible; but take it from himſelf.

Oh! Mr. MYRTLE,

'HAD you ſeen her for whom my
'Breaſt pants this Moment, your
'*Ann Page* had been as utterly no more
'as *Cleopatra* who ruined *Anthony*, or *Sta-*
'*tira* who captivated *Alexander*! heedleſs
'Man that I was —— But what could Wiſ-
'dom have availed me after ſeeing her!
'As ſhe is fair, ſhe is alſo inexorable. Alas!
'that what moves Paſſion ſhould alſo be
'a check to our Deſires, and how miſe-
'rable is his Fate, who conceives De-
'ſpair from the Merit of what inſpires his
'Admiration! Oh, dear Sir! ſend me your
'Advice, but I am ſure I can't follow it,
'and I ſhall not have time to ſhew you
'how much I am

Your humble Servant,

though I know I ſhall be Yours till Death,

Cinthio Languiſſante.

I ſhall end to Day's Work with this notable piece of Complaint from poor *Tim. Gubbin*, whoſe Lamentation you muſt take in his own Words.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'SINCE I writ to you laſt, I have viſited
' this Gentlewoman that I told you
' of, and whom I cannot be without eve-
' ry Day in the Week, except *Sundays*.
' You cannot imagine how very Proud
' ſhe is, and Scornful, tho' at the ſame
' time ſhe knows I am better born than her
' ſelf; but ſhe loves none but Diſſem-
' blers. The young Spark who I com-
' plained to you was ſo much in her Fa-
' vour, told her ſuch a parcel of Lies t'o-
' ther Day, that I told him to his Face I
' wonder'd he was not aſham'd on it. You
' muſt know I believe moſt of what he ſays
' is out of a Book. I am loath to be quarel-
' ſom, but if he Talks, and makes a Jeſt
' of me any longer, as I find he does, I'll
' make him underſtand that I am as good
' a Scholar at the Rapier as himſelf. I on-
' ly ſpeak it to you as a Caſe of Conſcience,
' and ask you the Queſtion, whether if a
' Man has more Wit than I, and uſes it
' againſt me, I may not uſe what I think I
' have more than he againſt him? There-
' fore if I may have your leave, I would
' try my young Spark about the Buſineſs
' of

‘ of Courage. I have told my Miſtreſs as
‘ much, but I don't know what ſhe means,
‘ but I think ſhe has as mad a way of talk-
‘ ing as he, and ſays the way to win her is
‘ to die for her my ſelf; and if I won't do
‘ that, not to interrupt People who are
‘ better bred than my ſelf, who are willing
‘ to die for her. Prethee, *Mr.* MYRTLE,
‘ tell me what all this means, for tho' I
‘ have a very good Eſtate, I am as unhap-
‘ py as if I were not worth a Groat, and
‘ all for this proud Minx.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Timothy Gubbin.

N° 20. *Saturday, April* 10.

She dropt a Tear, and Sighing ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Maidens Marry: Marry while you may.
Flatman.

I AM apt to believe the Circumſtances of the following Letter are unfeigned, and therefore ſhall not labour to make them more entertaining by fabulous Orna-

ments. I ſhall have, I dare ſay, enough to do in the Progreſs of the Matter, to ſhew my Skill in Love; therefore let the following Letter lye before the Town, as a plain Narrative of what, I fear, will have more Incidents in it than it ſhould have, were I my ſelf either the Son or the Father in the Narration. I appeal to the Tea-Tables on the Matter.

Dear Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Have long had a ſecret (and I hope no Criminal) Ambition to appear in your 'Writings, and an equal Deſire to be under your Direction. If therefore you 'have Kindneſs enough to gratifie the Va-'nity of an enamoured Female (who has 'a mind to be admired in Coffee-houſes, 'and is willing to believe, that by a little 'of your Management ſhe may make a to-'lerable figure among your Lovers:) and 'to convince the World that you are reſolv-'ed to be as good as your Word, by your 'readineſs to give your Sage Advice to 'thoſe who need it, and humbly ſue for 'it; I earneſtly entreat you to Print me 'off to morrow, and at the ſame time to 'publiſh your Opinion of the following 'Caſe: For the Gentleman, who next my 'ſelf is more concern'd in it, has peruſed 'the Letter I now preſume to ſend you, 'and has poſitively declared he will ſtand 'to your Determination.

'Mr. *CARELESS* is a Gentleman 'of the *Middle-Temple:* He was ſent thi- 'ther very young to Study the Law. He 'has a Vivacity in all his Words and Acti- 'ons, which has acquired him the Eſteem 'and good Graces of a great many of our 'Sex. This kind of Happineſs made him 'entirely neglect the chief Deſign which 'brought him up to *London. Cook* upon '*Littleton* grew mouldy and duſty in his 'Solitary Study, while he ſhined among 'the Ladies in his Coat turned up with 'Velvet, and negligently grac'd with Oil 'and Powder. He better knew how to 'write a *Billet-doux* than to Engroſs a Bill, 'and he was much more expert in repeat- 'ing Scraps of Plays, than in wording a 'Petition. A certain Art he has of ſaying 'the moſt common things after an extra- 'ordinary manner, was of very great uſe 'to him in effectually recommending him 'to thoſe Ladies, who are fond of that 'kind of Innocent Mirth which keeps 'Virtue always in danger, and conſequent- 'ly alarmed, and not in a ſtupid Security 'which tends neither to Virtue or Vice. '——But alas! where am I going?——I 'ask ten thouſand Pardons, dear Mr. 'MYRTLE, for this long Preamble. What 'I am going to conſult you in is this. I 'am a young Woman who have been but 'Fourteen theſe 3 Years paſt (tho' to you

'I may venture to own, that I was Six and 'twenty the 1ſt Day of *May* laſt.) My Fa- 'ther was an Officer in the Army, and 'tho' pretty well ſtricken in Years, yet 'no Man was a greater Encourager of 'Mirth and Diverſion than himſelf; this 'Turn of Humour in the good old Man, 'made him extremely pleas'd with Mr. '*Careleſs*, and unleſs the Buſineſs of his 'Family required his more ſerious Atten- 'tion, he thought his Hours paſt ſlowly 'on, if young *Careleſs* happened to be ab- 'ſent from our Houſe. This Gentleman's 'cloſe Intimacy with my Father, gave him 'frequent Opportunities of being in my 'Company; and he has often in gayety 'of Heart call me his *Maria*, his Miſtreſs, 'his Charmer, and has told me a thou- 'ſand times over he was in Love with me, 'in a way which goes for no more than '*Madam I like your Company*. However, 'Mr. MYRTLE, you who ſeem no Stran- 'ger to the Weakneſſes incident to our 'Sex, can't but imagine that a ſingle Wo- 'man, and no profeſs'd Enemy to Matri- 'mony, was not diſpleaſed at ſuch like 'Declarations from a pretty Fellow that 'was young, lively, brisk, and did not 'want Wit. Tho' he was thus agreeable, 'and I neither inſenſible of his Perfecti- 'ons, nor diſpleaſed at his Addreſſes to 'me, yet my Modeſty laid too great a

'Reſtriction

'Reſtriction on me, to permit me to diſ-
'cover to him at firſt the ſecret Satisfacti-
'on I took in hearing him praiſe me, and
'how I was delighted when I liſtened to
'the Declaration of his Paſſion. What he
'pratled at laſt began to dwell upon me;
'I grew afraid that all his Profeſſions of
'this Nature were meer Amuſements to
'him, 'till one Evening when we were all
'very Merry in the Parlour, dancing Coun-
'try Dances, and playing Plays, he ſaid
'ſomewhat to me in Secret, which I fear
'I ſhall all my Life wiſh I had never
'heard.

'I remember we were engaged at a
'Play called Servants and Miſtreſſes,
'when, among the Variety of Gentlemen
'which were given me to chuſe out of, I
'pitched upon Mr. *Careleſs* as a Gentle-
'man the moſt agreeable to my Fancy of
'any in the Company. Upon which he
'roſe up, made me a very modeſt and re-
'ſpectful Bow; and when, according to
'the Cuſtom of the Play, he had given a
'very graceful, and methought ſomewhat
'awful Salute, he whiſpered me and wiſh-
'ed, with a Sigh, that he might be ſo hap-
'py as to be my Choice in earneſt——I
'hear the Words ſtill tingle in my Ear. I
'ſtole my Eye towards Mr. *Careleſs* the
'whole Night after; and if he happened to
'compliment any of the Ladies, I took

'particular

‘ particular Notice of her Countenance, I
‘ could not help thinking her very ugly,
‘ and that ſhe did not at all deſerve to have
‘ any thing ſaid in her Praiſe: If he ſmil-
‘ ed at my Couſin, who was tolerably
‘ handſome, I was ready to cry; and when,
‘ in a fondling manner, he took my Siſter
‘ *Sally* on his Knee, methought my poor
‘ Heart grew as heavy as Lead. Well!
‘ certainly my Inquietudes all that Night
‘ are not, and to Mr. *Myrtle* need not,
‘ be deſcribed —— But, Mr. *Myrtle*, to
‘ make ſhort of my Story, by mutual En-
‘ dearments and a reciprocal Deſire to
‘ pleaſe, Mr. *Careleſs* and I, from that
‘ time forward, became lovely and agree-
‘ able in each others Eyes. I thought my
‘ ſelf happy in his Company, and a Sight
‘ of him never failed to fill me with the
‘ moſt raviſhing Delight. He would of-
‘ ten diſcourſe to me of Marriage, and
‘ long till he was of Age that he might
‘ have me all his own. I convers'd with
‘ him as with the Man who was to have
‘ been my Companion for Life. I ſeldom
‘ dreſs'd but on the Day I expected a Vi-
‘ ſit from him —— Thus we lived and lov-
‘ ed, for ſome Months, till the malicious
‘ World talked of our Behaviour, and
‘ made Mr. *Careleſs*'s Father acquainted
‘ with our whole Proceedings. He ſends
‘ for his Son. O, Mr. *Myrtle!* how ſhall

‘ I

'I describe my Concern for his Depar-
'ture? I dreaded his Father's Power over
'him, and trembled when I considered
'that his Father, who was able to leave
'him a good Fortune, might possibly awe
'him into a Neglect of me. Mr. *Careless*
'leaves me and *London*, in Obedience to
'his Father's Command. As soon as he
'got home, he sent me Word his Father
'severely menac'd him, and swore solemn-
'ly he would not leave him a Groat if he
'continu'd to love me, or entertained
'the least Thought of making me his Wife.

'IN Mr. *Careless*'s Absence my Father
'and Mother both die, and I survived
'them an Orphan of a very slender For-
'tune; Mr. *Careless* writes a second Let-
'ter, wherein he lets me know, that his
'Father persists in his Resolution, how-
'ever he assures me, that if I pleased he
'would post to *London* unknown to the
'old Man, and there marry me. I now
'had a difficult Card to play. I reasoned
'thus; that if I took Mr. *Careless* at his
'Word, I should thereby prove the un-
'happy Instrument of making him guilty
'of Disobedience, and, by incurring his
'Father's Displeasure, put his Fortune in
'danger. I thought it would be no Argu-
'ment of my Affection to involve the young
'Man I pretended to love, in these Dan-
'gers. After some struggle my Passion

'gave

'gave way to Prudence, and I reſolved to 'loſe my Lover, rather than take him at 'the Expence of his Fame or Diſcretion. 'After I had wept heartily, I writ him a 'Letter in the Stile of one who had never 'loved; I told him I believed it moſt ad-'viſable to lay aſide the Thoughts of a 'Match which was attended with many 'Difficulties, and could not but prove a 'very diſadvantageous one to him, and, 'if his Father remained irreconcileable, to 'me too. Mr. *Careleſs* followed my Ad-'vice, he commended my Freedom, ceaſ-'ed to be my Lover, but continued to be 'my Friend ever ſince.

'Mr. *CARELESS* is now at Age, 'unmarried, has attained to a plentiful 'Fortune without the Aſſiſtance of his Fa-'ther: I am ſtill unprovided for, and con-'feſs Mr. *Careleſs* is this Moment as much 'Maſter of my Heart as ever. Dear Mr. '*Myrtle*, be ſpeedy in your Determinati-'on, and ſay what you think ſhould be 'Mr. *Careleſs*'s Sentiments towards me. I 'wait with impatience for to-morrow's 'Paper, which is ſeriouſly to determine 'the Fate of your conſtant Reader,

Prudence Loveſick.

IT is a very hazardous Point to deter-mine a Mater attended with ſuch nice Circumſtances;

Circumſtances; but ſuppoſing the Facts are honeſtly ſtated, if the Father of *Careleſs* has any taſte of Merit, he ought to give his Conſent to a Lady to whom he owes ſo generous a Refuſal of his Son, rather than be his Daughter, when it was incommodious to the Circumſtances of his Family; if an Acceſſion of Wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a Portion ſent by Providence to take off all prudential Objections that ſtood between the young Lady and her Happineſs, I wont ſay what the Son ſhould do, but if the Father does his Duty, it will have the ſame good Effect on the Lovers. Till that is refuſed, I ſhall not play the Caſuiſt in a Caſe wherein no one can err, but with a Guilt which cannot but be obvious to any Man who has the leaſt Senſe of Humanity.

N° 21. *Tueſday, April* 13.

Natio Comœda eſt ——— Juv.

IN hopes that People will trouble me no more with Accounts of the *Crabtrees*, I have admitted the following Letter, tho' I am ſick of a People ſo eminently made the Objects of the contrary Paſſion to that of Love. *SIR*,

SIR,

'I Read in your Paper, the other Day, 'the Letter of *Richardetto Languenti*, 'concerning the ridiculous and miſchie-'vous Race of the *Crabtrees*. I muſt con-'feſs I never thought Words better put 'together or applied, than miſchievous 'and ridiculous, for that unaccountable, 'lamentable, deteſtable, and every other 'Word ending in able, under tolerable. 'You may ſee, Sir, by the Hand, in 'which I write, that I am a Woman; and 'by the Stile and Paſſion, that I am an 'angry Woman; at the ſame time I don't 'know whether I may write my ſelf Wo-'man, only becauſe I am of the Age of 'twenty nine, ſince I am ſtill a Maid; but 'I am ſure I ſhould have been a Woman 'before now, if it had not been for this 'diſagreeable, I would ſay execrable Race 'of the *Crabtrees*. As faſt, and as well 'as my Paſſion will let me, I will give you 'an Account of my Sufferings.

'I am the Daughter of a Gentleman of '400 *l.* a Year, who has ſeveral other 'Children. Sir *Anthony* always giving 'himſelf out for a great Friend to the 'Landed Intereſt, as he calls it, has ever 'been in great Credit with my Father. To 'find Portions, Maintenance and Educa-'tion for a numerous Family, my Father

'has

'has practiſed that natural Improvement
'of a Country Gentleman's Eſtate, gra-
'zing Cattle, and driving them to the
'Market of *London*. He dealt for the
'whole with one eminent Butcher in St.
'*James*'s Market, with whom he Ac-
'compts once a Year, and takes the Pay-
'ments which are made to the ſaid Butcher
'in Ballance of their Accounts. You muſt
'know there is a great Lady in that Neigh-
'bourhood, eminent for her Juſtice and
'Charity, who uſes Sir *Anthony* as her Stew-
'ard: The Knight has got a great Eſtate
'by oppreſſing her Tenants, and terrify-
'ing all People in her Service with his
'great Power in her. The Lady above-
'mention'd owed my Father's Correſpon-
'dent, the Butcher, a Sum of Mony which
'was to have been my Fortune in Mar-
'riage with an agreeable young Man, the
'Son of a Neighbouring Gentleman. My
'Father had ſo great a Reſpect for this La-
'dy, that he engaged himſelf to take a-
'ny Demands upon her in Payment with-
'out the leaſt Scruplë. By Sir *Anthony*'s
'Management a third part of the Lady's
'Debt to the Butcher in is paid a Coin I ne-
'ver heard of before, called Tin Tallies.
'My Father has written to Sir *Anthony*, and
'offered them to *Zachariah* his Brother,
'they being out of my Father's way to
'know what to do with; but *Zachariah*

'has

‘ has told the poor Butcher, who carried
‘ my Father's Letter, and written to my
‘ Father, that he can't meddle with them,
‘ but has gravely adviſed him to ſtick to
‘ the Landed Intereſt, and not mind Pro-
‘ jects, for ſo the half-witted impudent
‘ Wretch calls receiving Mony for the
‘ Product of his Land. Thus, Sir, I have
‘ loſt a good Husband by this Trick of
‘ Sir *Anthony*, and the whole Race of them
‘ wonder why our Family Curſes them;
‘ but, Sir, it is the Nature of the *Crabtrees*
‘ to be blind to the Evils they themſelves
‘ commit, and don't think themſelves guil-
‘ ty of Miſchiefs, wherein they are the
‘ Original Cauſes, except they are the im-
‘ mediate Inſtruments. Theſe groſs A-
‘ buſes the graceleſs Crew, by bragging of
‘ their Power, have committed againſt all
‘ the World without being found out and
‘ throughly explained, till the Devil, who
‘ owed them a Shame, prompted them to
‘ meddle with thoſe that could draw their
‘ Pictures. I own'd to you, in the begin-
‘ ning of this Letter, that I was an angry
‘ Woman, and I think I have made it out
‘ that I have reaſon for it. I have nothing
‘ now left to divert my poor aking Heart
‘ from Reflection upon its Diſappointment,
‘ but gratifying my Reſentment againſt the
‘ Infamous Cauſe of it. When I reflect
‘ upon this Race, eſpecially the Knight
‘ himſelf,

‘ himſelf, I confeſs my Anger is immedi-
‘ ately turned into Mirth; for how is it
‘ poſſible that an ungainly Creature, who
‘ has what he is, writ in his Face, ſhould
‘ impoſe upon any body? He looks ſo like
‘ a Cheat, that he paſſes upon People who
‘ do not know him from no other Advan-
‘ tage in the World, but that they are a-
‘ ſhamed to be govern'd by ſo ſilly an Art
‘ as Phyſiognomy. With this miſchievous
‘ Aſpect there is ſomething ſo awkard, ſo
‘ little, and briskly Comick in Sir *Antho-*
‘ *ny*'s Mein and Air, that one would think
‘ the Contempt of his Figure might ſave
‘ People from the Iniquity of his De-
‘ ſigns; but Sir *Anthony* has the Hap-
‘ pineſs next to a good Reputation, which
‘ is to be inſenſible of Shame, and there-
‘ fore is as ſmug as he is ugly. Forgive
‘ me perſonal Reflections, but ugly is a
‘ Woman's Word for Knaviſh. I obſerve,
‘ Sir, you affect putting the Sentence of
‘ ſome Poet, *Engliſh* or *Latin*, at the top
‘ of your Paper; and as I deſire you would
‘ let my Letter be as remarkable as poſ-
‘ ſible, I beg you to put theſe Words out
‘ of Sir *John Suckling*'s Play of the Sad
‘ One, at the Head of this my Writing,
‘ except you would put in all my Letter,
‘ which I had much rather you would:
‘ The place in Sir *John Suckling* will agree
‘ well enough with the Knight; for tho'

'his Name is *Anthony*, and *Suckling* has uſed
'the Word *Robin*, every one of this Coun-
'try will think him meant when you do
'but ſay *The Sad One*, for ſuch indeed he
'is. The Paſſage is thus, A Poet and an
'Actor are introduced diſcourſing about
'Characters in a Play. The Actor is tell-
'ing the Author, that he wonders why
'he will repreſent what cannot be in Na-
'ture, an honeſt Lawyer: *Why*, ſays *Muli-*
'*ticarni*, (that is the Name of the Poet)
'*Doſt think it impoſſible for a Lawyer to*
'*be honeſt?* The Actor anſwers,

'*As 'tis for a Lord-Treaſurer to be poor,*
'*Or for a King not to be cozened:*
'*There's little* Robin, *in Debt within theſe*
three Years,
'*Grown Fat and Full*——

'As for uſing the Words Treaſurer inſtead
'of Steward, there is nothing in that, for
'Sir *Anthony*, in a ſnearing way calls him-
'ſelf ſo, and pretends he deſerves that
'Word more than any one elſe who ever
'ſerved her, tho' it's well known he has
'diſparaged her more than any one that
'ever ſerved any Body; and my Father
'ſays, ſince he has got me and the Tin Tal-
'lies lying upon his Hands, that he will
'ſend you an Account wherein he will
'prove, that if ſhe had given him a Year's
'Income

'Income of all she has in the World to
'have nothing to say to him, she had saved
'above a Year's Revenue by it. But there
'is no dealing with him; he has got all
'the Country to call the honest Man, who
'managed her Business before him, all the
'Names that Malice could invent; so that
'whenever he is dismissed, he knows he
'cannot be worse used than the best Men
'have been before him. Thus Sir *Antho-*
'*ny* thinks himself secure against Defama-
'tion; first, because he deserves all the
'Ill that can be said of him, and second-
'ly, because the same thing has been said
'of those who deserve all the Praise which
'Language can bestow. I have a great
'deal more to say of the ugly Creature,
'but I had like to have forgot *Brickdust*
'and *Zachariah*. You must know they
'have different Apartments about Sir
'*Anthony*'s House, to examine every one
'who comes for Mony, or admit their Ac-
'counts. These Animals, if possible, are
'more hideous than Sir. *Anthony* himself;
'they are both in Town, and they are as
'much desired in the Country as their Arri-
'val in it formerly was feared and dreaded.
'The Presbyterian Ministers, in these
'Parts, have a very pleasant Tale of *Za-*
'*chariah*, who, it seems, was made a
'Trustee in a Donation for Ministers
'dissenting from the Church of *England*;

'the Deſcription of Miniſters diſſent-
'ing from the Church of *England*, ſuits
'as well with Nonjurers as Diſſenters,
'and *Zachariah* being a new Convert,
'forſooth, to the Church, has a pious Com-
'paſſion rather for thoſe who were of our
'Church, and are gone higher, than to
'thoſe who will not come up to it, and
'therefore, out of Scruple of Conſcience,
'cheats the Diſſenters. I deſire you would
'be ſure to print this, becauſe it would
'be well that the Truth were known; for
'ſome do not fail to ſay, that under the
'Notion of its being a Gift to pious Uſes,
'*Zachariah* has reſerved it for that good
'Chriſtian himſelf. When *Zachariah* went
'through the Town of *Worceſter*——but
'that is a long Story——I had like to have
'forgot *Brickduſt*; but what ſignifies talk-
'ing of him——I remember a whimſical
'Saying of one ſpeaking of a ſilly Crea-
'ture with a manly Aſpect; he called him a
'*Cole-black* ſilly Fellow, ſo I ſay *Brickduſt*
'is a *ſoft ugly Cur*, he has a Phiz fit only
'for Accuſation and Abuſe; if he deſigned
'to commend, it would have that Effect;
'and it is Nonſenſe for you to ſet up for
'a *Lover*, when you let theſe Creatures
'go about to frighten Women with Child,
'and bear falſe Witneſs againſt honeſt Men.
'I fear I have ſaid more than will come
'within your Paper, but pray don't leave
'any of it out, for my Lover was a very

‘ pretty Fellow, and was forced to leave
‘ me becauſe of theſe curſed Tallies.

I am, dear Mr. MYRTLE,
very much Your Servant,
Suſan Matchleſs.

Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I Beg the Favour of you to acquaint the
‘ Town, that in the moſt neceſſary
‘ Earthen-Ware, I have, with great Pains
‘ and Curioſity, wrought round the exte-
‘ rior Superficies of them, the true Effi-
‘ gies of Sir *Anthony Crabtree*, Mr. *Zacha-*
‘ *riah Crabtree*, and Mr. *Peter Brickduſt*.
‘ They will be ſold at all Potter's Shops
‘ within *London* and *Weſtminſter* on the
‘ 19th Inſtant, and Country Cuſtomers
‘ may have them at a cheaper Rate.

Rubens Claywright.

N° 22. *Thurſday, April* 15,

Secretum iter—— Hor.

THE Buſineſs of Love alters in eve-
ry Family in *England*, and I muſt
confeſs I did not ſufficiently weigh

the great Perplexity that I ſhould fall into, from the vaſt Variety of Caſes, when I undertook my preſent Province The Author of the following Letters is in very whimſical Circumſtances, which will be beſt repreſented by his Epiſtles.

SIR,

'AS I am about thirty, and of ſuch a 'round untroubled Countenance as 'may make me appear not ſo much, I 'muſt complain to you of a general Cala-'mity that obſtructs or ſuſpends the Ad-'vancement of the younger Men in the 'Purſuit of their Fortune. I now make 'Love to the Daughter of a Man of Buſi-'neſs, who is ſo fantaſtical as to threaten 'to Marry the young Lady to a Contem-'porary of his own, I mean one of his own 'Years. He ſays no young Man can be 'good for any thing but filling an Houſe 'full of Children, without being Wiſe e-'nough to know how to provide for them. 'Now as I am to ſucceed in Love, as I 'can argue my Father-in-Law into an O-'pinion of my Ability for Buſineſs, give 'me leave to think it not Foreign to your 'Deſign, to Print my Thoughts concern-'ing the Prejudices which Men in one 'Stage of Life have to thoſe in another. 'The utmoſt Inconveniencies are owing 'to

'to the Difficulty we meet with in being
'admitted into the Society of Men in
'Years, and adding thereby the early
'Knowledge of Men and Buſineſs to that
'of Books, for the reciprocal Improve-
'ment of each other. One of Fifty as na-
'turally imagines the ſame Inſufficiency
'in one of Thirty, as he of Thirty does
'in one of Fifteen, and each Age is thus
'left to inſtruct it ſelf by the natural Courſe
'of its own Reflection and Experience. I
'am apt to think, that before Thirty a
'Man's natural and acquired Parts are at
'that Strength, as, with a little Experi-
'ence, to enable him, (if ever he can be
'enabled) to acquit himſelf well in any
'Buſineſs or Converſation he ſhall be ad-
'mitted into. As to the Objection, that
'thoſe that have not been uſed to Buſineſs
'are conſequently unfit for it, it might
'have been made one time or other a-
'gainſt all Men that ever were born; and
'is ſo general a one, that it is none at all.
'Beſides, he that knew Men the beſt that
'ever any one did, ſays that *Wiſdom com-*
'*eth by Opportunity of Leiſure, and he that*
'*hath little Buſineſs ſhall become Wiſe*; and
'my Lord *Bacon* obſerves, that thoſe Go-
'vernments have been always the moſt
'happy, which have been adminiſtred by
'ſuch as have ſpent part of their Life
'in Books and Leiſure, and inſtances in

'the Governments of *Pius Quintus* and '*Sixtus Quintus* about his own time; who 'tho' they were esteemed but Pedantical 'Friars, proceeded upon truer Principles 'of State, than those who had had their 'Education in Affairs of State, and Courts 'of Princes. If this Rule holds in the dis-'patch of the most perplex'd Matters, as 'of Publick Politicks, it must of necessi-'ty in that of the common Divisions of 'Business, which every body knows are 'directed by Form, and require rather 'Diligence and Honesty, than great Abi-'lity in the Execution.

'A good Judgment will not only sup-'ply, but go beyond Experience; for 'the latter is only a Knowledge that di-'rects us in the Dispatch of Matters fu-'ture, from the Consideration of Mat-'ters past of the same Nature; but the 'former is a perpetual and equal Directi-'on in every thing that can happen, and 'does not follow, but makes the Pre-'cedent that guides the other.

'THIS Everlasting Prejudice of the 'Old against the Young, heightens the 'natural Disposition of Youth to Pleasure, 'when they find themselves adjudged in-'capable of Business. Those among 'em 'therefore whose Circumstances and way 'of Thinking will allow 'em such Free-'dom, plunge themselves in all sensual

'Gratifi-

‘ Gratifications. Others of’em, of a more
‘ regulated Turn of Thought, ſeek the
‘ Entertainment of Books and Contempla-
‘ tion, and are buried in theſe Pleaſures.
‘ Theſe Purſuits, during our middle Age,
‘ ſtrengthen the Love of Retirement in
‘ the Sober Man, and make it neceſſary
‘ to the Libertine. They gain Philoſo-
‘ phy enough by this time to be convinced
‘ ’tis their Intereſt to have as little Ambi-
‘ tion as may be, and conſidering rather
‘ how much leſs they need to live happily,
‘ than how much more, can’t conceive
‘ why they ſhould trouble themſelves a-
‘ bout the raiſing a Fortune, which in the
‘ Purſuit muſt leſſen their preſent Enjoy-
‘ ment, and in the Purchaſe cannot en-
‘ large it.

‘ I confeſs the impious and impertinent
‘ way of Life and Converſation of Youth
‘ in general, expoſes them to the juſt Diſ-
‘ eſteem of their Elders; but where the con-
‘ trary is found among any of them, it ſhould
‘ be the more particular Recommendation
‘ to their Patronage. There are ſome Ob-
‘ ſervations, I have by Chance met with,
‘ ſo much in Favour of young Men, that
‘ I cannot ſuppreſs them. As Sincerity is
‘ the chief Recommendation both in pub-
‘ lick and private Matters, it is obſerved,
‘ that the Young are more ſincere in the

‘ diſ-

'diſpatch of Buſineſs, and Profeſſions of 'Friendſhip, than thoſe that are more ad-'vanc'd in Years: For they either prefer 'publick Reputation to private Advan-'tage, or believe it the only way to it. 'They are generally well-natur'd, as hav-'ing not been acquainted with much Ma-'lice, or ſower'd with Diſappointment. 'The leſs diſpoſed to Pride or Avarice, 'as they have neither wanted or abound-'ed. They are unpractis'd in the ways 'of Flattery and Diſſimulation, and think 'others practiſe it as little as themſelves. 'This ariſes from their Boldneſs, as hav-'ing not been yet humbled by the Chances 'of Life, and their Credulity, as having 'not yet been often deceiv'd.

'I ſhall conclude by ſaying, 'tis very 'hard upon us young Fellows, that we 'are not to be truſted in Buſineſs and Con-'verſation with thoſe in Years, till due 'Age, together with its Conſequences, 'ill Health and ill Humour, have mark'd 'us with a faded Cheek, a hollow Eye, 'a buſie ruminating Forehead, and in ſhort 'rendered us leſs capable of ſerving and 'pleaſing them, than we were when we 'were thought unable to do either. I 'beg your Pardon for ſo many ſerious 'Reflections, and your leave to add to 'them a Love-Letter to the Father, en-

'cloſed

'closed in one to the Daughter, and ad-
'dressed to her for his Perusal.

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble Servant.

Madam,

'MY Life is wrapped up in you. I dis-
'relish every Conversation, where-
'in there is not some mention made of
'you; whenever you are named, I hear
'you commended, and that gives Ease to
'the Torment I am in, while I am forced
'to smother the Warmth of my Affection
'towards you. You know your Father is
'not displeased that I Love you; but I
'am, I know not how, to prefer your In-
'terests to your self. But all the Business
'of the World is Impertinence, and all
'its Riches Vexation, in comparison of
'the Joy there is in being understood,

Madam,

Your most Faithful,

Most Devoted, Humble Servant.

'P. S. *When your Father asks whether*
'*I have writ, hide this, and show him the*
'*enclosed. Look displeased, and he will*
'*plead for me.*

Madam,

'I Have a great Reſpect for you, but muſt
' beg you would not take it amiſs, if
' I can reckon no Woman a Beauty whoſe
' Father's Favour does not add to her o-
' ther Qualifications. He is as I am, a Man
' of Buſineſs, and I doubt not but he will
' acquaint you, that Buſineſs is to be mind-
' ed; your Declaration, joined with his
' in my Favour, will make me more fre-
' quent at your Houſe, but till I know what
' I have to truſt to, I do not think it is
' proper for me to intrude upon your Time
' and loſe my own.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant.

N° 23. *Saturday, April* 17.

Quod latet Arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Perſ.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'WHEN you firſt erected your
' Lodge, you then took upon
' you to be a Patron of Lo-
' vers, and at the ſame time promiſed your
' Aſſiſt-

'Aſſiſtance to all thoſe who ſhou'd addreſs
'themſelves to you for Advice, the bet-
'ter to conduct them thro' all thoſe Paths
'of Love, which, it is to be preſumed,
'you have often trod before them.

'IT is this Conſideration which em-
'boldens me to give you the trouble of this,
'without offering at any formal Apology
'for it. It is a mighty Pleaſure and a ſo-
'lid Satisfaction to a Man, to reflect that
'he has it in his Power to be ſerviceable
'to others; and ſince I am confident of
'your Ability, if you deny me the Bene-
'fit of it, I ſhall grudge you the Poſſeſſion
'of ſuch an Advantage, and value
'you no more, tho' a Maſter in the Art of
'Love, than I would a Miſer for his
'Wealth, when he poorly reſerves it to
'himſelf, and can't find in his Soul to be-
'ſtow the leaſt part of it on the moſt nee-
'dy and indigent.

'THAT you may be the better able
'to preſcribe, I ſhall beg leave to lay my
'real Condition before you without Art
'or Diſſimulation. I am, in plain Terms,
'what you call a Rover, or a general Lo-
'er. I am of the moſt perverſe, untow-
'ard, amorous Conſtitution imaginable;
'I have ſcarcely ever ſeen that Female
'who had not ſome Charm or other to
'catch my Heart with; and I dare ſay I
'have been a Slave to more Miſtreſſes than

'ſwell

'ſwell the Account of *Cowley*'s Ballad
'called *The Chronicle*. I have frequently
'been loſt in Tranſports at the Sight of a
'*Chloe* or a *Sacchariſſa*, and have admired
'many an ugly *Corinna* for Wit or Hu-
'mour. *Myra* has charmed me ten thou-
'ſand times with her Singing, and my
'Heart has leap'd for Joy when Miſs *Aiery*
'has been dancing a Jig, or *Iſabella* has
'moved a Minuet. It has burnt and crackled
'like Charcoal at the flurt of a Fan, and
'I have ſometimes fallen a Sacrifice to an
'hoop'd Petticoat. In ſhort, there is ſcarce
'a Woman, I ever laid my Eyes on, that
'I have not liked and loved, admired and
'wiſh'd for; The Pretty, the Wiſe, the
'Witty, the Gay, the Prude and the Co-
'quet, all, all from the fine Lady down to
'the dextrous *Molly* who waits with the
'Kettle at my Siſter's Tea-Table, have
'made Scars or Wounds in my Heart.
'And yet after all this —— which is ſome-
'what ſtrange ——— My Heart is as whole
'as ever. —— What I mean is this; that
'notwithſtanding the Multiplicity of Darts
'which have been ſhot at me, yet they
'never made any laſting Impreſſion on me,
'or have been able to throw me into an
'Humour ſerious enough to think of Mar-
'riage. Tho' I confeſs the Temper, I am
'now complaining of, has been exceeding
'troubleſome to me, yet I could not help

'think-

'thinking Matrimony a Cure worſe than
'the Diſeaſe. Beſide, how ſhall I be cer-
'tain I ſhan't be the ſame Latitudinarian
'in Love after I have ſwallowed the bitter
'Doſe? It is for this Reaſon that I have
'long uſed my Endeavours to find out
'ſome other Remedy for my Diſtemper;
'and to that End I have had Recourſe to
'all thoſe famous Phyſicians who have pre-
'tended to write for the Good of thoſe
'Perſons who have been in my whimſical
'Circumſtances——But, alas! after a long
'and tedious Conſultation, among theſe
'mighty Profeſſors, I could not perceive
'my ſelf one Jot the better. I am convinced
'they are all a Parcel of Pretenders, and
'that I had no more Reaſon to expect any
'Benefit from them, than one afflicted
'with the Gout has to hope for an infalli-
'ble Cure from your boaſting ſham Doc-
'ors who diſperſe their Bills and Adver-
'tiſements thro' every Street in *London*.

'THE firſt I addreſs'd my ſelf to, was
'that *Galen* in Love, *Ovid*. The Fellow
'had a ſmooth Tongue, and really talked
'very prettily. He ſhew'd me a great
'many ſoft Letters of his own compo-
'ſing, told me ſome odd ſurpriſing Stories,
'made me ſigh at his mournful Elegies,
'and promiſed me, that if I wou'd care-
'fully obſerve his Rules, and follow thoſe
'Directions laid down in his *Philo-diſpen-*
'*ſatory*,

'*ſatory*, or *Arte amandi*, I need not doubt
'but my Buſineſs was done. He deliver-
'ed this with ſo ſerious an Air, that ſilly
'I began to believe him, and gather hopes
'of a perfect Recovery; till one Day,
'when I was giving great Attention to
'him, I heard him break off in the midſt
'of his Harangue, and immediately cry out
'in the Exclamatory Stile——

Hei mihi! quòd nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

'From that very Moment I thought him
'an ignorant Coxcomb, and never med-
'dled with him ſince.

'THE next I ventur'd upon was good
'*Abraham Cowley*, he was looked upon
'as a Proficient in his way, and was ve-
'ry much in Vogue among the Ladies,
'for gently handling their Hearts, and
'eaſily getting at their Paſſions. His great-
'eſt Buſineſs lay among ſuch as had but
'newly received their Wounds, and ſome
'expected great Refreſhment from his
'balmy Compoſitions; but it has been ſaid
'by others, that he was the worſt in the
'World at a green Wound, and that who-
'ever took him in hand when they were
'firſt hurt, they rather grew worſe than
'better. However, I was reſolved to un-
'dergo one Courſe with him; I was in-
'troduced into his Company by a young

'Couſin

'Couſin of mine, who was at that time ei-
'ther in Love, or the Green-Sickneſs, and
'in a little time I was intimately ac-
'quainted with his *Miſtreſs*. I was, I re-
'member, mightily pleaſed to hear him
'tax the Ladies, and juſtifie his own
'Ficklenſs, by asking them, Cou'd
'they call the Shore Inconſtant, which
'kindly embraced every Wave? —— Ah,
'think I! This is a Doctor after my own
'Heart —— his Caſe is exactly mine ——
'But alas! I had not kept him Company
'long, before I diſcovered, that for all
'his Skill in Numbers, he was but an Ig-
'norant Phyſician, ſince he cou'd not Cure
'himſelf. The third I went to was Mrs.
'*Behn*. She indeed, I thought, underſtood
'the Practick Part of Love better than
'the Speculative; but ſhe was a dangerous
'Quack, for a ſight of her always made
'my Diſtemper return upon me. I liked
'ſome parts of her *Lovers Watch*, and
'wou'd have bought it from her: She told
'me ſhe would hire the uſe out to me for
'a little time, but that ſhe wou'd not ſell
'it outright.

'THE laſt I adviſed with was the moſt
'renown'd *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq; He was
'a Perſon of great Note and Faſhion: Had
'very good Practice in this City for ſome
'Years: He had acquired a large Stock

‘ of Fame and Reputation for his Experi-
‘ ence in the World, his Acquaintance
‘ with all the little Weakneſſes and Infir-
‘ mities incident to Human kind, and was
‘ more particularly had in Eſteem for his
‘ Knowledge and Proficiency in the Oc-
‘ cult Sciences. From a Gentleman thus
‘ qualified, what might I not have hoped
‘ for? But, Sir, I ſoon underſtood that all
‘ his Predictions and Propheſies were but
‘ Dreams and Fables to amuſe and divert
‘ us, and that he underſtood himſelf very
‘ well, when he called himſelf *Tatler*.

‘ AND now, Sir, after all theſe fruit-
‘ leſs and repeated Enquiries, my laſt and
‘ only Refuge is in you. You are certain-
‘ ly acquainted with all the Secret Springs
‘ of Love, and know the hidden Cauſes
‘ which make my Heart riſe up to every
‘ She I meet. You can't be ignorant how
‘ it comes to paſs, that my Temper is ſo
‘ various; and my Inclinations ſo floating
‘ and changeable, that one Object can't
‘ confine them, but like a wandring Bee
‘ they fly at every Flower. I aſſure you,
‘ Mr. *Myrtle*, my preſent Diſpoſition is
‘ what gives me great Concern and Unea-
‘ ſineſs. Tell me how I may reclaim this
‘ Volatile Heart of mine, this deſultory
‘ Imagination, and keep it within bounds:
‘ Show me the way to fix it to one, or not
‘ Love at all. I am not uneaſie for your

‘ Anſwer,

‘ Anſwer, for I muſt own to you I feel but
‘ very little Pain; but in ſome Diſtempers
‘ they ſay that is an ill Sign.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Charles Laſie.

MY Correſpondent is come already to the Condition he deſires; for what is not confined to one, is not Love at all; and my Friend *Charles* needs not further Information in his Caſe, but to be told, that he does not labour under the Paſſion of Love, but the Vice of Wantonneſs.

N° 24. *Tueſday, April* 20.

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.
Waller.

TRUE Virtue diſtinguiſhes it ſelf by nothing more conſpicuouſly than Charity towards thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to have, or be thought to have, taken a contrary Courſe; it is in the very

Nature of Virtue to rejoice in all new Converts towards its Intereſts, and bewail the Loſs of the moſt inconſiderable Votaries. .It would perhaps be thought a Severity to make Concluſions of the innate Goodneſs of Ladies at a Viſit, by this Rule; Beauty, Wit and Virtue, in thoſe Converſations, generally receive all the Diminution imaginable; and little Faults, Imperfections and Misfortunes, are aggravated not without Bitterneſs.

DICTYNNA, tho' ſhe is commended for ſingular Prudence and Oeconomy, appears in Converſation never to have known what it is to be careful.

DECIA, who has no Virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of Vice, cannot endure the Applauſe of *Dictynna*. Ladies who are impatient of what is ſaid to the Advantage of others, do not conſider that they lay themſelves open to all People of Diſcernment, who know that it is the want of good Qualities in themſelves which makes People impatient of the Acknowledgment of them in others.

AMONG the many Advantages which one Sex has over the other, there is none ſo conſpicuous, as, that the Fame of Men grows rather more juſt and certain by Examination; that of Women is almoſt irreparably loſt by ſo much as a diſadvantageous Rumour. This Caſe is ſo tender, that

in order to the redreſs of it, it is more ſafe to try to diſſuade the Aſperſers from their Iniquity, than exhort the Innocent to ſuch a Fortitude as to neglect their Calumny.

IT ſhould, methinks, be a Rule to ſuſpect every one who inſinuates any thing againſt the Reputation of another, of the Vice with which they charge their Neighbour; for it is very unlikely it ſhould flow from the Love of Virtue: The Reſentment of the Virtuous towards thoſe who are fallen, is that of Pity, and that is beſt exerted in Silence on the occaſion. What then can be ſaid to the numerous Tales that paſs to and fro in this Town, to the Diſparagement of thoſe who have never offended their Accuſers? As for my part, I always wait with Patience, and never doupt of Hearing in a little time for a Truth, the ſame Guilt of any Woman which I find ſhe reports of another. It is, as I ſaid, unnatural it ſhould be otherwiſe; the Calumny uſually flows from an Impatience of living under Severity, and they report the Sallies of others againſt the time of their own Eſcape. How many Women would be Speechleſs, if their Acquaintance were without Faults. There is a great Beauty in Town very far gone in this Vice. I have taken the Liberty to write her the following Epiſtle by the Penny-Poſt.

Madam,

'I Have frequently had the Honour of 'being in your Company, and ſhould 'have had a great deal of delight in it, had 'you not pleaſed to imbitter that Happi-'neſs by the unmerciful Treatment you 'give all the reſt of your Sex. Several of 'thoſe I have heard you uſe unkindly were 'my particular Friends and Acquaintance. 'I can aſſure you, all the Advantage you 'had above thoſe you leſſened on theſe 'Occaſions, was, that you were not ab-'ſent, for the Company longed for the 'ſame Opportunity of ſpeaking as freely 'of you. Believe me, your own Dreſs 'ſits never the better on you, for tearing 'other People's Cloaths. While you are 'rifling every one that falls in your way, 'you cannot imagine how much that Fu-'ry diſcompoſes your own Figure. You 'believe you carried all before you the 'laſt time I had the Happineſs to be where 'you were. As ſoon as your Couſin '(whom you are too inadvertent to ob-'ſerve does not want Senſe) had menti-'oned an agreeable young Lady which 'ſhe met at a Viſit in *Soho Square*, you 'immediately contradicted her, and told 'her you had ſeen the Lady, and were 'ſo unhappy that you could not obſerve 'thoſe Charms in her. Her Name, ſays

'your

'your Couſin, is Mrs. *Dulcett*: The ſame,
'ſaid you. Your Couſin replied, She is
'Tall and Graceful; you again with a
'ſcornful Smile, She is Long and Confi-
'dent: But, ſays your Kinſwoman, I can-
'not but think her Eye has a fine Lan-
'guor; I don't know but ſhe might, ſaid
'you, if one could ſee her awake, but
'that Sleepineſs and Inſenſibility in them
'added to her Ungainlineſs, makes me
'doubt whether I ever ſaw her, but as
'walking in her Sleep. Well, but her
'Underſtanding has ſomething in it very
'lively and diverting; Ay, ſays you, they
'that will Talk all, or have Memories,
'cannot but utter ſomething now and then
'that is paſſable. Your Couſin ſeem'd at
'a loſs what to ſay in ſupport of one ſhe
'had pronounced ſo agreeable, and there-
'fore ſhe retired to the Lady's Circum-
'ſtances (ſince you had diſallowed every
'thing in her Perſon) and ſaid, her For-
'tune would make up for all, for ſhe had
'now ten thouſand Pounds, and would,
'if her Brother died, have almoſt two
'thouſand a Year. This too you knew
'the contrary of, and gave us to under-
'ſtand the utmoſt of her Fortune was four
'Thouſand, and the Brother's Eſtate had
'a very heavy Mortgage, and when clear-
'ed would not be a neat Thouſand a Year.
'Your Couſin, when you took ſo much

‘ Pains to contradict her Misrepresentati-
‘ ons, grew grave with you, and told you,
‘ Since you were so Positive, you were
‘ the only one in Town who did not think
‘ Mrs. *Dulcett*, besides her being a con-
‘ siderable Fortune, a Woman of Wit,
‘ that danced gracefully, sang charmingly,
‘ has the best Mein, the prettiest way in
‘ every thing she did, that she had the
‘ least Affectation, the most Merit, was
‘ —— Upon which you, with the utmost
‘ impatience, after ruffling your Fan, and
‘ riggling in your Seat, as if you had heard
‘ your Mother abused, rose up, and de-
‘ claring you did not expect to be allowed
‘ one Word more in the Conversation,
‘ since your Cousin had once got the Dis-
‘ course, left the Room. Your Cousin
‘ held the Lady of the House from follow-
‘ ing you out, and, instead of the Anger
‘ we thought her in when you were in
‘ the Room, fell into the most violent
‘ Laughter. When she came to her self,
‘ she prevented what we were going to
‘ say on the Occasion, by telling us, there
‘ was no such Creature in nature as Mrs.
‘ *Dulcett*, that she had laid this Plot a-
‘ gainst you for some Days, and was re-
‘ solved to expose you for that scandalous
‘ Humour of yours, of allowing no Body
‘ to have any tolerable good Qualities but
‘ your self: You see, said she, how sud-
‘ denly

'denly ſhe made Objections, from the ſort
'of Character I gave the Woman, aſſign-
'ing the proper Imperfection to the Qua-
'lity in her according to my Commenda-
'tion. I think we ſaid all together, What,
'no ſuch Woman in the World? What,
'ſaid the Lady of the Houſe, ſhe to be ſo
'particular in the Eſtate mortgaged, and
'all thoſe Diſlikes to one ſhe never ſaw,
'to one not in being, to one you had in-
'vented! — You may eaſily imagine what
'Raillery paſſed on the Occaſion, and
'how you were uſed after ſuch a Demon-
'ſtration of your Cenſoriouſneſs.

'I deſire whenever hereafter you have
'the evil Spirit upon you to leſſen any
'Body you hear commended, to think of
'Mrs. *Dulcett*: If you do not, you may
'aſſure your ſelf, you will be told of her;
'among your Acquaintance, whenever
'any one is ſpoken ill of, Mrs. *Dulcett*
'is the Word, and no one minds what
'you ſay after you have been thus detect-
'ed. I adviſe you to go out of Town this
'Seaſon, go into a Milk Diet, and when
'you return with Country Innocence in
'your Blood, I will do Juſtice to your
'good Humour, and am,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient, Humble Servant,

Marmaduke Myrtle.

THE painful manner Women uſually receive favourable Accounts of one another, ſhows that the Ill-nature in which this young Woman was detected, is not an uncommon Infirmity. But let every Woman know, ſhe cannot add to her ſelf what ſhe takes from another; but all that ſhe beſtows upon another, will, by the diſcerning World, be reſtored ten-fold; and there can be no better Rule or Deſcription of a right Diſpoſition than this,

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.

The Scorn of it, in Virtuous Perſons, is in reſpect to themſelves, the Pity in regard to others.

N° 25. *Thurſday, April* 22.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis—— Virg.

To Mr. MYRTLE.

SIR,

I Suppoſe that you begin to repent you Publiſhed my laſt Letter to you, ſince your late Indulgence to me occaſions this frequent Trouble; I don't know, Sir, what it may be to you, but I am

am ſure it is real Pleaſure to me to embrace all Opportunities of ſhewing my ſelf your humble Servant; therefore give me leave to talk before ſo great a Maſter of Love, and to uſe the Trite Simile of making a Declaration of War before *Hannibal*.

'AMONG all thoſe Paſſions, to which 'the frailty and weakneſs of Man 'ſubject him, there is not any that extends 'ſuch a boundleſs and deſpotick Empire 'over the whole Species, as that of Love. 'The Meek, the Mild, and the Humble 'are Strangers to Envy, Anger, and Am-'bition; but neither the Malicious, the 'Cholerick, or the Proud can ſay their 'Hearts have been always free from the 'Power of Love. This has ſubdued the 'exalted Minds of the moſt aſpiring Ty-'rants, and has melted the moſt Sanguine 'Complexion into an effeminate Softneſs. 'An undaunted Hero has been known to 'tremble when he approached the Fair, 'and the mighty *Hercules* let fall his Club 'at a Woman's Feet. The Scholar, the 'Stateſman, and the Soldier have all been 'Lovers, and the moſt ignorant Swain has 'neglected both his Flocks and Pipe to 'woe *Daphne* or *Sylvia*:

'BUT tho' Love be a Paſſion which 'is thus common to all, yet how widely

'do

'do its Votaries differ in their manner of
'Addreſs? The pleaſing Enjoyment of the
'admired Object is what they all purſue,
'and yet few agree in the ſame Methods
'of obtaining their Ends, or accompliſh-
'ing their Deſires. Every Lover has his
'particular Whim, and each reſolves to
'follow his own way. Some fancy Mo-
'ny has a Sovereign Charm in it, and that
'no Rhetorick is ſo irreſiſtibly prevailing
'as a Golden Shower. Others think to
'take their Miſtreſſes as they do Towns,
'by Bombarding or Undermining them;
'if they can't beat them down by force of
'Arms, they'll try to blow them up with
'falſe Muſick. Some attempt to frighten
'their Miſtreſſes into a Compliance, and
'threaten to hang or drown themſelves, if
'they refuſe to pity them. Others turn
'Tragedians, and expect to move Com-
'paſſion by a falling Tear, or a riſing
'Sigh. Some depend upon Dreſs, and
'conclude that if they can catch the Eye,
'they'll ſoon ſeize the Heart. One Man
'affects Gravity, and another Levity, be-
'cauſe ſome Women prefer the Solemni-
'ty of a *Spaniard* to the Gayety of a *French-*
'*man*. An handſom Leg has found the
'way to a Widow's Bed, and a Coquette
'has been won by a Song or a Caper. A
'Prude may be caught by a preciſe Look
'and a demure Behaviour, and a Plato-
'nick

'nick Lady has lain with her humble Ser-
'vant out of a refin'd Friendſhip, when
'ſhe would not liſten to a Declaration of
'Love. Some will be attacked in Mood
'and Figure; and others will have it, that
'a great Scholar will never make a kind
'Husband. The witty *Clara* is delight-
'ed with Impertinence, and a celebrated
'Toaſt has languiſhed for the beautiful
'Outſide of a painted Butterfly. Some
'Women are allured by the reſemblance
'of their own Follies; and I have ſeen a
'Rake, by the help of a whining Accent,
'triumph over a ſanctified Quaker.

'But of all the Arts which have been
'practiſed by the Men on the other Sex,
'I have not obſerved any kind of Addreſs
'which has been ſo generally ſucceſsful as
'Flattery. Whether it be, that by mak-
'ing a Woman in Love with her ſelf, you
'thereby engage her to love the Perſon
'who makes her ſo; as who would not
'be apt to be fond of the Cauſe which pro-
'duces ſo agreeable an Effect? Or whe-
'ther the Partiality and Self-Love, which
'moſt Women abound in, does the more
'readily induce them to believe, that all
'the Praiſe which is given them is really
'due to their Merit, and therefore they
'admire you for your Juſtice Or what-
'ever other Reaſon may poſſibly be aſ-
'ſigned for this Weakneſs, I ſhall not now

'go

'go about to enquire; but ſo it is, that
'the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way to a Woman's
'Heart is thro' the Road of skilful Flat-
'tery. This like a ſubtle Poyſon inſinu-
'ates it ſelf almoſt into every Female, and
'a Doſe of it rightly prepared ſeldom fails
'to produce an extraordinary Operation.
'Like a delicious Cordial it meets with
'an univerſal Acceptance and Approbati-
'on, while Sincerity and Plain-dealing
'are looked upon as nauſeous and diſguſt-
'ful Phyſick. In Oppoſition to what I
'here advance, it may perhaps be ſaid,
'we may love the Treaſon, and yet hate
'the Traitor. How true this Maxim may
'be in Politicks (Treachery being a Moral
'Evil, which, tho' of Uſe to us for our
'Safety, is yet ſufficient to beget an Aver-
'ſion in us towards the Wretch who is
'guilty of it) I ſhan't diſpute; but I am
'ſure in Love Affairs it will ſcarcely hold.
'For ſhe muſt be a Woman of uncommon
'Virtues and Qualifications, who can ſo
'nicely diſtinguiſh between the Gift and
'the Giver, as to refuſe the one, and yet
'receive the other. They do not think
'Flattery a Vice, and therefore can't be
'perſuaded to diſlike a Lover for being
'a Courtier; nay, tho' they are conſcious
'of ſome of their own Imperfections, yet
'if their Admirers are not quick-ſighted
'enough to diſcern them, they are willing
'to

'to impute their Blindneſs to their Love;
'nay, tho' ſome Defects are groſſly viſible
'even to the Lover, yet if he will com-
'pliment his Miſtreſs with what ſhe really
'wants, I dare appeal to the whole Sex,
'whether either ſuch Incenſe or the
'Offerer of it be one Jot nearer the
'loſing their Favour, and whether they
'are not ever delighted with both the
'Deluſion and the Deceiver. But if they
'really believe themſelves as amiable as
'the Flatterer tells them they are, then,
'in point of Gratitude, they conclude
'themſelves obliged to think kindly of
'their Benefactor; that he is one, none
'can deny, ſince the greateſt Kindneſs you
'can confer on a Miſtreſs are Praiſe and
'Commendation. Theſe are thoſe melt-
'ing Sounds, that ſoft Muſick which never
'ſounds harſhly in a Woman's Ear. Be-
'fore I conclude this Paper, I ſhall relate
'a Story which I know to be Fact.

'MISS *Witwou'd* was a young Gen-
'tlewoman of good Extraction and an
'handſome Fortune. She was exactly
'ſhaped and very pretty: She dreſs'd and
'danc'd genteely, and ſung ſweetly: But
'notwithſtanding theſe Advantages,
'(which one wou'd imagine were ſuffici-
'ent to make any one Woman ſatisfied)
'ſhe had an inſufferable Itch after the Re-
'putation of a Wit. She fancied ſhe had

'as

'as much Wit as ſhe wanted (tho' indeed
'ſhe wanted more than ever ſhe'll have)
'and this Conceit made her fond of ſcrib-
'ling and ſhewing her Follies that way,
'as taking great Delight in Applauſe.

'MY Friend *Meanwell* is a Gentleman
'of good Senſe and a ſound Judgment,
'he is a profeſſed Enemy to Flattery, and
'is of Opinion, that to commend with-
'out juſt Grounds, is to rob the Merito-
'rious of that which only of Right be-
'longs to them. He ſays a Compliment
'is a modiſh Lie, and declares he wou'd
'not be guilty of ſo much Baſeneſs as
'to cry up a beautiful Fool for Wit, not
'even in her own hearing, tho' he were
'ſure to have his Falſhood rewarded by
'the Enjoyment of his Miſtreſs. Unde-
'ſerved Applauſe is to him an Argument
'of either want of Judgment or of Inſin-
'cerity, and he reſolves he will never go
'about to eſtabliſh another's Reputation
'at the Expence of his own. With theſe
'honeſt uſeleſs Qualities he has made long
'but fruitleſs Courtſhip to young Miſs
'*Witwou'd*. *Ned Courtly* is a new but vi-
'olent Pretender to the ſame Lady. *Ned*
'is a ſhallow well dreſs'd Coxcomb: He
'was bred at Court, and is of a graceful
'and confident Behaviour, tempered with
'Civility. The ſhallow Thing can wait
'at a Diſtance, and look at her, and with

'a

'a Smile approach her, and ſay, Your
'Ladyſhip is divinely pretty. He is won-
'derful happy alſo in particular Diſcove-
'ries, and whenever he renews a Viſit to
'his Miſtreſs, ſhe is ſure of being preſent-
'ed with ſome additional Charm, which
'would have for ever lain conceal'd, had
'not *Ned* moſt luckily found it out. *Ned*
'quickly perceiv'd Miſs *Witwou'd*'s weak
'ſide, and carefully watch'd all Opportu-
'nities of making his Advantage of it.
'Miſs grows enamour'd of *Ned*'s Compa-
'ny, and begins to deſpiſe *Meanwell* as an
'unpoliſh'd Clown. She likes *Ned* as ſhe
'does her Glaſs, and for the ſame Rea-
'ſon, that it always ſhows her her Beau-
'ties; and ſhe takes as much Pleaſure in
'hearing him, injudiciouſly as he does it,
'give her alſo the Beauties of her Mind,
'as ſhe does to ſee the Glaſs reflect thoſe
'of her Body. One Evening, laſt Week,
'*Meanwell* had the Honour to ſup with
'her; the Cloth being taken away, ſhe
'delivered him a Copy of Verſes, which
'ſhe ſaid had been the Product of her lei-
'ſure Hours, and deſired the Opinion of
'ſo good a Judge. My Friend had the
'Patience to read them twice over, finds
'nothing extraordinary in them, ſo ſmi-
'lingly returns them with a ſilent Bow.
'He was juſt going to ſpeak his Mind im-
'partially, when in came *Ned Courtly*.

'He perused and hummed them over in a 'seeming Rapture, look'd at the Lady 'and then at the Paper for almost half an 'Hour in full Admiration —— And then 'with a better Air than ever Critick spoke, 'he pronounced that the Author of those 'Verses had *Congreve*'s Wit, and *Waller*'s 'Softness, and that there was nothing so 'compleatly perfect in all their Works. '——The Consequence of this was —— '*Meanwell* was discarded, because he 'would be rigidly Honest in Trifles; and '*Ned* made his Mistress his Wife, because 'in spite of Nature he allowed her a Po-'etess, or, perhaps, very justly, because 'he really thinks her so.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Vesuvius.

N° 25. *Saturday, April* 24.

Durum; sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas. Hor.

SIR,

'I Find you are an Author who are 'more inclined to give your Advice 'in Cases which raise Mirth in your

'Readers, than in thoſe which are of a
'more ſerious and melancholy Nature.
'But you know very well, that in virtu-
'ous Love there are many unhappy Acci-
'dents which may lay a claim to your
'Compaſſion, and conſequently to your
'Aſſiſtance. I my ſelf am one of thoſe
'diſtreſſed Perſons, who may come in for
'my Share of your Concern. About eight
'Years ago I married a young Woman of
'great Merit, who was every way quali-
'fied for a Boſom Friend, that is, for ad-
'vancing the innocent Pleaſures of Life
'and alleviating its Misfortunes. She had
'all the good Senſe I ever met with in any
'Male Acquaintance, with all that Sweet-
'neſs of Temper which is peculiar to the
'moſt engaging of her Sex. Life was too
'happy with ſuch a Companion in it;
'for I muſt tell you, with Tears, that ſhe
'was ſnatched away from me by a Feaver
'about twelve Months ſince. I was he
'more unable to bear this unſpeakable
'Loſs; as having converſed with very few
'beſides her ſelf during the whole Time
'of our Marriage. We were the whole
'World to one another, and whilſt we
'lived together, tho' ſcarce either of us
'were ever in Company, we were never
'alone. Being thus cut off from the So-
'ciety of others, and from the Perſon
'who was moſt dear to me, I naturally

'betook my ſelf to the reading of ſuch 'Books as might tend to my Relief under 'this my great Calamity; after many o-'thers which I have peruſed upon this Oc-'caſion, I lately had the good Fortune to 'meet with a little Volume of Sermons, 'juſt Publiſhed, entitled, *Of Contentment, 'Patience, and Reſignation to the Will of 'God, in ſeveral Sermons, by* Iſaac Bar-'row, *D. D.*

'THE Duty of Contentment is ſo ad-'mirably explained, recommended, and 'enforced by Arguments drawn from Rea-'ſon and Religion, that it is impoſſible to 'read what he has ſaid on this Subject with-'out being the better for it. I ſhall beg 'leave to tranſcribe two or three Paſſages, 'which more immediately affected me, 'as they came home to my own Condi-'tion.

'*THE Death of Friends doth, it may 'be, oppreſs thee with Sorrow. But canſt 'thou loſe thy beſt Friend? canſt thou loſe 'the Preſence, the Converſation, the Pro-'tection, the Advice, the Succour of God? 'Is he not immortal, is he not immutable, 'is he not inſeparable from thee? Canſt 'thou be deſtitute of Friends, whilſt he 'ſtands by thee? Is it not an Affront, an 'heinous Indignity to him, to behave thy 'ſelf as if thy Happineſs, thy Welfare, thy 'Comfort, had Dependance on any other*

'*but*

‘ *but him? Is it not a great Fault to be un-*
‘ *willing to part with any thing, when he*
‘ *calleth for it? Neither is it a loſs of thy*
‘ *Friend, but a ſeparation for a ſmall time;*
‘ *he is only parted from thee, as taking a*
‘ *little Journey, or going for a ſmall time*
‘ *to Repoſe; within a while we ſhall be*
‘ *ſure to meet again, and joyfully to con-*
‘ *gratulate, if we are fit, in a better Place,*
‘ *and more happy State*; Præmiſimus, non
‘ amiſimus; *we have ſent him thither be-*
‘ *fore, not quite loſt him from us.*

‘ *THY Friend, if he be a good Man (and*
‘ *in ſuch Friendſhips only, we can have a*
‘ *true Satifaction) is himſelf in no bad Con-*
‘ *dition, and doth not want thee; thou canſt*
‘ *not therefore reaſonably grieve for him;*
‘ *and to grieve only for thy ſelf, is perverſe*
‘ *Selfiſhneſs and Fondneſs.*

‘ WHAT follows runs on in the ſame
‘ Vein of good Senſe, tho’ it is a Conſola-
‘ tion which I my ſelf cannot make uſe of.

‘ *BUT thou haſt loſt a great Comfort of*
‘ *thy Life, and Advantage to thy Affairs*
‘ *here? Is it truly ſo? Is it indeed an ir-*
‘ *reparable Loſs, even ſecluding the Conſi-*
‘ *deration of God, whoſe Friendſhip repair-*
‘ *eth all poſſible Loſs? What is it, I pray,*
‘ *that was pleaſant, convenient, or uſeful*
‘ *to thee in thy Friend, which may not in*
‘ *good meaſure be ſupplied here? Was it a*
‘ *Senſe of hearty good Will, was it a ſweet*

freedom of Converſation, was it ſound Advice, or kind Aſſiſtance in thy Affairs? And mayſt thou not find thoſe which are alike able, and willing to miniſter thoſe Benefits? May not the ſame means, which knit him to thee, conciliate others alſo to be thy Friends? He did not alone ſurely poſſeſs all the Good-nature, all the Fidelity, all the Wiſdom in the World, nor hath carried them all away with him? Other Friends therefore thou mayſt find to ſupply his room; all good Men will be ready, if thou art good, to be thy Friends: They will heartily love thee, they will be ready to chear thee with their ſweet and wholſome Society, to yield thee their beſt Counſel and Help upon any Occaſion. Is it not therefore a fond and unaccountable Affection to a kind of Perſonality, rather than want of a real Convenience, that diſturbeth thee?

IN fine, the ſame Reaſons which in any other Loſs may comfort us, ſhould do it alſo in this; neither a Friend, nor any other good thing we can enjoy under any Security of not ſoon loſing it: Our Welfare is not annexed to one Man, no more than to any other inferior thing; this is the Condition of all good things here, to be tranſient and ſeparable from us, and accordingly we ſhould be affected towards them.

Fragile

Fragile fractum eſt, mortale mortuum eſt.

'GIVE me leave to cite alſo out of 'this great Author a very agreeable Sto- 'ry which is taken from *Julian*'s Epiſtles, 'and which perhaps pleaſes me the more, 'as it is applicable to my own caſe.

'*WHEN once a great King did exceſ- 'ſively and obſtinately grieve for the Death 'of his Wife, whom he tenderly loved, a 'Philoſopher obſerving it, told him, that 'he was ready to comfort him, by reſtoring 'her to Life, ſuppoſing only that he would 'ſupply what was needful towards the per- 'forming it; the King ſaid he was ready 'to furniſh him with any thing; the Phi- 'loſopher anſwered, that he was provided 'with all things neceſſary except one thing: 'What that was the King demanded; he 'replied, That if he would upon his Wife's 'Tomb inſcribe the Names of three Perſons 'who never mourned, ſhe preſently would 'revive. The King, after Enquiry, told 'the Philoſopher that he could not find one 'ſuch Man: Why then, O abſurdeſt of all 'Men (ſaid the Philoſopher ſmiling) art 'thou not aſhamed to moan as if thou hadſt 'alone fallen into ſo grievous a Caſe; when 'as thou canſt not find one Perſon that ever 'was free from ſuch Domeſtick Affliction. 'So might the naming one Perſon, exempt-*

‘ *ed from Inconveniences like to thoſe we*
‘ *undergo, be ſafely propoſed to us as a cer-*
‘ *tain Cure of ours; but if we find the Con-*
‘ *dition impoſſible, then is the generality of*
‘ *the Caſe a ſufficient ground of Content to*
‘ *us; then may we, as the wiſe Poet advi-*
‘ *ſeth, Solace our own Evils by the Evils*
‘ *of others.*

‘ I have obſerved, Sir, in your Wri-
‘ tings many Hints and Obſervations upon
‘ the moſt common Subjects which appear
‘ ed new to me; I ſhould therefore beg of
‘ you to turn your Thoughts upon that
‘ melancholy Accident which is the Oc-
‘ caſion of this Letter. If you can give
‘ me any additional Motives of Comfort,
‘ I ſhall receive them as a very great Piece
‘ of Charity, and I believe you may oblige
‘ many others who are under the ſame
‘ kind of Affliction, as well as,

S I R,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

THIS Gentleman has too favourable an Opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent Author whom he has mentioned in his Letter.

That

That learned Man always exhauſts his Subjects, and leaves nothing for thoſe who come after him. He was not only a great Divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient Writers of Morality, whoſe Thoughts he has every where digeſted into his Writings; and, at the ſame time, had a moſt inexhauſtible Fund of Obſervation and good Senſe in himſelf. He has ſcarce a Sermon that might not be ſpun out into a hundred modiſh Diſcourſes from the Pulpit: For which Reaſon I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new Edition of his Works.

N° 27. *Tueſday, April* 27.

Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter Artes
Emollit mores—— Ovid.

AMONG the many Letters of Correſpondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with Satyr. I am a little tired with ſuch Ideas as the reading thoſe Performances raiſe in the Mind; ſo are thoſe who imagine they are alluded to by what has paſſed through my Hands, and I doubt not but my Readers in general ceaſe alſo to be de-

delighted with that kind of Reflections. When therefore it is irkſom to us all, it is time to paſs to more pleaſing Arguments. But as I told the Town at my firſt ſetting out, that Mr. *Severn* was my Favourite of all the Characters which I have repreſented to compoſe our little Club mentioned in my firſt Paper, I ſhall declare my ſelf further on this Subject, by Printing my Letter I have writ to Mr. *Severn*, which he will receive to Morrow Morning.

To Mr. SEVERN.

SIR,

'THIS comes with a Sett of *Latin* Au-
' thors juſt now Publiſhed by *Tonſon*.
' You ſee they are in Twelves, and fit to be
' carried on Occaſion in the Pocket. He ſent
' me two Setts, one for my ſelf, the other for
' the Gentleman whom I meant by Mr. *Se-*
' *vern*. You will pleaſe therefore to accept
' the Preſent he makes you. You need not
' be enjoined to be Partial to them as they
' are a Gift; for as you'll obſerve, Mr.
' *Maittaire* has had the Care of the Editi-
' on; you need not be further encouraged
' to recommend them to your Friends and
' Acquaintance. The Learned World is very
' much obliged to that Gentleman for his
' uſeful Labours; and his elegant Ad-
' dreſſes (to thoſe to whom he Dedicates

the

‘ the Book) as well as to the Reader in
‘ general, ſhow him a perfect Maſter in
‘ what he undertakes, for he introduces
‘ his Authors in a Stile as pure as their own.
‘ You know he had the good Fortune to
‘ live in the Favour, and, as it were, un-
‘ der the Patronage of the famous Dr. *Buſ-*
‘ *by*, to whoſe great Talents and Know-
‘ ledge in the Genius of Men we owe very
‘ great Ornaments of this Age, and the
‘ ſupply of Men of Letters and Capacity
‘ for many Generations, or rather Claſſes
‘ of remarkable Men during his long and
‘ eminent Life. I muſt confeſs, (and I
‘ have often reflected upon it) that I am
‘ of Opinion *Busby*'s Genius for Educati-
‘ on had as great an Effect upon the Age
‘ he lived in, as that of any ancient Philoſo-
‘ pher, without excepting one, had upon
‘ his Contemporaries. Tho' I do not per-
‘ ceive that admirable Man is remembred
‘ by them, at leaſt not recorded by them,
‘ with half the Veneration he deſerves. I
‘ have known great Numbers of his Scho-
‘ lars, and am confident, I could diſcover
‘ a Stranger who had been ſuch, with a
‘ very little Converſation: Thoſe of great
‘ Parts, who have paſſed through his In-
‘ ſtruction, have ſuch a peculiar Readi-
‘ neſs of Fancy and Delicacy of Taſte, as
‘ is ſeldom found in Men educated elſe-
‘ where, tho' of equal Talents; and thoſe

‘ who

'who were of ſlower Capacities, have an 'Arrogance (for Learning without Geni-'us always produces that) that ſets them 'much above greater Merit that grew un-'der any other Gardiner. He had a Pow-'er of raiſing what the Lad had in him 'to the utmoſt height in what Nature de-'ſigned him; and it was not his Fault, but 'the effect of Nature, that there were no 'indifferent People came out of his Hands; 'but his Scholars were the fineſt Gentle-'men, or the greateſt Pedants in the Age. 'The Soil which he manured always grew 'fertile, but it is not in the Planter to 'make Flowers of Weeds; but whatever 'it was under *Busby*'s Eye, it was ſure 'to get forward towards the Uſe for which 'Nature deſigned it.

'BUT I forgot what I ſate down to write 'upon, which was to hand to you theſe 'pretty Volumes of *Terence*, *Saluſt*, *Phæ-'drus*, *Lucretius*, *Velleius Paterculus* 'and *Juſtin*: But it will be ſaid how comes 'this matter to have at all a place in the '*Lover*? Why very properly; for to you 'whoſe chief Art in recommending your 'ſelf, is to Act and Speak like a Man of 'Virtue and Senſe, that which contributes 'to make you wiſer and better, is ſervice-'able to you as you are a Gentleman and 'a Lover. Take my word for it, the 'oftener you take theſe Books in your

'Hand,

'Hand, you will find your Mind the more 'prepared for doing the moſt ordinary 'things with a good Grace and Spirit; 'that is, the agreeable Thoughts of theſe 'Writers frequently employing your Ima-'gination, will naturally and inſenſibly 'affect your Words and Actions. It will, 'in a greater degree, do what good Com-'pany does to all who frequent it, make 'you in your Air and Mein like thoſe with 'whom you Converſe.

'Mr. *Maittaire* has promiſed to go thro' 'the beſt remaining Authors with the 'ſame Diligence: The large Indexes 'which lead with ſo much eaſe to any beau-'tiful Paſſage one has a mind for, are 'of great Uſe and Pleaſure. They are 'made with ſo much Judgment and Care, 'that they ſerve the Purpoſe of an Abbre-'viation of the Book, and carry a ſecret 'Inſtruction, in that they lay the Senſe of 'the Author ſtill cloſer in Words of his 'own, or as good as his own. I am 'mighty well content with the Province 'of being eſteemed but a Publiſher, if I 'can be ſo happy as to quicken the Paſſage 'of uſeful Arts in the World; and I wiſh 'this Paper's coming, where otherwiſe 'Works of this kind would not be ſpoken 'of, may be of any Uſe to a Man who 'deſerves ſo well of all Lovers of Learn-'ing as Mr. *Maittaire*. Perhaps a fond

'Mother

'Mother may, by my Means, lighten her 'Son's Satchel, and get him theſe little 'Volumes inſtead of the heavy Load the 'Boy was before encumbered with; and 'her own Eyes may be judge, that this is 'a Print which cannot hurt the Childs.

'BUT I muſt leave theſe Ancients, 'and give a caſt of my Office to a Living 'Writer, a Siſter of the Quill.

'THE Sentiments and Inclinations of 'my Mind are ſo naturally turned to Love, 'that it is with a great deal of Pleaſure I 'frequent the Play-houſe, where I have 'often an Opportunity of ſeeing this Paſ-'ſion repreſented in all its different Shapes. 'I have for ſome Years been ſo conſtant 'a Cuſtomer to the Theatre, that I have 'got moſt of our celebrated Plays by 'heart; for which reaſon it is with more 'than ordinary Pleaſure that I hear the 'Actors give out a new one. It is no ſmall 'Satisfaction to me, that I know we are 'to be entertained to Night with a Co-'medy from the ſame Hand that writ *the* '*Gameſter* and *the Buſie Body*. The de-'ſerved Succeſs theſe Plays met with, is a 'certain Demonſtration that Wit alone is 'more than ſufficient to ſupply all the 'Rules of Art. The Incidents in both 'thoſe Pieces are ſo dexterouſly managed, 'and the Plots ſo ingeniouſly perplexed, 'as ſhew them at once to be the Inventi-

'on

'on of a Wit and a Woman The Curi-
'ous will obſerve the ſame happy Con-
'duct in the Entertainment of this Night;
'and as we have but one *Britiſh* Lady
'who employs her Genius for the Drama,
'it would be a ſhameful Reflection on the
'Polite of both Sexes, ſhould ſhe want
'any Encouragement the Town can give
'her. I deſire your Intereſt in her behalf,
'and am,

S I R,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

Marmaduke Myrtle.

N° 28. *Thurſday, April* 29.

——Nihil invitæ triſtis cuſtodia prodeſt:
Quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tuta ſat eſt.
Propert.

MY Correſpondents ſhall do my Buſi-
neſs for me to Day.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Throw this Letter from two Pair of
'Stairs, with half a Crown with it,
'in an old Glove, in hopes he that takes
'it

'it up (for I am watching till a Porter,
'or ſome ſuch body paſſes by) will carry
'it to your *Lodge*. I have none to com-
'plain to but your ſelf. I am locked up
'for fear of making my Eſcape to a Gen-
'tleman, whoſe Addreſſes I received by
'my Father's Approbation, tho' now his
'Pretenſions are diſallowed for the ſake
'of a richer Man; I have no help in this
'miſerable Condition, nor Means to re-
'lieve my ſelf, but by deſiring you to
'Print the encloſed in your very next *Lo-*
'*ver*. The Gentleman who is to marry
'me, has viſited me twice or thrice alone,
'and indeed I ſee ſuch infallible Marks of
'the moſt unfeigned and reſpectful Paſſi-
'on towards me, that it is with great An-
'guiſh I write to him in the Sincerity of
'my Heart, which I know will be a ſin-
'cere Affliction to him. It is no matter
'for a Direction by his Name; he reads
'your Paper, and will too ſoon gather
'that the Circumſtances of my Letter can
'concern only himſelf.

SIR,

"IT is a very ill Return which I make
" to the Reſpect you have for me,
" when I acknowledge to you, that, tho'
" the Day for our Marriage is appointed,
" I am incapable of loving you; you may
" have obſerved, in the long Converſati-
" ons

" ons we have had at thoſe times that we
" were lately left together, that ſome Secret
" hung upon my Mind: I was obliged to
" an ambiguous Behaviour, and durſt not
" reveal my ſelf further, becauſe my Mo-
" ther, from a Cloſet near the Place where
" we ſate, could both hear and ſee our
" Converſation. I have ſtrict Commands
" from both my Parents to receive you,
" and am undone for ever, except you
" will be ſo kind and generous as to re-
" fuſe me. Conſider, Sir, the Miſery of
" beſtowing your ſelf upon one who can
" have no Proſpect of Happineſs but from
" your Death. This is a Confeſſion made
" perhaps with an offenſive Sincerity, but
" that Conduct is much to be preferred
" to a covert Diſlike, which could not
" but pall all the Sweets of Life, by im-
" poſing on you a Companion that doats
" and languiſhes for another. I will not
" go ſo far as to ſay, my Paſſion for the
" Gentleman whoſe Wife I am by Pro-
" miſe, would lead me to any thing cri-
" minal againſt your Honour; I know it
" is dreadful enough to a Man of your
" Senſe to expect nothing but forced Ci-
" vilities in return for tender Endear-
" ments, and cold Eſteem for unreſerved
" Love. If you will on this occaſion let
" Reaſon take Place of Paſſion, I doubt
" not but Fate has in ſtore for you ſome

" worthier Object of your Affection, in
" recompence of your Goodneſs to the
" only Woman that could be inſenſible of
" your Merit.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

M. H.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Am a young Woman perfectly at my
' own Liberty, Two and twenty, in
' the height and affluence of good Health,
' good Fortune, and good Humour; but
' I know not how, I muſt acknowledge
' there is ſomething Solitary and Diſtreſt
' in the very natural Condition of our Sex,
' till we have wholly rejected all thoughts
' of Marriage, or made our Choice. The
' Man has not yet appeared to theſe Eyes,
' whom I could like for a Husband. I
' therefore apply my ſelf to you, to let the
' Town know there is, not many Fur-
' longs from your *Lodge*, one that lives
' with too much Eaſe, and is undone for
' want of that acceptable kind of Uneaſi-
' neſs, the Importunity of Lovers. If you
' can ſend me half a dozen, I promiſe to
' take him who addreſſes me with moſt
' Gallantry and Wit, and to yeild to one
' of

'of them within ſix Months after their 'firſt Declaration that they are my Ser-'vants; but at the ſame time I expect them 'to fight one another for me, and promiſe 'to be particularly Civil to him who firſt 'has his Arm in a Scarf for my Sake. I 'expect that they turn their Fury and Skill 'towards diſarming, or ſlightly wound-'ing, not killing one another; for I ſhall 'not take it for Reſpect to me to leſſen 'the Number of my Slaves; at the ſame 'time the Conquered is to beg, and the 'Victor is to give Life for my Sake only. 'You muſt know, Sir, I value more be-'ing envied by Women, than loved by 'Men, and there is nothing proclaims a 'Beauty ſo effectually, as an Interview of 'her Lovers behind *Mountague-houſe*. In 'hopes of a Serenade, ſoon after the Pub-'lication of this Letter, I reſt in dull 'Tranquillity,

Your moſt Affectionate

Humble Servant,

Clidamira.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'YOU muſt know I am one of thoſe 'Coxcombs who know my ſelf to 'be abuſed, but have not Reſolution e-

‘ nough to reſent it as I ought; to tell you
‘ plainly, I am a kind Keeper, and know
‘ my ſelf to be the moſt ſervile of Cuck-
‘ olds, for I am wronged by a Woman
‘ whom I may part with when I pleaſe,
‘ but am afaid that when I pleaſe will never
‘ happen. As other People write Verſes
‘ and Sonnets to deplore the Cruelty of
‘ their Miſtreſs, I could think of nothing
‘ better this Morning than diverting my
‘ ſelf, and ſoothing my Folly by the Ex-
‘ ample of Men of Wit, who have for-
‘ merly been in my Condition. I was glad
‘ to meet an Epigram of a Gentleman I
‘ ſuppoſe your Worſhip is acquainted
‘ with, that hit my Condition; and make
‘ you a Preſent of it, as I have improved
‘ and tranſlated it in the janty Stile *of a*
‘ *Man of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town.*
‘ Pray allow me to call her my Dear for
‘ the Rhyme ſake; for I never writ Verſes
‘ till ſhe vexed me:

De Infamiâ ſuæ Puellæ.

Rumor ait crebro noſtram peccare puellam;
Nunc ego me ſurdis auribus eſſe velim.
Crimina non hæc ſunt noſtro ſine facta dolore:
Quid miſerum torques, rumor acerbe? tace.

The Town reports the Falſhood of my Dear,
To which I cry, Oh that I could not hear!

I love her ſtill, Peace then thou Babler Fame,
And let me reſt contented in my Shame.

'Pray give my humble Service to Mrs.
'*Page*; you honourable Lovers have a
'good Conſcience to ſupport you in your
'Vexations, but we alas —— I am

Your humble Servant,

Giles Limberham.

N° 29. *Saturday, May* 1.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis? Hor.

THE Reader may remember that in my firſt Paper I deſcribed the Circumſtances of the Perſons, whoſe Lives and Converſations my future Diſcourſes ſhould principally deſcribe. Mr. *Oſwald*, who is a Widower, and in the firſt Year of that diſtreſſed Condition, having abſented himſelf from our Meetings, I went to viſit him this Evening. My Intimacy made the Servant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come at him. I found

him leaning at a Table with a Book before him, and ſaw, methoughts, a Concern in him much deeper than that Serioufneſs which ariſes from Reading only, though the matter upon which a Man has been employed has been never ſo weighty. He ſaw in me, I believe, a friendly Curioſity to know what put him into that Temper, and began to tell me that he had been looking over a little Collection of Books of his Wife's, and ſaid it was an inexpreſſible Pleaſure to him, that, tho' he thought her a moſt excellent Woman, he found, by peruſing little Papers and Minutes among her Books, new Reaſons for loving her; This, continued he, now in my Hand, is the *Contemplations Moral and Divine of Sir* Matthew Hale: She has turned down, and written little Remarks on the Margin as ſhe goes on. In order to give you a Notion of her Merit and good Senſe, pray give me leave to read three or four Paragraphs which ſhe has marked with this Pencil. He here looked upon the Pencil, till the Memory of ſome little Incident, of which it reminded him, filled his Eyes with Tears; which, to hide new Reaſons for loving her, (but he only diſcovered his Grief the more) he began in a broken Voice to read Sir *Matthew*'s ſecond Chapter in his Diſcourſe of Religion.

THE

'THE Truth and Spirit of Religion 'comes in a narrow compaſs, though the 'Effect and Operation thereof are large 'and diffuſive. *Solomon* comprehended it 'in a few Words, *Fear God, and keep his 'Commandments, for this is the whole 'Duty of Man:* The Soul and Life of Re-'ligion is the Fear of God, which is the 'Principle of Obedience; but Obedience 'to his Commands, which is an Act or 'Exerciſe of that Life, is various, accor-'ding to the variety of the Commands of 'God: If I take a Kernel of an Acorn, the 'Principle of Life lies in it: The thing it 'ſelf is but ſmall, but the Vegetable Prin-'ciple that lies in it takes up a leſs room 'than the Kernel it ſelf, little more than 'the Quantity of a ſmall Pins head, as is 'eaſie to be obſerved by Experiment; but 'the Exerciſe of that Spark of Life is large 'and comprehenſive in its Operation; it 'produceth a great Tree, and in that 'Tree the Sap, the Body, the Bark, the 'Limbs, the Leaves, the Fruit; and ſo 'it is with the Principles of true Religion, 'the Principle it ſelf lies in a narrow com-'paſs, but the Activity and Energy of it 'is diffuſive and various.

'THIS Principle hath not only Pro-'ductions that naturally flow from it, but 'where it is, it ferments and aſſimilates, 'and gives a kind of Tincture even to o-

'ther Actions that do not in their own 'Nature follow from it, as the Nature and 'civil Actions of our Lives; under the 'former was our Lord's Parable of a Grain 'of Muſtard-ſeed, under the latter of his 'Compariſon of Leaven, juſt as we ſee in 'other things of Nature: Take a little 'Red Wine, and drop it into a Veſſel of 'Water, it gives a new Tincture to the 'Water; or take a grain of Salt and put 'it into freſh Liquor, it doth communi-'cate it ſelf to the next adjacent part of 'the Liquor, and that again to the next, 'until the whole be fermented: So that 'ſmall and little vital Principle of the Fear 'of God doth gradually and yet ſudden-'ly aſſimilate the Actions of our Life 'flowing from another Principle. It recti-'fies and moderates our Affections, and 'Paſſions, and Appetites, it gives Truth 'to our Speech, Sobriety to our Senſes, 'Humility to our Parts, and the like.

'RELIGION is beſt in its *Simplici-'ty* and *Purity*, but difficult to be retain-'ed ſo, without Superſtitions and Acceſ-'ſions; and thoſe do commonly in time '*Stifle and Choak* the *Simplicity* of Reli-'gion, unleſs much Care and Circumſpe-'ction be uſed: The Contemperations 'are ſo *many* and ſo *cumberſom*, that Re-'ligion loſeth its *Nature*, or is ſtrangled 'by them: Juſt as a Man that hath ſome

'Excellent

'Excellent Simple Cordial Spirit, and puts
'in Musk in it to make it ſmell ſweet,
'and Honey to make it taſte pleaſant;
'and it may be *Cantharides* to make it
'look glorious. Indeed by the Infuſions
'he hath given it a very *fine Smell*, and
'*Taſte*, and *Colour*, but yet he hath ſo
'*clogg'd* it, and *ſophiſticated* it with Su-
'peradditions, that it may be he hath al-
'tered the Nature, and deſtroyed the
'Virtue of it.

HERE my Friend could go on no further, but reaching to me the Book it ſelf, he leaned on the Table, covering his Eyes with his Hands, while I read the following Words on the Margin, *Grant that this Superaddition which I make, may be Love and Conſtancy to Mr.* Oſwald. No one could be unaffected with this Incident, nor could I forbear falling into a kind of Conſolatory Diſcourſe, drawn from the Satisfaction it muſt needs be, to find new Proofs of the Virtue of a Perſon he ſo tenderly loved; but obſerving his Concern too quick and lively for Converſation on that Subject, I broke off with repeating only two Diſtichs of Mr. *Cowley* to my Lady *Vandyke*, on the Death of her Husband,

Your Joys and Griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt Pair, to diſagree.

I cannot but think it was a very right Sentiment in this Lady, to make that Duty of Life in which ſhe took pleaſure, the Superſtructure upon the Motive of Religion; for nothing can mend the Heart better than an honourable Love, except Religion. It ſweetens Diſaſters, and moderates good Fortune, from a Benevolent Spirit that is naturally in it, and extends it ſelf to things the moſt remote. It cannot be conceived by thoſe who are involved in Libertine Pleaſures, the ſweet Satisfactions that muſt ariſe from the Union of two Perſons who have left all the World, in order to place their chief Delight in each other; and to promote that Delight by all the methods which Reaſon, urged by Religion and Duty, forwarded by Paſſion, can intimate to the Heart. Such a Pair give Charms to Virtue, and make pleaſant the ways of Innocence: A Deviation from the Rules of ſuch a Commerce would be courting Pain; for ſuch a Life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal Satisfactions, (to ſpeak of it in the mildeſt Terms) as Sobriety and elegant Converſation are to Intemperance and Rioting.

Tueſday,

N° 30. *Tuesday, May* 4.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ. Luc.

IT is a very great Satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonick Foot, to look calmly on, while Carnivorous Lovers run about howling for Hunger, which the Intellectual and more abstracted Admirer is never gnaw'd with. The following Letters give a lively Representation of this matter.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'IF ever any Man had reason to dispatch
'himself for Love, I am the Person;
'I am lost to all Intents and Purposes, tho'
'I was the happiest Man in the World,
'and have no one to accuse but my self
'of my present Misfortunes, and yet I
'am not to be accused neither. To open
'this Riddle, you must know, Mr. *Myrtle*,
'that I am not now Twenty Years of Age;
'I think that Circumstance necessary to
'tell you, for they say the Misfortune
'which befel me cannot happen but from
'the Height of Youth and Blood. I live
'in

‘ in the Neighbourhood of a young Lady
‘ of Wealth, Wit and Beauty. I love her
‘ to Death, and ſhe loves me with no leſs
‘ Ardour. We have had frequent Meet-
‘ ings by ſtealth, which are now inter-
‘ rupted by a very uncommon Accident.
‘ I have a Father who can never be enough
‘ ſatisfied that his Houſe is not to be burn-
‘ ed before next Morning; and for this
‘ reaſon, as well as, perhaps, other Jealou-
‘ ſies, inſiſts upon the Liberty of coming
‘ into my Chamber when I am aſleep, to
‘ ſee whether my Candle is out. One
‘ Night he ſtole ſoftly in, as indeed he al-
‘ ways does, for fear of diſturbing me,
‘ when I faſt aſleep was talking of my Mi-
‘ ſtreſs. As he has ſince told me, I named
‘ her, and then thought fit to go on as
‘ follows.

‘ THE Happineſs we now enjoy is
‘ doubled by the Secrecy of it. I will
‘ come again to Morrow Night, and have
‘ ordered the Hackney Coachman to be
‘ ready to let me get up to your Widow at
‘ the Hour appointed. Be ready to throw
‘ up the Saſh when I tinkle with a Piece
‘ of Mony at the Glaſs. Your Letters I
‘ keep always in a Box under my Bed, and
‘ my Father can never come at them.
‘ Pray be ſure to write; for the Day-time
‘ 'tis mighty ſad ſhou'd be troubled with the
‘ Impertinence and Buſtle of the World,

‘ and

'and we never to meet or hear from each 'other but at Midnight.

'THE old Gentleman took my Key 'out of my Pocket, and by that means 'made himſelf Maſter of my Papers; and, 'in an hight Point of Honour, the next 'Day told the Parents of my Miſtreſs the 'Danger their Daughter was in of being 'carried off by his Son, who had no Pre-'tenſions to a Woman of her Fortune; 'tho' he can do very handſomly for me.

'THIS matter has been very indiſcreet-'ly managed by both our Parents; the 'Servants, and conſequently the Neigh-'bourhood, have the Story amongſt them, 'and the innocenteſt Woman in the World 'is at the Mercy of buſie Tongues: Now, 'Sir, I am not to judge of the Actions of 'my Father; but as he has a longer Purſe 'than he will own, I deſire you would 'lay before him, that he did not come at 'my Secret fairly, and that he ought, 'ſince he goes upon Punctilios, to have 'made no Uſe of what he arrived at by 'the Infirmity of a troubled Imagination. 'He ſays indeed for himſelf, that he had 'this Thought in his Head, and therefore 'had I owned the Thing to him when he 'taxed me, without ſhewing my Miſtreſs's 'Letters, he ſhould have been obliged, 'by the manner of getting the Secret, to 'have kept it; but ſince I had not owned 'it,

‘ it, had I not been confronted by her
‘ Letters, which he got by taking my Key
‘ out of my Pocket, I am under the ſame
‘ Degree of Favour as a Man who com-
‘ mitted any other Crime would have been
‘ who had betrayed himſelf in the ſame
‘ manner. Mr. *Myrtle*, you are a great
‘ Caſuiſt, and you ſee what a Jumble of
‘ unhappy Circumſtances I am involved in,
‘ which I deſire you to extricate me from
‘ by your beſt Advice, which will come
‘ very ſeaſonably to two Families who are
‘ much your Friends, among whom none
‘ ſo much as the Lady concerned in the
‘ Story; and where ſhe approves, you have
‘ an Admirer in,

S I R,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Ulyſſes Tranſmarinus.

‘ I have Notice given me, that I muſt
‘ croſs the Seas for this Buſineſs; but I
‘ am reſolved to ſtay at leaſt in the ſame
‘ Nation with my Fair One, till I hear
‘ further.

Mr. MYRTLE, *Friday, April* 30. 1714.

‘ YOU’LL oblige extremely your moſt
‘ humble Servant in inſerting this in
‘ your next *Lover*. *Madam,*

Madam,

" DEATH would have been welcomer
' than your Letter in *Thurſday*'s
" *Lover*; for I muſt ſurvive the Miſery
" *that* would have ended. Your *Since-*
" *rity* is ſo far from being *Offenſive*, that
" my Paſſion (were it now lawful to indulge
" it) is greater for you, and I cannot bet-
" ter prove the Truth of mine than by *re-*
" *fuſing you*, and making you as happy in
" *your Choice*, as with *you* would have
" been the moſt unfortunate——

To Mr. MYRTLE.

SIR,

' THERE is a young Woman in our
' Neighbourhood that makes it her
' Buſineſs to diſturb every body that paſſes
' by with her Beauty. She runs to the
' Window when ſhe has a mind to do Miſ-
' chief, and then when a Body looks up
' at her, ſhe runs back, as tho' ſhe had
' not a mind to be ſeen, tho' ſhe came there
' on purpoſe. Her Hands and Arms you
' muſt know are very fine, for that reaſon
' ſhe never lets them be unemployed, but
' is feeding a Squirrel, and catching Peo-
' ple that paſs by all Day long. She
' has a way of heaving out of the Window
' to ſee ſomething, ſo that one who ſtands
' in the Street juſt over againſt her, is
' taken

‘ taken with her ſide Face; one that is
‘ coming down fixes his Eyes at the Pole
‘ of her Neck till he ſtumbles; and one
‘ coming up the Street is fixed Stock-ſtill
‘ by her Eyes: She won't let any body go
‘ by in Peace. I am confident if you went
‘ that way your ſelf, ſhe would pretend
‘ to get you from Mrs. *Page*. As for my
‘ own part, I fear her not; but there are ſe-
‘ veral of our Neighbours whoſe Sons are
‘ taken in her Chains, and ſeveral good Wo-
‘ men's Husbands are always talking of
‘ her, and there is no quiet. I beg of you
‘ Sir, to take ſome Courſe with her, for
‘ ſhe takes a delight in doing all this Miſ-
‘ chief. It would be right to lay down ſome
‘ Rules againſt her; or if you pleaſe to ap-
‘ point a time to come and ſpeak to her,
‘ it would be a great Charity to our Street,
‘ eſpecially to,

S I R,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Anthony Eyelid.

S I R,

‘ HERE is a young Gentlewoman in
‘ our Street, that I do not know at
‘ all, who looked full in my Face, and
‘ then looked as if ſhe was miſtaken, but
‘ looked

'looked ſo pretty, that I can't forget 'her; ſhe does ſomething or other to e- 'very one that paſſes by. I thought I would 'tell you of her.

Yours,

Ch. Buſie.

SIR,

'HERE is a young Woman in our 'Street, that looks often melancho- 'ly out of the Window, as if ſhe ſaw no 'Body, and no Body ſaw her, ſhe is ſo in- 'tent. But ſhe can give an Account of 'every thing that paſſes, and does it to 'Way-lay young Men. Pray ſay ſomething 'about her.

Yours, unknown,

Tall-boy Gapeſeed.

SIR,

'THERE is a young Woman in our 'Neighbourhood, that makes Peo- 'ple with Bundles on their Back ſtand as 'if they had none, and thoſe who have 'none ſtand as if they had too heavy ones. 'Pray take her to your End of the Town, 'for ſhe interrupts Buſineſs.

Your,

Ralph Doodle.

N° 31. *Thurſday, May* 6.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipſa; rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens ſagittas
Cote cruentâ. Hor.

London, May 4.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Remember, ſome time ago, that I 'heard a Gentleman, who often talk-'ed out of a Book, ſpeak of a King 'that was ſo fond of his Wife, that his 'Mind overflowed with the Happineſs he 'had in the Poſſeſſion of her Beauties. I 'remember it was juſt ſo that talking Fel-'low expreſſed himſelf; but all that I want 'of his Story is, that he ſhewed his Queen 'naked from a Chink in the Bed Cham-'ber; and that the Queen, finding this 'out, reſented it ſo highly, that ſhe, af-'ter mature Deliberation, thought fit to 'plot againſt her Husband, and married 'the Man to whom he had expoſed her 'Perſon. I have but a puzzled way of tel-

'ling

'ling a Story; but this Circumſtance, a-
'mong ſuch great People, may give you
'ſome Thoughts upon an Accident of the
'like kind, which happened to me a Man
'of middle Rank.

'THERE is a very gay, pleaſant
'young Lady, whom I was well acquaint-
'ed with, and had long known as being
'an Intimate of my Siſter's: We were the
'other Day a riding out; the Women
'and Men on ſingle Horſes; it happened
'that this young Lady and I out-rid the
'Company, and in the Avenue of the
'Wood between *Hampſtead* and *Highgate*
'her Horſe threw her full upon her Head.
'She is a quick-witted Girl, and finding
'Chance had diſcovered more of her
'Beauty than ever ſhe deſigned to favour
'me with, ſhe in an Inſtant lay on the
'Turf in a decent manner, as in a Trance,
'before I could alight, and come to her
'Aſſiſtance. I fell in Love with her when
'ſhe was Topſie Turvey, and from that
'Inſtant profeſſed my ſelf her Servant.
'She always laughed, and turned off the
'Diſcourſe, and ſaid ſhe thought it muſt
'be ſo: The whole Family were mightily
'amazed how this Declaration came all of
'a ſudden, and why, after two or three
'Years Intimacy, not a Word, and yet
'now I ſo very Eager. Well; the Father
'had no Exception to me, and the Wed-
'ding-day was named, when, all of a ſud-

‘ den, the Father has ſent my Miſtreſs to
‘ a diſtant Relation in the Country, and
‘ I am diſcarded. Now, Sir, what I de-
‘ ſire of you is to inſert this, that her Fa-
‘ ther may underſtand what ſhe meant,
‘ when ſhe ſaid, *I ſhall be aſhamed to be*
‘ *the Wife of any other Man*; and what I
‘ meant when I ſaid that, *I know more of*
‘ *her already than any other Husband per-*
‘ *haps ever may.* Theſe Expreſſions were
‘ let drop when the Father ſhewed ſome
‘ Signs of parting us, and I appeal to you,
‘ whether, according to nice Rules, ſhe
‘ is not to prefer me to all others. This
‘ is a ſerious matter in its Conſequences,
‘ and I won't be chouſed; therefore pray
‘ inſert it. The whole is humbly ſubmit-
‘ ted by,

SIR,

Your moſt Unfortunate,

Humble Servant,

Tim. Pip.

To Mr. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

SIR,

‘OBSERVING you play the Caſuiſt,
‘ the Doctor, nay often deſcend e-
‘ ven to the Letter Carrier, for the Ser-
‘ vice

'vice of Lovers, I am apt to think my
'present Condition brings me within your
'Cognizance, and countenances this Ap-
'plication. Sir, I ever was a great Ad-
'mirer of a single State, and my chief Stu-
'dy has been to collect Encomiums in its
'favour, and Instances of unhappy Mar-
'riages to confirm me. I never could
'think my self the sad half of a Man, or,
'that my Cares wanted doubling. The
'best Exercise I ever performed at School
'was, a Translation of *Juvenal*'s sixth
'Satyr. I remember my Master said smi-
'ling, Sirrah, you will die a Batchelor.
'Since I came to Man's Estate I have every
'Day talked over, with little variation,
'the common-place Sayings against Matri-
'mony. I believe they've been more con-
'stant than my Prayers. I must now, Sir, ac-
'quaint you how I became disarmed of
'those Principles in an Instant, and how o-
'ther Thoughts took place, so that I beg
'leave hereby to Recant, and protest against
'those damnable Doctrines. And further
'I humbly beseech all Ladies with whom
'I converse, to bestow on me the En-
'couragement which new and true Con-
'verts generally meet with. I was riding
'in the Country last Spring; of all
'Days in the Week it was upon a *Tuesday*,
'when, on a sudden, I heard a Voice
'which guided my Sight to two young

'Women unknown to me: They were 'negligently, I won't ſay meanly dreſt, 'had large Staffs in their Hands, and were 'followed by Spaniels and Grey-hounds. 'One (whom I now ſee with the Lover's 'Teleſcope) wore a Bonnet. On her I 'caſt my Eyes till the Brightneſs of hers 'made them fail me, that is, I have ſeen 'nothing in its true light ſince. I am a 'piece of a Scholar, yet am not able, Mr. '*Myrtle*, to affirm what I ſaw, and how 'this Object ſtruck the Organs of my Bo-'dy, affected my Soul and Mind, and 'produced this laſting Idea. The old Phi-'loſophers, you know, attributed a Soul 'to the Loadſtone, when they cou'd not 'find out the Reaſon of its Union to Iron. 'Whence ſhall I deduce the Cauſe of my 'Condition? Shall I ſpeak of an Impulſe, 'Preſſure of inſenſible Particles, ſecret 'Power, Deſtiny, the Stars, Magick; or 'ſhall I ſay in the Lawyers Term, that e-'very Feature had its Copies; or muſt I 'mention occult Quality, or as the gen-'teel World tranſlate it, *Je ne ſcay quoy*? 'I ſhould have told you I was a hunting 'when I ſaw this Object, that when it fled, 'my good-ſpirited Gelding refuſed the 'Gate that parted us, and run away with 'me. This was as good as a ſecond Game, 'for I who before was the greateſt Sportſ-'man in the Country, have ever ſince

'haunted

'haunted the Woods to Sigh, not Hal-
'low. In lonely Shades by Day, and
'Moonſhine Walks by Night (ſhe ever by
'my Side) I have found my only Plea-
'ſure. This Condition I have ſuffered
'for a long Series of time; but wander-
'ing in the ſame Wood I ſaw a Country
'Girl in the ſame Bonnet in which I for-
'merly beheld my great Calamity. I fol-
'lowed her, and found the Aboad of
'her for whom I languiſh. *Ma Charmante*
'in your conſtant Reader, who hereby
'will have ſome Notion of me and my
'Name. I crave, Sir, your Aſſiſtance
'herein, and (to eaſe your ſelf of another
'troubleſome Letter) your Advice, in
'Caſe of a Denial to wait upon her. I
'have abundance more to ſay, but deſire
'you to ſay it to your ſelf in behalf of,

SIR,

Your Enamoured Humble Servant.

N° 32. *Saturday, May* 8.

Ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ συλλήβδην πᾶσ' ἀρετή ἐστιν.
Ariſtot.

THE Taſk which I have enjoyned my ſelf in theſe Papers, is to deſcribe Love in all its Shapes: To warn the unwary of thoſe Rocks, upon which ſo many in all Ages have ſplit formerly, do ſplit ſtill, and will ſplit hereafter, as long as Men and Women ſhall be what they now are; and to delineate the true and unfeigned Delight, which virtuous Minds feel in the Enjoyment of their lawful and warranted Paſſions. This Taſk, the farther I go, I find grows the more upon my Hands. The dreadful Effects which have attended irregular Purſuits in this way, have led ſome ſhallow Philoſophers to arrain that as ſimply unlawful, or at leaſt as unbecoming a wiſe Man, which is certainly one of the firſt and fundamental Laws of Nature; and they have ſeemed to look upon that as a Curſe which rightly managed is the greateſt Bleſſing that our Creator has given us here below; and which is in Truth,

That

That Cordial Drop Heaven in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down.

YET on the other Hand, when (comparatively ſpeaking) ſo very many miſcarry in this Particular, more than in any other ſingle Circumſtance belonging to human Life, one is tempted to cry out, with my Lord *Brooke* in his *Alaham*,

O wearisom Condition of Mortality
Born to one Law, and to another bound;
Vainly begotten, yet forbidden Vanity;
Created Sick, commanded to be Sound!
If Nature ſure did not delight in Blood,
She wou'd have found more eaſie ways to good.

BUT ſince Complaints under moſt Preſſures avail but little; ſince in every Species of Actions there is a right and a wrong, which Circumſtances only can determine; ſince our Maker (for greater Reaſons than thoſe which our Laws aſcribe to our Princes) cannot poſſibly do any wrong, or as the Divines ſpeak, cannot be the Author of Sin; ſince what was eſſential to Human Nature before the Fall, is in itſelf moſt certainly good, when rightly purſued; and ſince one may obſerve that Miſtakes and falſe Steps in this matter meet with harſher Cenſures, and are often more ſeverely puniſhed in this World,

than

than many other Crimes which ſeem to be of a higher Nature: I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to preſent the Publick with my Thoughts concerning the real Differences between the ſeveral ſorts of Evil Actions, as I ſhall find opportunity, and as my importunate Correſpondents, who are often in haſte, and who muſt not be diſobliged, will give me leave.

ONE Method, as I take it, to induce Men to avoid any Evil, is to know not only wherein it conſiſts, but how great it is. The *Stoics* of old pretended that all Sins were equal; that it was as great a Crime to ſteal a Pin, as to rob upon the Road. When their wiſe Man was once out of his way, he loſt his Pretenſions to Wiſdom; and when thoſe were gone, whatſoever he did or ſaid afterwards in that State of Aberration, it was all one. Sins were Sins, and where the Eſſence was the ſame, the Degrees mattered little. This contradicts human Nature, and common Senſe; and the Laws of all Nations diſtinguiſh in the Puniſhments which they inflict, between Crimes as they are more or leſs pernicious to the Society in and againſt which they are committed. That God does ſo too, we need not queſtion. The Judge of the whole Earth muſt certainly do right. When we know wherein the true Greatneſs of e-

very

very Sin conſiſts, we ſhall be able to judge of our own Faults, and ſometimes of the Faults of others; we ſhall ſee why we ought to avoid them where there is room for Compaſſion; and where Puniſhment is neceſſary, we may be ſure then to be ſevere in the right place; and by knowing how and when to forgive, may ſometimes raiſe thoſe that are ſinking, and often ſave thoſe from utter Deſtruction, who if abandoned would be irrecoverably loſt. This is a large, and I think an uſeful Theme, and it is what I have not ſeen ſufficiently enlarged upon in thoſe Books of Morality which have come in my way. Now if in my Enquiries I have an Eye all along to the Chriſtian Inſtitution, and take a view of the Sins and Irregularities of Mankind in ſuch a Light as is conſiſtent with the Practice of our Saviour and his Apoſtles, I hope the ſofter and politer part of my Readers will not be upon that Account diſguſted.

THE Aggravation of all Crimes is to be eſtimated either from the Perſons injured or offended, or from the intrinſick Malice from whence thoſe Injuries and Offences proceed. All Offences are againſt either our Maker, our Neighbour, or our ſelves. Offences againſt our Maker have this particular Aggravation, that they are committed againſt the Perſon to whom we have the greateſt Obligations, and conſequently

ſequently do more immediately contradict the Light of our own Conſcience. The Obligations of our original Being, and of our conſtant Preſervation, during the whole Courſe of our Lives, which takes in all the Bleſſings that we daily receive from him, are ſo peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly Being. For tho' we may, and do hourly, receive Advantages from our Fellow-Creatures, yet thoſe Advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whoſe good Providence thoſe Fellow-Creatures are enabled to do us good. And beſides, the good they do us is as much for their Sakes as for ours, ſince the Advantages they receive from us, and thoſe we receive from them are reciprocal. But tho' our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him, and upon that Score he has a Title to our Obedience, and that implicit, when once we are ſatisfied it is he that commands. This makes *Idolatry* to be ſo crying a Sin, becauſe it is a Communication of that Honour to the Creature, (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no poſſible Title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this account alſo *Irreligion* and *Atheiſm* are ſtill worſe, becauſe they tear up all Religion by the Roots; and all Service and Worſhip is denyed to him to whom the utmoſt Service

and

and Worſhip is juſtly due. This is ſo plain, that it needs neither Enlargement nor Proof.

THE ſecond degree of Offences is of thoſe which are committed againſt our Neighbours. They are equally God's Creatures as ourſelves, and have an equal Title to his Protection, and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences againſt them may be comprehended under one common Title of *Injuſtice*. And what Divines uſually call *Sins* againſt the *Second Table*, are, if ſtrictly examined, but ſo many Sorts of Injuries againſt our Neighbours. The Pains, the Care, the Trouble, and above all, the Love, of Parents, demand Honour from their Children; and therefore when they do not meet with it, they are injured: This ſhews the Juſtice of the fifth Commandment. To take away our Neighbour's Life is the greateſt Injury which can be done him, becauſe it is abſolutely irreparable. Next to that are Injuries done to his Bed, and for the ſame Reaſon too. The Goods we enjoy are the Means of our Subſiſtence here, and he that againſt our Wills takes them from us, does more or leſs, according to the greatneſs of our Loſs, deprive us of our Subſiſtence. This ſhews the Juſtice of the ſixth, ſeventh and eighth Commandments. And ſince none of thoſe things to which by

the

the original Grant from our common Maker we have a juſt Title, are ſecure, if Calumny and falſe Accuſations are once allowed; therefore falſe witneſſing is alſo forbidden in the ninth Commandment. And ſince a deſire of poſſeſſing what is not our own, and what we ſee others enjoy, will, if encouraged, naturally lead Men to as many ſorts of Injuſtice, as there are Sorts of Deſires; therefore coveting what is not our own is fenced againſt by the tenth Commandment.

BY this Detail it plainly appears why I ſet Offences againſt our Neighbours in the ſecond Place. When God gave the ten Commandments, he mention'd no Offences but thoſe againſt himſelf and our Neighbours, and left the Sins which are immediately againſt our ſelves (which are properly Sins of Intemperance) to be forbidden by other Laws.

BUT then, tho' Sins againſt our ſelves ought, with reſpect to their Guilt, (which is what I here propoſe to conſider) to be reckoned laſt; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not Sins, and conſequently do not deſerve Puniſhment. Whatſoever diſables us in any Meaſure from doing our Duty to God or our Neighbour, is ſo far an *Injuſtice* towards them, and robs them of their due, and is ſo far a Crime. I ſay an *Injuſtice*, becauſe, as I ſaid before, all Faults in my Opinion are ultimately to

be

be referred to that: Even *Uncharitableneſs* is *Injuſtice*, becauſe our common Creator, who has made us all liable to Want, and conſequently under a Neceſſity of deſiring Aſſiſtance, expects we ſhould be helpful to one another, becauſe he is good to us. And when *Ariſtotle* ſays, in thoſe Words that are the *Motto* of this Paper, that *all Virtues are contained in Juſtice*, he ſtates the true Notion of Good and Evil; and it is as applicable to Virtues conſidered in a Chriſtian Light, as in a natural one. This then is the firſt Rule by which we are to weigh the different Degrees of Good and Evil.

N° 33. *Tueſday, May* 11.

——*Animum picturâ paſcit*—— Virg.

I Went the other Day down the River, and dined with ſome Virtuoſi Friends at *Greenwich*. The purpoſe of the Gentleman, who invited us, was to entertain us with a ſight of that famous Cieling in the great Hall at *Greenwich* Hoſpital, painted by our Ingenious Countryman Mr. *Thornhill*, who has executed a great and noble Deſign with a Maſterly Hand, and uncommon

uncommon Genius. The Regularity, Symmetry, Boldneſs and Prominence of the Figures are not to be deſcribed, nor is it in the Power of Words to raiſe too great an Idea of the Work. As well as I could comprehend it from ſeeing it but twice, I ſhall give a plain Account of it.

IN the middle of the Cieling (which is about 106 Foot long, and 56 Foot wide, and near 50 Foot high) is a very large Oval Frame painted and carved in Imitation of Gold, with a great thickneſs riſing in the inſide to throw up the Figures to the greater heighth; the Oval is faſtened to a great Suffeat adorned with Roſes in Imitation of Copper. The whole is ſupported by eight gigantick Figures of Slaves, four on each Side, as though they were carved in Stone; between the Figures, thrown in Heaps into a covering, are all manner of Maritime Trophies in Metzo-relievo; as Anchors, Cables, Rudders, Maſts, Sails, Blocks, Capſtals, Sea-guns, Sea-carriages, Boats, Pinnaces, Oars, Stretchers, Colours, Enſigns, Pennants, Drums, Trumpets, Bombs, Mortars, ſmall Arms, Granadoes, Powder Barrels, Fire Arrows, grapling-Irons, Croſs Staves, Quadrants, Compaſſes, *&c.* All in Stone-Colours, to give the greater Beauty to the reſt of the Cieling which is more ſignificant. A-

ABOUT the Oval in the inside are placed the twelve Signs of the Zodiack, the six northern Signs, as *Aries*, *Taurus*, *Gemini*, *Cancer*, *Leo*, *Virgo*, are placed on the North side of the Oval; and the six Southern Signs, as *Libra*, *Scorpio*, *Sagittarius*, *Capricornus*, *Aquarius*, *Pisces*, are to the South, with three of them in a Groupe which compose one quarter of the Year; the Signs have their Attitudes, * and their Draperies are varied and adapted to the Seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue, and the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, and the red and flame-Colour to the Dog Days and Autumnal Season, the white and cold to the Winter; likewise the Fruits and the Flowers of every Season as they succeed each other.

IN the middle of the Oval are represented King *William* and Queen *Mary*, sit-

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* Aries *is of a turbulent Aspect with little Winds and Rains hovering about him, his Drapery of a blewish Green, shadowed with dark Russet, to denote the Changeableness of the Weather.* April, *or* Taurus, *is more mild;* May, *or* Gemini, *in blue;* June *a calm red;* July *more reddish, and as he leans upon his Lyon vails a little from the Sun.* Virgo *almost naked and flying from the Heat of the Sun;* Libra *in deep red;* Scorpio *vails himself from the Scorching Sun in a flame Colour Mantle;* Sagittarius *in red, less hot;* December, *or* Capricorn, *blewish;* Aquarius *in a waterish green;* Pisces *in blue.* *Over* Aries, Taurus, Gemini *presides* Flora; *over* Cancer, Leo, Virgo *presides* Ceres; *over* Libra, Scorpia, Sagittarius, Bacchus; *and over* Capicorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems *hovering over a braken Pot of Fire.*

ting on a Throne under a great Pavilion or Purple Canopy, attended by the four Cardinal Vertues, as *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude* and *Juſtice*.

OVER the Queen's Head is *Concord* with the *Faſces*, at her Feet two Doves, denoting mutual Concord and innocent Agreement, with *Cupid* holding the King's Scepter, while he is preſenting *Peace* with the Lamb and Olive Branch, and *Liberty* expreſſed by the *Athenian* Cap, to *Europe*, who laying her Crowns at his Feet, receives them with an Air of Reſpect and Gratitude. The King tramples Tyranny under his Feet, which is expreſt by a *French* Perſonage, with his Leaden Crown falling off, his Chains, Yoke and Iron Sword broken to pieces, Cardinal's Cap, triple crown'd Mitres, *&c.* tumbling down. Juſt beneath is *Time* bringing *Truth* to Light, near which is a Figure of Architecture, holding a large Drawing of part of the Hoſpital with the Cupola, and pointing up to the Royal Founders, attended by the little *Genii* of her Art. Beneath her is *Wiſdom* and *Heroick Virtue*, repreſented by *Pallas* and *Hercules*, deſtroying *Ambition*, *Envy*, *Covetouſneſs*, *Detraction*, *Calumny*, with other Vices, which ſeem to fall to the Earth, the place of their more natural Abode.

OVER the Royal Pavilion is ſhewn at a great heighth *Apollo* in his Golden Cha-

riot, drawn by four white Horſes, attended by the *Horæ*, and Morning Dews falling before him, going his Courſe through the twelve Signs of the Zodiack, and from him the whole Plafond or Cieling is enlightned.

EACH end of the Cieling is raiſed in Perſpective, with a Balluſtrade and Eliptick Arches, ſupported by Groupes of Stone Figures, which form a Gallery of the whole breadth of the Hall; in the middle of which Gallery, (as tho' on the Stock) going into the upper Hall, is ſeen in Perſpective the Tafferil of the *Blenheim* Man of War, with all her Galleries, Port-holes open, *&c.* to one ſide of which is a Figure of *Victory* flying, with Spoils taken from the Enemy, and putting them aboard the *Engliſh* Man of Mar. Before the Ship is a Figure repreſenting the City of *London*, with the Arms, Sword and Cap of Maintenance, ſupported by *Thame* and *Iſis*, with other ſmall Rivers offering up their Treaſures to her. The River *Tine* pouring forth Sacks of Coals. In the Gallery on each ſide the Ship are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great *Archimedes*, many old Philoſophers conſulting the Compaſs, *&c.*

AT the other end, as you return out of the Hall, is a Gallery in the ſame manner, in the middle of which is the Stern of a

beautiful Gally filled with *Spaniſh* Trophies. Under which is the *Humber* with his Pigs of Lead: The *Severn*, with the *Avon* falling into her, with other leſſer Rivers. In the North end of the Gallery is the famous *Ticho Brahe*, that noble *Daniſh* Knight, and great Ornament of his Profeſſion and Human Nature; near him is *Copernicus* wit hhis *Pythagorean* Syſtem in his Hand; next to him is an old Mathematician holding a large Table, and on it are deſcribed two Principal Figures, of the incomparable Sir *Iſaac Newton*, on which many extraordinary things in that Art are built. On the other end of the Gallery, to the South, is our learned Mr. *Flamſtead*, Reg. Aſtron. Profeſſ. with his ingenious Diſciple Mr. *Tho. Weſton*. In Mr. *Flamſtead*'s Hand is a large Scroll of Paper, on which is drawn the great Eclipſe of the Sun that will happen on *April* 1715; near him is an old Man with a Pendulum counting the Seconds of Time, as Mr. *Flamſtead* makes his Obſervations with his great Mural Arch and Tube on the Deſcent of the Moon on the *Severn*, which at certain times form ſuch a Roll of the Tides as the Sailors corruptly call the *Higre*, inſtead of the *Eager*, and is very dangerous to all Ships in its way. This is alſo expreſt by Rivers tumbling down by the Moon's Influence into the *Severn*. In this

this Gallery are more Arts and Sciences relating to Navigation.

ALL the great Rivers, at each end of the Hall, have their proper Product of Fish issuing out of their Vases.

IN the four great Angles of the Cieling, which are over the Arches of the Galleries, are the four Elements, as *Fire*, *Air*, *Earth* and *Water*, represented by *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Cybele* and *Neptune*, with their lesser Deities accompanying, as *Vulcan*, *Iris*, the *Fauni*, *Amphitrite*, with all their proper Attitudes, *&c.*

AT one end of the great Oval is a large Figure of *Fame* descending, riding on the Winds, and sounding forth the Praises of the Royal Pair.

ALL the Sides of the Hall are adorned with fluted Pillasters, Trophies of Shells, Corals, Pearls; the Jambs of the Windows ornamented with Roses impannel'd, or the *Opus reticulamium* heightened with green Gold.

THE whole raises in the Spectator the most lively Images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much Passion and Emotion.

N. B. Sir *James Bateman* was the first Proposer, and the first Benefactor to this Cieling.

N° 34. *Thurſday, May* 13.

——Waking Life appears a Dream.
Roſamond.

REPROACH is of all things the moſt painful to Lovers, eſpecially to Us of the Platonick kind; this makes it exceſſively grievous to me, that a Paper, tho' a very dull one, called the *Monitor*, accuſes me of Writing obſcenely. He is a ſtupid Fellow, and does not underſtand, that the ſame Object, according to the Artiſt who repreſents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked Figures, by a Maſterly Hand, are ſo drawn, ſometimes, as to be incapable of exciting Immodeſt Thoughts. I have, in my Paper of *May* the 6th, ſpoken of an Amour that owes its beginning, and makes it ſelf neceſſary to be lawfully conſummated, from an Accident of a Lady's falling Topſie-turvie: Upon which this heavy Rogue ſays, *Is this ſuffered in a Chriſtian Country?* Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when ſuch awkard Tools as he pretend to meddle with the ſame Subject: None but Perſons extremely well-bred ought to touch

Ladies

Ladies Petticoats; but I aver, that I have ſaid nothing to offend the moſt Chaſt and Delicate, and all who read that Paſſage may be very Innocent; and the Lady of the Story may be a very good Chriſtian, though ſhe did not in her Appearance differ from an Heathen, when ſhe fell upon her Head. We who follow *Plato*, or are engaged in the High Paſſion, can ſee a Lady's Ankle with as much Indifference as her Wriſt: We are ſo inwardly taken up, that the ſame Ideas do not ſpring in our Imaginations, as do with the common World; we are made gentle, ſoft, courteous, and harmleſs, from the Force of the *belle* Paſſion; of which Coarſe Dunces, with an Appetite for Women, like that they have for Beef, have no Conception.

AS I gave an Account the other Day of my paſſing a Day at *Greenwich* with much delight in beholding a Piece of Painting of Mr. *Thornhill*'s, which is an Honour to our Nation; I ſhall now give an Account of my paſſing yeſterday Morning, an Hour before Dinner, in a Place where People may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good Taſte. They will certainly be well pleaſed, for they will have unavoidable Opportunities of ſeeing what they moſt like, in the moſt various and agreeable Shapes and Poſitions, I mean their own dear ſelves. The

Place I am going to mention is Mr. *Gumley*'s Glaſs-Gallery over the *New Exchange*. I little thought I ſhould ever in the *Lover* have occaſion to talk of ſuch a thing as Trade; but when a Man walks in that Illuſtrious Room, and reflects what incredible Improvement our Artificers of *England* have made in Manufacture of Glaſs in thirty Years time, and can ſuppoſe ſuch an Alteration of our Affairs in other parts of Commerce, it is demonſtrable that the Nations who are poſſeſſed of Mines of Gold, are but Drudges to a People, whoſe Arts and Induſtry, with other Advantages natural to us, may make it ſelf the Shop of the World. We are arrived at ſuch Perfection in this Ware, of which I am ſpeaking, that it is not in the Power of any Potentate in *Europe*, to have ſo beautiful a Mirror as he may purchaſe here for a Trifle, by all the Coſt and Charge that he can lay out in his Dominions. It is a modeſt Computation, that *England* gains fifty thouſand Pounds a Year by exporting this Commodity for the Service of Foreign Nations: The whole owing to the Inquiſitive and Mechanick, as well as liberal Genius of the late Duke of *Buckingham* This prodigious Effect by the Art of Man, from Parts of Nature that are as unlikely to produce it, as one would ſuppoſe a Man could burn common Earth to a Tulip, opens a

Field

Field of Contemplation which would lead me too far from my Purpoſe, which is only to celebrate the agreeable Oeconomy of placing the ſeveral Wares to Sale, in the Gallery of which I am talking. No Imagination can work up a more pleaſing Aſſemblage of beautiful things, to ſet off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the midſt of the Walk are ſet in Order a long Row of rich Tables, on many of which lie Cabinets inlaid or wholly made of Corals, Conchs, Ambers, or the like parts of Matter which Nature ſeems to have formed wholly to ſhew the Beauty of her Works, and to have thrown and diſtinguiſhed from the Maſs of Earth as ſhe does by great Gifts and Endowments thoſe Spirits and Perſons of Men and Women whom ſhe deſigns to make Inſtruments of great Conſideration in the Crowd of her People. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my Companion, that this Method was not taken up when the *Indian* Kings were lately in *England*. The Surpriſe ſuch Appearances as theſe would put them into, would have been as great as a new Senſe added to one of us. To ſee the things about us ſo placed, as that three or four Perſons can to the Eye, in an Inſtant, become a large Aſſembly! You cannot move or do any the leaſt indifferent Action, in any Limb or part of your Body,

Body, but you vary the Scene around with additional Pleaſure: Among other Circumſtances, I could not but be pleaſed to ſee a Lap-Dog at a Loſs, for an Inſtant, for his Lady, and beginning to run to the Image of her in a Glaſs, till he was driven back by himſelf, whom he ſaw running towards him. The poor Animal corrected his Miſtake, by tracing her Footſteps by his Senſe leſs ſubject to Miſtake, and arrived at her Feet, to the no ſmall Diverſion of the Company who ſaw it, and the Envy of ſeveral fine Gentlemen, whom the odd Accident diverted from looking at themſelves, to behold the beauteous *Bellamira*.

IT would be an Arrogance to pretend to convey diſtinctly by the Ear, a Pleaſure that ſhould come in at the Eye; but my gentle Reader will thank me for many pleaſing Thoughts he or ſhe had not ever had before, in a Place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a Foreign Nation. About forty Years ago it was the Faſhion for all the Gallants of the Town, the Wits and the Braves, to walk in the *New Exchange* below, to ſhew themſelves. What an Happineſs have thoſe whoſe Fortunes and Humours are capable of receiving Gratifications in this Place, that ſuch a Scene was diſplayed in their Life-time! The Learned have not more Reaſon to rejoice, that they live in the

ſame

ſame Days with *Newton*, than the Gay, the Delicate, and the Curious in Luxury of Dreſs and Furniture have, that there has appeared in their time my honeſt Friend and polite Director of Artificers, Mr. *Gumley.*

N° 35. *Saturday, May* 15.

——'*tis confeſt,*
The Men who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
Helen *to* Paris, Ovid's *Epiſtles.*

I Shall make the following Letters the Entertainment of this Day, and recommend the Contents of the firſt in a more particular manner to the ſerious Conſideration of all my Female Readers.

Dear MARMADUKE,

'THO' you have treated the Fair Sex 'with an Air of Diſtinction ſuitable 'to the Character you bear, I preſume you 'will make no Scruple to admoniſh them 'of any Faults, by the Amendment of 'which they may ſtill become more amia-'ble. What I complain to you of, is 'from my own Experience. My Caſe is 'this.

MI-

'*MIRANDA* is in the bloom of Six-
'teen, and ſhines in all the Beauties of her
'Sex. Her Face, her Shape, her Mein,
'her Wit, ſurpriſe and engage all who
'have the Happineſs to know her. *Mi-*
'*randa* is the Idol of my Heart, the Ob-
'ject of all my Hopes and Fears. None
'of her Actions are indifferent to me. E-
'very Look and Motion gives me either
'Pleaſure or Pain. I have omitted no rea-
'ſonable Methods to convince her of the
'Greatneſs of my Paſſion, yet as ſhe is
'one with whom I propoſe to paſs the
'Remainder of my Life, I cannot forbear
'mixing the Sincerity of the Friend with
'the Tenderneſs of the Lover. In ſhort,
'Sir, I am one of thoſe unfortunate Men,
'who think young Women ought to be
'treated like Rational Creatures. I for-
'bear therefore to launch out into all the
'uſual Exceſſes of Flattery and Romance;
'to make her a Goddeſs, and my ſelf a
'Madman; to give up all my Senſes and
'Reaſon to be moulded and informed as
'ſhe thinks proper.

'FROM hence ariſe all our Diffe-
'rences *Miranda* is one of thoſe faſhio-
'nable Ladies, who, expecting an impli-
'cit Faith from their Admirers, are im-
'patient and affronted at the leaſt ſhew of
'Contradiction.

'AS

'AS she was lately reading the Works
'of a celebrated Author, who has thought
'fit to represent himself in his Writings
'under the Character of an old Man, she
'was pleased to observe, that it was very
'uncommon to see a Person at Fourscore
'have so lively a Fancy, and so brisk an
'Imagination. I could not help inform-
'ing her upon this Occasion, that I had
'frequently had the Honour to Drink a
'Glass with the Gentleman, and that to
'my certain Knowledge he was not yet
'turned of Forty. Instead of thanking
'me for setting her right in this particu-
'lar, she immediately took Fire, and ask-
'ed me with a Frown, *Whether that was*
'*my Breeding to contradict a Lady?* You
'must know, Sir, this Question usually
'puts an end to all our Disputes. A little
'while after she desired my Opinion of
'her Lap-dog, and I had no sooner un-
'fortunately observed, that his Ears were
'somewhat of the shortest, than she round-
'ly asked me, *Whether I designed that for*
'*a Compliment?* I took the freedom from
'hence, in an honest plain way, to expose
'the Weakness and Folly of being delight-
'ed with Flattery, to tell her that Ladies
'ought not always to be complimented,
'to enumerate the Inconveniences it of-
'ten leads them into, to make her sensi-
'ble of the ill Designs Men generally aim

'at

‘ at by it, and the mean Opinion they muſt
‘ entertain of thoſe who are delighted with
‘ it. All this would not do; I could not
‘ get one kind Look from her that Night.
‘ I have told you already, that I have
‘ uſed all reaſonable Methods to convince
‘ her of my Paſſion, and I am ſure I have
‘ the Preference in her Eſteem to all o-
‘ ther Pretenders. She knows I love, and,
‘ in ſpight of all her Arts to hide it, I
‘ know I am beloved: Yet, from theſe
‘ little Differences, and a certain Coquet
‘ Humour which makes her delight to ſee
‘ her Lover uneaſie, tho’ at the ſame time
‘ ſhe torments her ſelf, I have often de-
‘ ſpaired of our ever coming together. I
‘ thought however the following Verſes,
‘ which I preſented to her Yeſterday,
‘ made ſome Impreſſion on her; and if ſhe
‘ ſees you think them tolerable enough to
‘ allow them a Place in your Paper, I am
‘ in hopes they may help to haſten the
‘ happy Day.

I.

Tell me, Miranda, *why ſhould I*
Lament and languiſh, pine and die?
While you, regardleſs of my Pain,
Seem pleas'd to hear your Slave complain.

II.

II.

Dame Eve, *unskill'd in Female Arts*
And modern ways of tort'ring Hearts,
No ſooner ſaw her Spark than lov'd,
Confeſs'd her *Flame, and* his *approv'd.*

III.

Nature ſtill breaks through all Diſguiſe,
Glows in your Cheeks, and rules your Eyes.
Love trembles in your Hands and Heart,
Your panting Breaſts proclaim his Dart.

IV.

No more, Miranda, *then be coy,*
No longer keep us both from joy;
No longer ſtudy to conceal
What all your Actions thus reveal.

I am, Dear *Marmaduke*,

Your moſt Obedient Humble Servant.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Send you the encloſed Letter, which 'I have lately received from a young 'Templar who is my Humble Servant. I 'deſire you would inform me, whether 'what he aſſerts be Law or Equity. His 'Letter runs thus.

Madam,

"HAPPENING lately to be in Com-"pany with a venerable Lady who "has

" has a very large Fortune, I was ſo com-
" plaiſant to ask her if ſhe would allow me
" to do her the Honour to make her a
" Wife? She was ſo kind to ask me again,
" whether I was in jeſt or earneſt? Upon
" my repeating the Queſtion, ſhe return-
" ed my Civility, and told me, ſhe thought
" I was mad. But upon my third Appli-
" cation ſhe conſented, that is, ſhe told
" me poſitively ſhe would never have me.
" This I take for an abſolute Promiſe,
" having been frequently informed, that
" Womens Anſwers in ſuch Caſes are to
" be interpreted backwards.

" I have conſulted a Proctor in *Doctors*
" *Commons*, who ſeems to be of Opinion,
" that it has the full Force of a Contract,
" and that (having Witneſs of it) I might
" recover half her Fortune, ſhould ſhe of-
" fer to marry any one elſe.

" I mention this, Madam, not only to
" let you ſee that I can have the ſame En-
" couragement elſewhere which you give
" me, but to admoniſh you how much
" Care you ought to take of promiſing
" any other Man Maraiage, by declaring
" poſitively that you will never have him,
" except

Your moſt Obedient, Humble Servant,

Tom. Truelove.

Tueſday,

N° 36. *Tuesday, May* 18.

Concubitu prohibere vago —— Hor.

I Have heard it objected, by ſeveral Perſons, againſt my Papers, that they are apt to kindle Love in young Hearts, and inflame the Sexes with a Deſire for one another: I am ſo far from denying this Charge, that I ſhall make no Scruple to own it is the chief End of my Writing. *Love* is a Paſſion of the Mind (perhaps the nobleſt) which was planted in it by the ſame Hand that created it. We ought to be ſo far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we ſhould rather make it our Buſineſs to keep it up and cheriſh it. Our chief Care muſt be to fix this, as well as our other Paſſions, upon proper Objects, and to direct it to a right End.

FOR this Reaſon, as I have ever ſhewn my ſelf a Friend to Honourable Love, I have conſtantly diſcountenanced all vicious Paſſions. Tho' the ſeveral Sorts of theſe are each of them highly Criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another Man's Bed is by far of the blackeſt dye.

THE excellent Author of *The whole Duty of Man*, has given us a very lively Picture of this Crime, with all thoſe melancholly Circumſtances that muſt neceſſarily attend it. One muſt indeed wonder to ſee it puniſhed ſo lightly among civilized Nations, when even the moſt Barbarous have regarded it with the utmoſt Horror and Deteſtation. I was lately entertained with a Story to this Purpoſe, which was told me by one of my Friends who was himſelf upon the Place when the thing happened.

IN an Out-Plantation, upon the Borders of *Potuxen* a River in *Maryland*, there lived a Planter, who was Maſter of a great Number of *Negro* Slaves. The Increaſe of theſe poor Creatures is always an Advantage to the Planters, their Children being born Slaves; for which Reaſon the Owners are very well pleaſed, when any of them marry. Among theſe *Negroes* there happened to be two; who had always lived together and contracted an intimate Friendſhip, which went on for ſeveral Years in an uninterrupted Courſe. Their Joys and their Griefs were mutual; their Confidence in each other was intire; Diſtruſt and Suſpicion were Paſſions they had no Notion of. The one was a Batchelor; the other married to a Slave of his own Complexion, by whom he had ſeve-

ral

ral Children. It happened that the Head of this ſmall Family roſe early one Morning, on a leiſure Day, to go far into the Woods a hunting, in order to entertain his Wife and Children at Night with ſome Proviſions better than ordinary. The Batchelor Slave, it ſeems, had for a long time entertained a Paſſion for his Friend's Wife; which, from the Sequel of the Story, we may conclude, he had endeavoured to ſtifle, but in vain. The Impatience of his Deſires prompted him to take this Opportunity, of the Husband's Abſence, to practiſe upon the Weakneſs of the Woman; which accordingly he did, and was ſo unfortunate as to ſucceed in his Attempt. The Hunter, who found his Prey much nearer home than uſual, returned ſome Hours ſooner than was expected, loaden with the Spoils of the Day, and full of the pleaſing Thoughts of feaſting and rejoycing, with his Family, over the Fruits of his Labour. Upon his entring his Shed, the firſt Objects that ſtruck his Eyes were, his Wife and his Friend aſleep in the Embraces of each other. A Man acquainted with the Paſſions of human Nature will eaſily conceive the Aſtoniſhment, the Rage, and the Deſpair, that overpower'd the poor *Indian* at once: He burſt out into Lamentations and Reproaches; and tore his Hair like one Diſtracted. His

Cries and broken Accents awakened the guilty Couple; whoſe Shame and Confuſion were equal to the Agonies of the injured. After a conſiderable Pauſe of Silence on both Sides, he expoſtulated with his Friend in Terms like theſe: My Wrongs are greater than I am able to expreſs; and far too great for me to bear. My Wife ——But I blame not her. After a long and laſting Friendſhip, exerciſed under all the Hardſhips and Severities of a moſt irkſome Captivity; after mutual repeated Inſtances of Affection and Fidelity; could I ſuſpect my Friend, my boſom-Friend ſhould prove a Traitor? I thought my ſelf happy, even in Bondage, in the Enjoyment of ſuch a Friend and ſuch a Wife; but cannot bear the Thoughts of Life with Liberty, after having been ſo baſely betrayed by both. You both are loſt to me, and I to you. I ſoon ſhall be at Reſt; live and enjoy your Crime. Adieu. Having ſaid this, he turned away and went out, with a Reſolution to dye immediately. The guilty *Negro* followed him, touched with the quickeſt Senſe of Remorſe for his Treachery. 'Tis I alone, (ſaid he) that am guilty; and I alone, who am not fit to live. Let me intreat you to forgive your Wife, who was overcome by my Importunities. I promiſe never to give either of you the leaſt Diſquiet for the future:

Live

Live and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this Night; and to Morrow you ſhall be ſatisfied. Here they both wept, and parted. When the Husband went out in the Morning to his Work, the firſt thing he ſaw was his Friend hanging upon the Bough of a Tree before the Cabbin-Door.

IF the Wretches of this Nation, who ſet up for Men of Wit and Gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous Remorſe of this poor Slave, upon the like Occaſions, we ſhould, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of Equipage in Town.

METHINKS there ſhould be a general Confederacy amongſt all honeſt Men to exclude from Society, and to Brand with the blackeſt Note of Infamy, thoſe Miſcreants, who make it the Buſineſs of their Lives to get into Families, and to eſtrange the Affections of the Wife from the Husband. There is ſomething ſo very baſe and ſo Inhuman in this modiſh Wickedneſs, that one cannot help wiſhing the honeſt Liberty of the *Ancient Comedy* were reſtor'd; and that Offenders in this kind might be expoſed by their Names in our publick Theatres. Under ſuch a Diſcipline, we ſhould ſee thoſe who now Glory in the Ruin of deluded Women, reduced to withdraw themſelves from the

juſt Reſentments of their Country-men and Fellow-Citizens.

N° 37. *Thurſday, May* 20.

What Pains! what racking Thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he loves. Congreve.

MY own unhappy Paſſion for Mrs. *Page* has made me extremely ſenſible of all the Diſtreſſes occaſioned by Love. I have often reflected what could be the Cauſe, that while we ſee the moſt worthleſs part of Mankind every Day ſucceeding in their Attempts, while we ſee thoſe Wretches whoſe Hearts are utterly incapable of this noble Paſſion, appear ſtupid and ſenſeleſs amidſt the Careſſes of the Fair; we cannot but obſerve, that the nobleſt and greateſt Flames which have been kindled in the Breaſts of Men of Senſe and Merit, have ſeldom met with a due Return.

AS the Thoughts of thoſe who have been throughly in Love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been ſometimes tempted to think, that Providence, never deſigning we ſhould fix our thoughts of Happineſs altogether here, will not allow

low us to taſte ſo large a Share of it as we muſt neceſſarily do in the Enjoyment of an Object on which all the Paſſions of our Soul have been placed, and to which all the Faculties of our Mind have been long aſpiring

IT is certain, however, that without having Recourſe to a ſuperior Power, there are ſeveral Accidents which naturally happen on theſe Occaſions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good Account why the greateſt Paſſions are uſually unſucceſsful. It has been long ſince obſerved by a celebrated *French* Writer, that it is much eaſier for a Man to ſucceed who only feigns a Paſſion, than for one who is truly and deſperately in Love. The firſt is ſtill Maſter of himſelf, and can watch all the Turns and Revolutions in the Temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own Paſſion to attend any thing elſe: It is with difficulty he can even perſwade himſelf to ſpeak, when he finds every thing he can ſay ſo ſhort of what he feels, and that his Conceptions are too tender to be expreſſed by Words. The Fair, generally ſpeaking, are not ſufficiently ſenſible of the Value they ought to put upon ſuch a Paſſion, nor conſider how ſtrong that Love muſt be which ſhall throw the moſt Eloquent into the utmoſt Confuſion

before them. *Flavia* is an unhappy Inſtance of what I am obſerving; ſhe was courted at once by *Tom Trifle*, and *Octavio*; the firſt could entertain her with his Love, with the ſame Indifference he talked on any other Occaſion, and with great Serenity of Mind make a Digreſſion from what he was ſaying, either to play with her Lap-dog, or give his Opinion of a Suit of Knots. *Octavio*, when Fortune favoured him with an Opportunity of declaring himſelf, was often ſtruck Speechleſs in the midſt of a Sentence, and could for ſome time expreſs himſelf no other way than by preſſing her Hand and dropping a Tear. *Flavia* having duly weighed the Merit of both, married *Trifle*. His Unkindneſs to her after Marriage, his Inability for any thing of Buſineſs, and Careleſsneſs in relation to his Fortune, ſoon plunged her into ſo many unhappy Circumſtances, that ſhe had long ſince ſunk under the weight of them, had ſhe not been conſtantly ſupported by the Intereſt and Aſſiſtance of the generous *Octavio*.

BUT beſides the Reaſons I have already aſſigned for the ill Succeſs of the moſt deſerving Paſſions, there is one which I muſt not omit. It is the Unhappineſs of too many Women of Fortune and Merit (from a diſtruſt of their own Judgment) to ſubmit themſelves entirely to the Direction of o-

thers,

thers, and rely too much on thoſe Friendſhips they have contracted with ſome of their own Sex. Theſe Female Acquaintance either immediately form ſome Deſign of their own upon them, in order to accompliſh which every other Propoſal is diſcouraged, or from a Spice of Envy, too incident to the Sex, cannot endure to ſee them ardently beloved, or think of having them paſs their Days in the Arms of a Man who they are ſenſible would make it the Buſineſs of his Life to oblige them.

I have been led more particularly into the Subject of my preſent Paper, by the unhappy Paſſion of poor *Philander*. *Philander*, tho' of an Age which the greateſt part of our Youth think fit to waſte in all the Exceſſes of Luxury and Debauchery, has laid it out in furniſhing his Mind with the moſt noble and manly Notions of Wiſdom and Virtue. He has not at the ſame time forgot to make himſelf Maſter of all thoſe little Accompliſhments which the Polite have agreed to think neceſſary for a well-bred Man; and is equally qualified for the moſt important Affairs, or the moſt gay Converſation. A perfect Knowledge of the World has made him for a long time look with the utmoſt Contempt on that inſipid part of the Female Sex, who are ſkilled in nothing but Dreſs and Vanity. His Heart remained untouched amidſt a thou-

thouſand Beauties, till a particular Accident firſt brought him to the Knowledge of the lovely, the virtuous *Emilia*. *Emilia*, with a Fortune that might command the Vanities of Life, has ſhewn that ſhe has a Mind infinitely above them Her Beauty ſerves but as the Varniſh to her Virtues, while with a graceful Innocence peculiar to her, ſhe declares, that if ever ſhe becomes a Wife, ſhe has no Ambition to be a Gawdy Slave, but ſhall prefer ſubſtantial Happineſs to empty Shew. *Philander* ſaw and loved her with a Paſſion equal to ſo much Deſert: His Birth and Fortune muſt have entitled him at leaſt to a favourable hearing, had not his Love given the Alarm to the Deſigns of a She Friend. There is ſomething at all times highly barbarous in aſperſing the abſent, even where the Caſe is doubtful; but the malicious Creature, who takes it upon her to be *Emilia*'s Directreſs, is fooliſh enough to charge *Philander* with being deficient in thoſe very things for which he is more remarkably conſpicuous: As I am a conſtant Patron to virtuous Love, I am in hopes however, that ſhould this Paper reach *Emilia*, ſhe will be ſo juſt to her ſelf, to be her own Judge in a Cauſe of this Conſequence; ſince, as a celebrated Author obſerves, it is very certain, that a generous and conſtant Paſſion, in an agreeable Lo-

ver,

ver, is the greateſt Bleſſing that can happen to the moſt deſerving of her Sex; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

N° 38. *Saturday, May* 22.

——*Scribere Juſſit Amor.* Ovid.

I Shall make this Paper conſiſt of one or two Letters. The firſt is from *Philander* to *Emilia*, but was probably intercepted by the Good-natured Directreſs whom I mentioned in my laſt. There is ſo much Love and Sincerity through the whole, as muſt have affected the moſt ſtubborn Temper.

Philander *to* Emilia.

Madam,

'IF you judge of my Paſſion only by
' what I ſaid, when I had laſt the
' Honour to ſee you, you very much in-
' jure a Heart like mine, that is filled with
' Sentiments too lively, too tender to be
' expreſſed. I hardly know indeed what
' I ſaid. What I very well remember is,
' that I was all Love and all Confuſion,

' that

'that I found it more difficult to ſpeak
'before the Woman I was born to admire,
'than I have formerly done before the
'largeſt Aſſemblies.

'AT the ſame time I muſt confeſs, I
'was not a little amazed at being ſo often
'interrupted by a Creature, whom the
'moſt common Rules of Civility ought
'to have kept at a much greater Diſtance.
'I muſt own, Madam, I was perfectly at
'a Loſs how to behave my ſelf on ſuch
'an Occaſion, and whether I ought to ſtifle
'my Reſentments, or give way to them,
'while I was ſo near a Perſon whom I had
'rather die than offend.

'AS to the buſineſs of Fortune between
'us, I have no other Propoſal to make,
'but that I may put my whole Eſtate into
'the Hands of your Council, to be ſet-
'tled after any manner which you think
'will make you moſt eaſie. I hope I have
'long ſince reſolved that my Carriage ſhall
'be ſuch, if ever I have the Honour to be
'called your Husband, as ſhall unite our
'Intereſts by the ſureſt Tie, I mean that
'of *Affection*. Give me leave to aſſure
'you, Madam, with a Freedom which I
'think my ſelf obliged to uſe on ſo ſerious
'an Occaſion, that even as beautiful as
'you are, I could never be contented with
'your Perſon without your *Heart*. All I
'deſire is, that I may have leave to try if

'my

'my utmoſt Endeavours to pleaſe and de-
'ſerve you, can make any Impreſſion on it.
'I only beg I may be allowed to explain
'my ſelf at large on this Head, though at
'the ſame time, to confeſs the Truth,
'Madam, I cannot help entertaining a
'vain Hope, that Providence had a much
'more than ordinary Influence in my firſt
'ſeeing you, and that I ſhall act with ſo
'much Truth and Sincerity in my Preten-
'ſions to you, as may poſſibly move you
'to think, that tho' I can never fully de-
'ſerve you, I am much too ſincere to be
'ſlighted. Vouchſafe, Madam, to hear
'me, and either root out this fooliſh No-
'tion by a frank and generous Denial, or
'bleſs we with an Opportunity of dedica-
'ting my whole Life to your Service, and
'doing whatever the Heart of Man can
'be inſpired with, when it is filled at
'once with *Gratitude* and *Love*. I am,

Madam,

With infinite Paſſion,

Your moſt Devoted,

Moſt Obedient, Humble Servant, &c.

THE next Letter was ſent me laſt Week by a Lady whoſe Caſe is truly deplorable, if it is really ſuch as ſhe here repreſents

preſents it. I ſhall inſert it, as ſhe deſires, for the ſake of the Moral at the end of it.

SIR,

'I Am perhaps the moſt unfortunate Wo-
'man living. My Story in ſhort is
'this. *Cinthio* —— Pardon thoſe Tears
'that will fall upon this Paper at the ſight
'of his Name —— I would tell you that I
'was long and paſſionately beloved by him
'—— But how can I deſcribe the Great-
'neſs, the Sincerity of his Paſſion! What
'Pains did he not take? What Method
'did he omit to ſhew how much he va-
'lued me? I muſt have been the worſt, the
'moſt fooliſh of my Sex, to have been in-
'ſenſible to ſo much Truth and Merit. I
'loved the dear, the unhappy Youth,
'with a Paſſion not inferior to his own;
'but out of a fooliſh Reſerve, which our ſilly
'Sex ſeldom know when they ought to
'keep up, and when lay aſide, I rather
'choſe to receive his Meſſages, and ſend
'him his Anſwers, by a Female Confident,
'than to ſee him my ſelf. *Doria* (for ſo
'I ſhall call the Wretch) had long been a
'common Friend to us both; ſhe had a
'thouſand times talked to me of *Cinthio*
'with all thoſe Praiſes he ſo truly deſerv-
'ed; when one Day ſhe came to me, and
'with a ſeeming Anguiſh of Mind told me,
'that Cinthio *was the worſt of Men, and*
'*had*

'*had baſely betrayed me.* It would be too
'tedious to give you an Account of the
'Fact ſhe charged him with. I ſhall only
'inform you, that there happened at that
'time to be ſo many unlucky Circum-
'ſtances, which made what ſhe had told
'me look like Truth, that I could not
'help believing her. She found the way
'to work up my Paſſion to ſuch a height,
'that I made a Vow never to ſee him or
'receive a Meſſage from him more; and
'within a Fortnight after, by her In-
'ſtigation, took a Man for my Husband
'whom I could neither Love nor Hate.
'I was no ſooner Married, than I was ful-
'ly convinced my *Cinthio* had been abuſed.
'After I had for ſome Days endured the
'ſharpeſt Pangs of Rage, Deſpair, Jealou-
'ſie and Love, I compoſed my ſelf juſt e-
'nough to ſend him word that I was ſatis-
'fied of his Innocence; but conjured him,
'if he had ever loved, to avoid ſeeing me.
'I was this Afternoon obliged to go to a
'near Relation's. The firſt Perſon I fix-
'ed my Eyes on when I came into the
'Room was *Cinthio*, who immediately
'burſt into a Flood of Tears, made a low
'Bow, and retired.

'I had much ado to forbear Fainting,
'but am got home, and am this moment
'enduring ſuch Torments as no Words can
'give a Notion of. I am undone; but be-

'fore

‘ fore my Senſes are quite loſt, I ſend you
‘ this, that it may for the future be ob-
‘ ſerved as a conſtant Rule by my unhap-
‘ py Sex, *Never to condemn a Lover, how-*
‘ *ever guilty he may at firſt appear, till*
‘ *they have at leaſt given him an Opportu-*
‘ *nity of juſtifying himſelf.*

I am, SIR,

The moſt unhappy of Women.

J. C.

P. S. ‘ I had like to have omitted in-
‘ forming you, that when I ſent a Letter,
‘ in the Anguiſh of my Soul, to the Wretch
‘ above deſcribed, to deſire I might know
‘ why ſhe had ruined me, I received the
‘ following Anſwer.

Dear Jenny,

“ THE Fellow you mention talked ſo
“ perpetually about you, and took
“ ſo little Notice of any Body elſe, that I
“ could at laſt no longer endure him. I
“ plainly foreſaw, that if you had ever
“ come together, you would have been
“ Company for none but your ſelves; for
“ which Reaſon I took Care to have you
“ marry a Man with whom, if I am not
“ miſtaken, you may live as other Wo-
“ men generally do with their Husbands.

I am, Yours, &c.

Tueſday,

N° 39. *Tuesday, May* 25.

Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres —— Hor.

SINCE I have given Publick Notice of my Abode, I have had many Viſits from unfortunate Fellow-Sufferers who have been croſſed in Love as well as my ſelf.

WILL. WORMWOOD, who is related to me by my Mother's ſide, is one of thoſe who often repair to me for my Advice. *Will.* is a Fellow of good Senſe, but puts it to little other uſe than to torment himſelf. He is a Man of ſo refined an Underſtanding, that he can ſet a Conſtruction upon every thing to his own diſadvantage, and turn even a Civility into an Affront. He groans under imaginary Injuries, finds himſelf abuſed by his Friends, and fancies the whole World in a kind of Combination againſt him. In ſhort, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the Spleen: You may be ſure a Man of this Humour makes a very whimſical Lover. Be that as it will, he is now over Head and Ears in that Paſſion, and by a very curious In-

terpretation of his Miſtreſs's Behaviour, has in leſs than three Months reduced himſelf to a perfect Skeleton. As her Fortune is inferior to his, ſhe gives him all the Encouragement another Man could wiſh, but has the Mortification to find that her Lover ſtill Sowers upon her Hands. *Will.* is diſſatisfied with her, whether ſhe Smiles or Frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reſerved, or too coming. A kind Word, that would make another Lover's Heart dance for Joy, pangs poor *Will.* and makes him lie awake all Night —— As I was going on with *Will. Wormwood*'s Amour, I received a Preſent from my Bookſeller, which I found to be *The Characters of* Theophraſtus, Tranſlated from the *Greek* into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Budgell.*

IT was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this Tranſlation; when I had begun to peruſe it, I could not lay it by, till I had gone thro' the whole Book; and was agreeably ſurpriſed to meet with a Chapter in it, Entitled, *A Diſcontented Temper*, which gives a livelier Picture of my Couſin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him my ſelf. It is as follows,

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

A Diſcontented Temper.

'A Diſcontented Temper, is *A frame of Mind which ſets a Man upon Complaining without reaſon.* When one of his Neighbours who makes an Entertainment, ſends a Servant to him with a Plate of any thing that is Nice, *What,* ſays he, *your Maſter did not think me good enough to Dine with him?* He complains of his Miſtreſs at the very time ſhe is careſſing him; and when ſhe redoubles her Kiſſes and Endearments, *I wiſh,* ſays he, *all this came from your Heart.* In a dry Seaſon he grumbles for want of Rain, and when a Shower falls, mutters to himſelf, *Why could not this have come ſooner?* If he happens to find a Purſe of Mony, *Had it been a Pot of Gold,* ſays he, *it would have been worth ſtooping for.* He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the Price of a Slave; and after he has paid his Money for him, *I am ſure,* ſays he, *Thou art good for nothing, or I ſhould not have had thee ſo cheap.* When a Meſſenger comes with great Joy to acquaint him that his Wife is brought to Bed of a Son, he anſwers, *That is as much as to ſay, Friend, I am poorer by half to day than I was Yeſterday.* Tho' he has gain'd

‘ Cauſe with full Coſts and Damages, he
‘ complains that his Council did not inſiſt
‘ upon the moſt material Points. If after
‘ any Misfortune has befallen him, his
‘ Friends raiſe a voluntary Contribution
‘ for him, and deſire him to be Merry,
‘ *How is that poſſible*, ſays he, *when I am*
‘ *to pay every one of you his Money again,*
‘ *and be obliged to you into the bargain?*

THE Inſtances of a Diſcontented Temper which *Theophraſtus* has here made uſe of, like thoſe which he ſingles out to illuſtrate the reſt of his Characters, are choſen with the greateſt Nicety, and full of Humour. His Strokes are always fine and exquiſite, and tho' they are not ſometimes violent enough to affect the Imagination of a courſe Reader, cannot but give the higheſt Pleaſure to every Man of a refined Taſte, who has a thorough Inſight into Human Nature.

AS for the Tranſlation, I have never ſeen any of a Proſe Author which has pleaſed me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the Publick with it, has followed the Rule which *Horace* has laid down for Tranſlators, by preſerving every where the Life and Spirit of his Author, without ſervilely copying after him Word for Word. This is what the *French*, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by Per-

formances

formances of this Nature, ſo often inculcate when they adviſe a Tranſlator to find out ſuch particular Elegances in his own Tongue, as bear ſome Analogy to thoſe he ſees in the Original, and to expreſs himſelf by ſuch Phraſes as his Author would probably have made uſe of, had he written in the Language into which he is tranſlated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky Word, or a ſhort Circumſtance, the Meaning of *Theophraſtus* is all along explained, and the Humour very often carried to a greater height. A Tranſlator, who does not thus conſider the different Genius of the two Languages in which he is concerned, with ſuch parallel Turns of Thoughts and Expreſſion as correſpond with one another in both of them, may value himſelf upon being a *faithful Interpreter*; but in Works of Wit and Humour will never do Juſtice to his Author, or Credit to himſelf.

AS this is every where a judicious and a reaſonable Liberty, I ſee no Chapter in *Theophraſtus* where it has been ſo much indulged, and in which it was ſo abſolutely neceſſary, as in the Character of the *Sloven*. I find the Tranſlator himſelf, tho' he has taken Pains to qualifie it, is ſtill apprehenſive that there may be ſomething too groſs in the Deſcription. The Reader will ſee with how much *Delicacy* he

has touched upon every Particular, and caſt into Shades every thing that was ſhocking in ſo Nauſeous a Figure.

CHAP. XIX.

A SLOVEN.

'SLOVENLINESS is *Such a Neg-*
'*lect of a Man's Perſon, as makes him Of-*
'*fenſive to other People.* The Sloven
'comes into Company with a dirty pair
'of Hands, and a ſett of long Nails at the
'end of them, and tells you for an Ex-
'cuſe, that his Father and Grandfather
'uſed to do ſo before him. However,
'that he may out-go his Fore-Fathers, his
'Fingers are covered with Warts of his
'own raiſing. He is as hairy as a Goat,
'and takes care to let you ſee it. His
'Teeth and Breath are perfectly well ſuit-
'ed to one another. He lays about him
'at Table after a very extraordinary man-
'ner, and takes in a Meal at a Mouthful;
'which he ſeldom diſpoſes of without of-
'fending the Company. In Drinking he
'generally makes more haſte than good
'ſpeed. When he goes into the Bath,
'you may eaſily find him out by the ſcent
'of his Oyl, and diſtinguiſh him when he
'is dreſs'd by the ſpots in his Coat. He
'does not ſtand upon Decency in Conver-
'ſation, but will talk Smut, tho' a Prieſt

'and

‘ and his Mother be in the Room. He
‘ commits a Blunder in the moſt ſolemn
‘ Offices of Devotion, and afterwards falls
‘ a laughing at it. At a Conſort of Mu-
‘ ſick he breaks in upon the Performance,
‘ hums over the Tune to himſelf, or if he
‘ thinks it long, asks the Muſicians *Whe-*
‘ *ther they will never have done?* He al-
‘ ways ſpits at random, and if he is at an
‘ Entertainment, ’tis ten to one but it is
‘ upon the Servant who ſtands behind
‘ him.

THE foregoing Tranſlation brings to my Remembrance that excellent Obſervation of my Lord *Roſcommon*’s.

None yet have been with Admiration *read,*
But who (*beſide their* Learning) *were* Well-bred.
Lord Roſcommon’s *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

IF after this the Reader can endure the filthy Repreſentation of the ſame Figure expoſed in its worſt Light, he may ſee how it looks in the former *Engliſh* Verſion, which was Publiſhed ſome Years ſince, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere.*

Naſtineſs or *Slovenlineſs.*

‘ SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and
‘ beaſtly Negligence of a Man’s own Per-
‘ ſon, whereby he becomes ſo ſordid, as
‘ to be offenſive to thoſe about him.

‘ You'll ſee him come into Company when
‘ he is cover'd all over with a Leproſy and
‘ Scurf, and with very long Nails, and
‘ ſays, thoſe Diſtempers were hereditary,
‘ that his Father and Grandfather had them
‘ before him. He has Ulcers in his Thighs,
‘ and Boils upon his Hands, which he takes
‘ no care to have cured, but lets them run
‘ on till they are gone beyond Remedy.
‘ His Arm-pits are all hairy, and moſt part
‘ of his Body like a Wild Beaſt. His Teeth
‘ are black and rotten, which makes his
‘ Breath ſtink ſo that you cannot endure
‘ him to come nigh you; he will alſo ſnuff
‘ up his Noſe and ſpit it out as he eats, and
‘ uſes to ſpeak with his Mouth cramm'd full,
‘ and lets his Victuals come out at both Cor-
‘ ners. He belches in the Cup as he is
‘ drinking, and uſes naſty ſtinking Oyl in
‘ the Bath. He will intrude into the beſt
‘ Company in ſordid ragged Cloaths. If
‘ he goes with his Mother to the South-
‘ ſayers, he cannot then refrain from wick-
‘ ed and prophane Expreſſions. When he
‘ is making his Oblations at the Temple,
‘ he will let the Diſh drop out of his
‘ Hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had
‘ done ſome brave Exploit. At the fineſt
‘ Conſort of Muſick he can't forbear clap-
‘ ping his Hands, and making a rude
‘ Noiſe; will pretend to Sing along with
‘ them, and fall a Railing at them to leave
‘ off.

'off Sitting at Table, he ſpits full upon
'the Servants who waited there.

I cannot cloſe this Paper without obſerving, That if Gentlemen of Leiſure and Genius would take the ſame Pains upon ſome other *Greek* or *Roman* Author, that has been beſtowed upon this, we ſhould no longer be abuſed by our Bookſellers, who ſet their Hackney-Writers at Work for ſo much a Sheet. The World would ſoon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an Author into *Engliſh*, and *Tranſlating* him.

N° 40. *Thurſday, May* 27.

——— Nec tarda ſenectus
Debilitat vires ——— Virg.

THE Boſom into which Love enters, enclines the Perſon who is inſpired with it, with a Goodneſs towards all with whom he converſes, more extenſive than even that which is inſtilled by Charity. I pretend to ſo much of this noble Paſſion, as ſeldom to overlook the Excellencies of other Men; and I forgive Mrs. *Page* all the Pangs my Paſſion has given

given me, ſince, though I am never to have her, all other Perſons are become more agreeable to me, from the large good Will, the beginning of which I owe to the Admiration of her. There are no Excellencies of Mind or Body in any Perſon that comes before me, which eſcape my Obſervation, and I take great Pleaſure in divulging my Senſe of them.

I muſt confeſs, Entertainments of the Neighbouring Theatre frequently engage my Evenings; I do not take it to be a Condeſcenſion, that ſome of my Papers are but Paraphraſes upon Play Bills. I have grown old in the Obſervation of the Feats of Activity and Genius for intelligent Movements, which I have always loved in my old Acquaintance *Jo. Prince*, who is to entertain us on *Monday* next with ſeveral new Inventions, wherein he has expreſſed the Compaſs and Variety of his excellent Talent. One of thoſe Diverſions he calls the *Rattle*, from the *Harlequin*, irregular and comick Movements with which it is performed; another, which he hath termed *the Loobey*, is performed by himſelf, bearing a *Prong*, and Mrs. *Bicknall* managing a *Rake* with as much Beauty (tho' a little higher Dancing) as an *Arcadian* Shepherdeſs. The next Dance he will give us is very aptly called *the Innocent*, to be performed by Mrs. *Younger*, a genteel

teel Movement, consisting of a Sarabrand and Jigg, to represent both the Simplicity and Gaiety of that Character.

THE fourth Act will be followed by a Motion contrived to represent the Midnight Mirth of Linkboys; the Dance is very Humorous, and well imagined.

HIS Play concludes with what they call a Figure Dance, performed by an Elegant Assembly of Gentlemen and Ladies, and is as much different from any of the preceding Movements, as the Stile of a Poem is above that of a Ballad.

BUT I must turn my Thoughts from this Performer, to a Person who has also diverted many different Generations on the Theatre, but in a much higher Sphere; to wit, in the Character of a Poet. The Person whom I am about to mention is the Celebrated Mr. *d'Urfey*, who has had the Fate of all great Authors, to have met with much Envy and Opposition; but the sagacious part of Mankind ward (as soon as they begin to grow conspicuous) themselves against the Envious, by representing the Nobility of their Birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the Writings of my Friend against the Malice of Criticks, by shewing how Ancient a Gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to show those who pretend to Cavil at my Friend's Writ-

Writings, that his Anceſtors made a greater Figure in the World, nay in the Learned World, than their own.

Monſieur Perrault, *the famous* French *Academiſt, in his Memoirs of the Worthies of* France, *gives this Teſtimony of the Houſe of* d'Urfey.

'HONORIUS *d'Urfey*, ſays he, Ca-
'det of the Illuſtrious Houſe of
'*d'Urfey*, in the Province of *Forreſt*, was
'choſen Knight of *Malta*, and diſcharged
'the *devoirs* of his Profeſſion, with all the
'Bravery and all the Exactneſs it could
'require.

'HE had two Brothers, the Eldeſt of
'which married the Heireſs of *Chatteau-*
'*morant*; but the Marriage afterwards be-
'ing declared Null, by Reaſon of his In-
'ſufficiency, he became Religious, and
'died Prior of *Mountverdon*, and Dean of
'the Chapter of St. *John de Mount-*
'*briſſon*.

'THE ſecond Brother was Maſter of
'the Horſe to the Duke of *Savoy*, and
'liv'd to be above one hundred Years
'old.

'*HONORIUS* was very much ad-
'mired for many noble and witty Perfor-
'mances; but what principally obliges us
'to put him into the Number of our Illu-
'ſtrious

'ſtrious Men, was the Beauty and Ferti-
'lity which appears with ſo much Splen-
'dor in *Aſtrea*, the Romance he has
'left us, in which are lively Pictures of all
'the Conditions of human Life, in ſo ge-
'nuine a Manner, that the Idea he gives
'of them has not only for above fifty Years
'paſt charmed all *France*, but all *Europe*.

'WHATEVER Veneration we are
'obliged to have for the admirable Poems
'of *Homer*, which have been the Delight
'of all Ages, yet, I believe, it may be
'ſaid, that to conſider them on the Score
'of Invention, Manners, Paſſion and Cha-
'racter, Monſieur *d'Urfey*'s *Aſtrea*, tho'
'Proſe, deſerves no leſs the Name of a
'Poem, and not in the leaſt Inferior to *Ho-*
'*mer*'s; this is the Judgment of very learn-
'ed Men, *viz.* Cardinal *Richlieu*, Mr.
'*Waller*, *Cowley*, &c. And thoſe, who
'have been very much prepoſſeſt for the
'Ancients againſt the Moderns.

'OF this excellent Romance we men-
'tion, tho' finiſht by another (he dying
'before the laſt *Tome* was written) yet he
'left enough from his own Hand to eſta-
'bliſh his Fame; nor was it found to be
'meerly Romance, but an enigmatical
'Contexture of his own principal Adven-
'tures, before he ſet out for his noble Sta-
'tion at *Malta*, where he remained ſeve-
'ral Years.

'HE

'HE had conceived a Love for Mada-
'moiſelle *de Chatteaumorant*, ſole Heireſs
'of her Family, beautiful, rich and haugh-
'ty, but of that noble Haughtineſs which
'is commonly inſpired by great Virtues;
'in his Abſence, ſhe was married to his
'eldeſt Brother, more upon a political
'Account than any united Affection, as
'will thus appear.

'THE Houſes of *d'Urfey* and *Chatte-*
'*aumorant*, the two greateſt of the whole
'Province, were always at Enmity with
'one another, and their Intereſts had di-
'vided all the Nobility of the Country, ſo
'that the Parents on both ſides were will-
'ing by this Alliance to dry up the Source
'of the Quarrels and Misfortunes, which
'uſually happened every Moment.

'*D'URFEY*, at his Return from
'*Malta*, found his Miſtreſs married to his
'Brother, yet ſtill he could not ceaſe to
'love her; and in all likelihood was not
'ignorant of his ſecret Defect, who, af-
'ter ten Years Marriage, confeſſing at laſt
'his Impotence, was divorc'd; and then
'the Chevalier (obtaining a Diſpenſation
'of his Vow) after he had ſurmounted ſe-
'veral Difficulties, eſpouſed Madamoiſelle
'*Chatteaumorant*.

'THESE Adventures gave Occaſion
'to thoſe of *Celadon*, *Silvander*, *Aſtrea*
'and *Diana*, who are the myſtical Images

'of

‘ of them; divers Affairs of Perſons of
‘ the beſt Quality at Court, in his Time,
‘ having alſo furniſht Matter for the inge-
‘ nious Conſtruction of the Work.

So far Perrault.

‘ *SEVERINUS d'Urfey*, his near Kinſ-
‘ man, the before-mentioned Chevalier
‘ being his great Unkle, for the Extrava-
‘ gancy of his Youth, or ſome other Rea-
‘ ſon which has always been a Secret to
‘ thoſe about him, was diſinherited ſome
‘ time before he came into *England*; where
‘ being excellently well gifted in all Gen-
‘ tleman-like Qualities, tho' undoing all
‘ by his immoderate Vice of Gaming, he
‘ married a Gentlewoman of *Huntington-*
‘ *ſhire*, of the Family of the *Marmions*,
‘ from whom deſcended *Thomas d'Urfey*,
‘ the Ornament of this Paper.

THERE ſeems to be no Blot in this Pedigree, but that of the Inſufficiency of the Gentleman who married the Heireſs of *Chatteaumorant*; but as he could by reaſon of that Defect have no Deſcendants, the Heralds of *Germany*, *Scotland* and *Wales* all agree, that Inſufficiency in a Collateral Line cannot affect the Heirs General; ſo that thus my Friend and his Writ-

ings

ings are safe against the most malicious Criticks in this particular.

MONSIEUR *Menage* reports, that the *d' Urfeys* descended from the Emperors of *Constantinople* on the Father's side, and the Viceroy of *Naples* on the Mother's. I shall put *Menage*'s Words by way of Advertisement at the end of my to-Days Work. This long Account I have inserted, that the Ignorant of Mr. *d'Urfey*'s Quality may know how to receive him, when on the seventh of next Month he shall appear (as he designs) in Honour of the Ladies, to speak an Oration by way of Prologue to the *Richmond Heiress*.

THAT Gentleman has so long appeared in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, attended only by one Servant, and him all along under Age, that the Generality have too familiar a Conception of him; but it is to be hoped, that the Ladies, for whose Sake only he appears in Publick, will Smile upon him, as if he himself were a Knight of *Malta*, and receive him as if they beheld *Honorius* and *Severinus* in their professed Servant *Thomas d' Urfey*. It is recommended to all the fine Spirits, and beautiful Ladies, to possess themselves of Mr. *d'Urfey*'s Tickets, least a further Account, which we shall shortly give of his Family and Merit, may make the Generality

lity Purchaſe them, and exclude thoſe whom he moſt deſires for his Audience.

Extract from *Menage*.

MESSIRE d'Urfey ſe noment Laſcuris en leur nom de Family, et Pretendent etre iſſus des Anciens Laſcuris Empereurs de Conſtantinople, le dernier Marqui d'Urfey qui avoit epouſe une dalegre, diſoit a ſon fils qui etoit exempt des Gardes, Mon fils, vous avez de grands Examples a ſuivre tant du Cote Paternel que Maternel de mon Cote vos Ancêtres etoient Empereurs d'Orient, et du Cote de vôtre Mere vous venes de Vicerois de Naples. Le fils repondit, il faut, Monſieur, que ce ſoient de pauvres gens, de n'avoir pu faire qu'un miſerable exempt de Gardes, d'on vient qu'ils ne m'ont laiſſi ni l' Empire ni leur Viceroyaute.

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THE READER.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Tonson.* MDCCXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE READER.

N° 1. *Thursday, April* 22. 1714.

Semper Ego Auditor Tantum?---- Juv.

I Am a Man that have read my ſelf almoſt blind, and find by a modeſt Calculation of things, that it is as wonderful how the Scribblers of this Age live, as how the Ale-houſes ſubſiſt, tho' almoſt every Houſe is a Victualler's. I take this Circumſtance of the Tippling-places to be in ſome Meaſure attributed to the Juſtices of the Peace, who as well to oblige their Clerks, who have ſo much a Licenſe, as to let no one who is a Stranger in Town want Accommodation.---But I have ran this Simile too far to be like what I was going to liken it to; and ſhall

therefore proceed, without minding that, to give an Account to the Publick before whom I appear, why I appear at all.

YOU muſt know I have a long Time frequented Coffee-houſes and read Papers, and ſpent my Money upon Coffee for the Advantage of Reading the Papers; tho' the Coffee and the Papers alſo are meer Dryers, and do but hinder my natural Capacity by a forced Livelineſs as to the Coffee, and a falſe Gravity as to the Papers; for as to the former, I have afterwards found my ſelf diſpirited thereby, as to the latter, miſ-led rather than enlightened.

I humbly therefore deſire all who, like my ſelf, have been patient or gentle Readers, to take in me, who ſet up in Behalf of all Perſons who for ſome Time laſt paſt have been impoſed upon, I mean from the Beginning of the World, which is but an Inſtant in Compariſon of the ſucceeding Time——. I beg Pardon, I am ſtill but a Reader, and ſo little uſed to Writing, that I have made two Parentheſis, if not more, together; ſo that I cannot go on without beginning a new Sentence.

I am then to let you underſtand, that in Conſideration that all Readers have a long time been impoſed upon, I ſtep out to do all of thoſe good People Juſtice, and write Things, which, from the Obſervations which I have made in the Character of a Reader, have moſt offended that innocent

nocent part of the World. It is certain that many become Authors before they have been Readers, which has led them into much Errour, from the Fault of humourſom Parents, who would have them learn to Write firſt. But under the Character of Reader, I claim the Liberty to go out of my way, and lay by what I am about, take a Nap, or ſuſpend my Attention as I pleaſe——: But this careleſs Behaviour to what I met with in Publick, firſt vaniſhed from two remarkable Circumſtances. The *Daily Courant* of *April* the 15th publiſhes a Declaration of the French King given at *Verſailles*, wherein he renews a Prohibition that had been in force for three Years; I ſay, he renews an Order which had been ſo long in force, without ſuch Succeſs as not to need the Repetition of it, that no new Converts to the Roman Catholick Religion ſhould ſell their immoveable Eſtates within the three next ſucceeding Years; without the King's Leave, or that of thoſe authorized by him. I remember our Papers formerly ſpoke another Thing I am very ſorry for, which this good Prince inſiſts upon, which imply'd that his Majeſty would underſtand all the Children of his Proteſtant Subjects born within the Dominions of other Provinces, to be under the Penalties of his inland Proteſtants. This grieved me more than ordinary, becauſe by the Rule of taking from

us one Generation, and not letting the Naturalization of the Parents, or Birth of the Children, denominate thoſe born in other Nations Subjects of thoſe Nations, he may take off, for ought I know, the beſt Men of all other Dominions. I am ſure he might by that Rule undo *Great-Britain*, by taking from us his greateſt Opponents and our beſt Patriots; for ſome Etymologiſts and Heralds ſay, the illuſtrious Names of *Harlay, d' Harcourt*, and *St. Jean*, are originally *French*. But as to the Prohibition I was ſpeaking of, to diſpoſe of their Fortunes, I took great Notice, when I was a private Man (like you common Readers) that a worthy Prelate, Author of *The Hiſtory of the Reformation*, in his Sermon preached on laſt *Eaſter Monday*, *March* 29. has this excellent and reaſonable Paragraph on the Subject of the Danger of Popery.

'HERE I have given you but a faint 'Deſcription of what you muſt all look for, 'when that Day comes which our Aſſer-'tors of *Hereditary-Right* are pleading 'for, and are not afraid to own, (ſo ſure, 'it ſeems, they think their Deſigns are 'laid) that even all Funds muſt be at the 'Mercy of the next Heir, whom they 'look and wiſh for; and if they are at his 'Mercy, let none deceive themſelves with 'this vain and impious Thought, that it 'will coſt them no more but the changing

'their

‘ their Religion to ſave all. To thoſe who
‘ have none, this will be no hard Perform-
‘ ance to ſecure every thing to them; but
‘ even in this they may reckon wrong:
‘ In *France* a heavy Jealouſie hangs ſtill o-
‘ ver thoſe who fell in the Hour of Trial;
‘ every Step they make is watched, their
‘ want of Zeal is obſerved, their Children
‘ are taken from them, and every Infor-
‘ mation againſt them brings them into
‘ great Trouble; ſo that their Lives be-
‘ come a Burthen to them, which even
‘ their Apoſtacy cannot ſecure them from.
‘ They muſt either over-do Matters, and run
‘ into all the Exceſſes of ſupererrogating Su-
‘ perſtition, and even of informing againſt
‘ others, or elſe they will be ſtill under Suſ-
‘ picion. The enriching of Shrines and
‘ Relicts, the adorning Churches and I-
‘ mages, an affected Devotion to Saints,
‘ with the Pomp of Endowments, will be
‘ then the Teſts by which Mens Affections
‘ will be judged. The bare doing what is
‘ commanded will not ſerve turn: The
‘ Wealth with which God bleſſes any, muſt
‘ be applied to the Endowing of Altars,
‘ the Founding of perpetual Maſſes, and
‘ the Redemption of Souls out of Purga-
‘ tory. A Multitude of Holidays muſt take
‘ Men off from their Labour, but Proceſ-
‘ ſions will come in place of that, which
‘ though they impoveriſh the Laity, yet

‘ will

‘ will be turned to the enriching thoſe who
‘ deal in that Traffick.

AS to the new Converts mentioned above before the laſt Quotation, I muſt remark, that a Fellow in the Coffee-houſe where I read that the Sale of the Eſtates of New Converts was forbidden, ſaid, We would not care Farthing for that, if the new Converts amongſt us were forbidden to purchaſe. I know not what he meant by that, nor am I reſponſible to find out his Meaning, but am at Liberty to fob off my Readers, as I have, when a Reader, been delayed my ſelf, till Time ſhall diſcover theſe Matters; and in the Interim to ſay, whether I think it or not, that theſe Matters want Confirmation.

THE Reader may ſee with what Familiarity of Stile I treat him; but he will I hope, excuſe me, when this is only to recover loſt Time, by impoſing upon others as I have been my ſelf, and deſiring of them to bear with me as well as they have done with my Predeceſſors in Scribbling. This Favour I will deſerve, by being an Obſerver upon all that is written by other Journaliſts, and being partial to no Author but my ſelf. The *Poſt-boy* is a conſiderable Man; the *Courant*, you ſee, I have quoted already; the *Poſt-man* is a Neuter, but againſt his Conſcience; the *Examiner* has no Conſcience; the *Lover* is a Cheat, for

he

he is a married Man; and the *Flying-poſt* has abundance of Miſtakes, which he never commits by little and little, but is wrong or right from the Beginning to the End of a Paper.

BESIDES this, there are abundance of Books printed every Day, which I ſhall take Notice of, and put my ſelf to the Labour of Reading hap-hazard, without ſtaying till I hear them commended. This, let me tell you, is a great Help to Men of good Eſtates, who are not obliged to be ſo exact in their Reading; and I'll take Care that he who talks after me, ſhall talk well enough for a Man of Quality. Let me tell you again, this is a great Matter; the Rich by my Means may adorn themſelves by the Labours of the Poor, and the Poor feed by the Follies of the Rich; which indeed is as it ſhould be.

I muſt take Notice that I have read the following Advertiſement twice or thrice repeated.

WHEREAS there is a new Altar-Piece or Painting put up in the Chancel of the Church of White-Chappel *within the Dioceſs of* London, (*belonging to the Rector of the ſaid Pariſh*) *wherein the Traytor* Judas (*contrary to all Figures ancient and modern*) *is drawn as ſitting in an Elbow-Chair, in a Prieſt's Gown and Band, and*

and other Appearances of a dignified Clergyman of the Church of England: *Theſe are to give Notice, that if any Perſon or Perſons will diſcover who was the Deſigner and Director of that impious Fancy, they, or either of them, ſhall have* 10 *Guineas Reward immediately paid upon Information and Evidence ſo given, in order to proſecute any prophane Fellow concerned in it, by me*

Willoughby Willey.

WHAT I have to ſay to this Point is, That (if the Fact be true) the Miniſter of the Church (if privy to it) who ſuffered it to be erected, has done a thing that is in the higheſt Degree a Scandal to his Character; and has given the Gentleman whom the unchriſtian Man is ſaid to have cauſed to be drawn in that Tablette, an Opportunity of imitating the moſt ſacred Character that ſhould be there in his Patience, and turning the *Judas* upon him, who could with that Supper before him project ſo treacherous and baſe an Aſſault upon the Reputation of his Brother, and conſequently diſappoint the Effect of his Miniſtry, which in Charity he ought to believe better directed than his own.

Saturday,

N° 2. *Saturday, April* 24.

Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus. Hor.

THE Title of my Paper may ſufficiently explain the Deſign of it, which is chiefly to diſabuſe thoſe Readers who are impoſed upon by the licentious Writers of this degenerate Age. The greateſt Offender in this Kind is the *Examiner*. I know many ſober and intelligent Men are of Opinion, that his Aſſertions are ſo groſs, and his Falſhood ſo viſible, that there is no Need of taking any Notice of him: But I am of another Mind; for all ſuch People as have not Temper enough to reflect upon Reaſoning againſt him, are ſatisfied if more Words are put into their Mouths to vent that Rage, which they have not Patience to root quite out, or perhaps after having gone ſome Lengths which they are aſhamed of, want Candour to retract their Errors. The *Examiner* has a great while had nothing elſe to utter but meer Words of Paſſion; and his Paper which came out this 23d of *April*, is written in this Taſte. After putting the follow-

following Words in Italick Letters, at ſuch Diſtances as he thinks are ornamental to his Paper, *Whigs*, *Government*, *Fears*, *Jealouſies*, *Peace at home*, *Sedition*, *Suſpicions*, *Cenſures*, *Murmurs*, *Dreams*, *Prophecies*, *Rumour*, *Report*, *Ghoſts*, *Apparitions*, *honourable Amends*, and *Scarecrow*, he begins to be a little underſtood, and ſeems to ſay that thoſe Whigs, a People not yet deſcribed by him, but in general Revilings, ſo that it is impoſſible to tell whom he means; but he ſays of them, That inſtead of making Atonement for their paſt Sins, they are *ſtill reviving their own Shame and Infamy, and ringing over the ſame Chimes in our Ears without ceaſing, Popery! the Pretender! French Tyranny!* Dunkirk *not demoliſhed!* Toby Butler! *the Highlands! Swarms of Jacobites! the Catalans! the Peace! Importation of Jeſuits! Invaſions from* Bar-le-duc! *All theſe ſtale noiſy Topicks are ſtill flying about our Ears like Wild-fire wrapp'd up in Paper.* Give me Leave to obſerve, this Author has put the Peace in very bad Company, and no one but he would dare to take the Liberty to put it, in the moſt oblique Way, on the ſame Foot of being mentioned with the Caſe of the Catalans and the Importation of Jeſuits. But after the Climax of Diſtreſſes from the Word Popery to the Words Invaſions from *Bar-*

le-

le-duc, he has not thought fit to obviate any Arguments heretofore uſed, that all good Men ſhould be alarmed at the Growth of Power in a ſuperſtitious Prince, who has been formerly the Patron of the Pretender: Nay he is ſo far from doing any thing like this, that he ſtrives to abate the Pleaſure Men take in the Hopes of the Arrival of a Prince from *Hanover*, who is the Third in the Succeſſion to the Crown after Her Majeſty without Iſſue.

THERE are many Circumſtances in this Affair which make it improper to mention it at all; but ſince this Gentleman has, or takes, Leave to ſay what he pleaſes, I ſhall, in Behalf of all who read him, anſwer what he calls a few *ſeaſonable Queſtions in this Juncture of Affairs.*

WOULD the coming of the young Prince demoliſh Dunkirk *more effectually? Would* Toby Butler's *Recruits immediately deſert? Would it raiſe the Siege of* Barcelona? *break the Peace? change the Nature of French Tyranny? or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of* Lorain? *I believe they will not venture to ſay, that a Prince, however powerful, yet a Subject ſtill, would, upon his firſt landing, interpoſe ſo vigorouſly in publick Affairs. And if ſo, then it is plain from the Conduct of the Whigs themſelves, that all theſe Clamours which they have ſo long dwelt upon, taking each particular*

cular Caſe as their own Advocates have ſtated it, are perfectly groundleſs, and the Proteſtant Religion is in no Danger from any of theſe Incidents; unleſs they would loyally and modeſtly inſinuate, that the ſame things which they call Grievances under Her M—, would ceaſe to be ſo if any of Her Proteſtant Heirs were reſident among us.

HERE are his Queſtions, and Reflections after them: To which I anſwer, That tho' the Arrival of the Duke of *Cambridge* would not demoliſh *Dunkirk*, yet it would make us leſs fearful of the ill Conſequences from its being undemoliſhed; one of which may be an Attempt of impoſing upon us the Pretender, whoſe Invaſion would be leſs dreaded, when one who is a Prince of the Blood was ready to fight againſt him, and animate all good Subjects in Her Majeſty's and his own Cauſe againſt him. *Toby Butler*'s Recruits might not, perhaps, deſert, but it would make Mr. *Butler*'s Promiſe to them, of ſeeing their Maſter ſoon in theſe Dominions, more unlikely than at preſent, when ſo Valorous a Prince as the Duke of *Cambridge* was ready to oppoſe him; the Duke of *Cambridge*, who before now has kept the Field when the Pretender fled out of it. His Arrival would not raiſe the Siege of *Barcelona*, but it would animate the Beſieged, that this

this Inſtance of the Prevalence of the Cauſe of Liberty in ſo powerful a Nation as *Great Britain*, had this Reinforcement. His Arrival would not break the Peace, but it would make our Affairs more confirmed and cemented both in Time of Peace and in Caſe of a War. It would not change the Nature of a French Tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of *Lorain*; but it would certainly render them both leſs formidable to all who are Friends to the Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hanover*. After the Queſtions, he inſinuates in his Reflections above, That a buſy Behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of *Cambridge*: And I agree with him that it would not, but his very Reſidence in *England* would have all the good Effects above-mentioned.

BUT the *Examiner* diſcovers immediately afterwards that he has Exceptions, which he does not think fit to ſpeak out, againſt his coming at all. I, who have been a careful Reader, have obſerved that it has been the Trick, for ſome Time paſt, to let drop Hints in the *Examiner* (which I am not to judge who gives the Author) of what has been openly avowed afterwards: The Way to any unwelcome Circumſtances has been paved by ſome received political Writers. The Words which raiſe my Jealouſy are theſe: *I ſhall*

not pretend to ſpeculate upon the Motions of this Prince, with whom the Faction have made ſo free, nor explain thoſe Words in the Preamble of the D—'s Patent, which ſeem to croſs upon any ſuch early Undertaking as the Whigs pretend is in View. It is an hard thing to keep one's Temper under this malicious Inſinuation againſt both the Queen and Her Succeſſors; but his Malice is not to be fruſtrated by my Anger, therefore I ſhall calmly rehearſe the Preamble of which he ſpeaks, as I find it tranſlated, and have compared it with the Latin. It runs thus:

'WHEREAS the moſt ſerene Electoral Houſe of *Brunſwick Lunenburgh* 'is ſprung from the Royal Stock of our 'Anceſtors, and, in Caſe of our Death 'without Iſſue, ought (*according to the 'Laws ratified by our Authority*) to enjoy 'the Kingdoms of their Progenitors; yet, 'as we earneſtly deſire that the ſaid moſt 'ſerene Houſe ſhould no leſs be tied to us 'by Friendſhip than by Blood and Alli-'ances, we, according to our ſingular Af-'fection towards the ſame, have decreed 'to grace with the higheſt Honours our 'moſt dear Couſin *George Auguſtus*, Son 'to the moſt ſerene Elector. And altho' '*the only Son of ſo great a Prince cannot 'go out of his native Country without the 'utmoſt Danger*, eſpecially at this Time, when

‘ when the neighbouring States are toſs'd
‘ with ſuch violent Tempeſts: To the End
‘ nevertheleſs, *that as much as poſſible*, he
‘ may, by the Authority of his Name and
‘ Dignity, *tho' abſent, be in a Manner pre-*
‘ *ſent in our Parliament and Councils*, we
‘ have ordered him to be added to the
‘ Number of the Peers of this Realm. This
‘ will be to him an Earneſt of that ſupream
‘ Dignity, to which (according to Ours,
‘ and the Wiſhes of all our Subjects) he is
‘ deſtined; that being henceforth adorned
‘ with the Titles of this moſt noble King-
‘ dom, which the Princes of the Blood
‘ Royal have always courted, he may be
‘ proud to be ours. You therefore the
‘ Barons, Viſcounts, Earls, Marquiſſes
‘ and Dukes, congratulate with your ſelves
‘ that a Prince of ſo great Hopes, the Or-
‘ nament and Darling of *Germany*, the
‘ Defender of our moſt Holy Religion,
‘ and the Aſſertor of publick Liberty, one
‘ that is hereafter to govern you, and till
‘ then is one of you, ſhould now delight
‘ to be veſted with the ſame Honours with
‘ you, *&c.*

I ſee no Imperfection in this Preamble, and it is a moſt diſloyal Inſinuation to ſay there is any thing in it which ſeems to croſs the Expectation of ſeeing the Duke of *Cambridge* in *England*. All that is ſaid that gives the leaſt Pretence to his Stay abroad,

to wit, the Importance of his Perſon where he is, and paſſing through Nations troubled with War, are fully anſwered, in that we are now in Peace; and moſt cogent Reaſons for his coming are implied in the Matter which form the *Examiner*'s Queſtions. The Inſinuation from this Preamble is as frivolous as it is malicious; for if the Preamble were what we may call the conſtituting or enacting Part of a Patent, what would become of Peers whoſe Patents have no Preambles at all? The Duke of *Cambridge* is as good a Peer as any in *England*, and is by a ſubſequent Act of Parliament the Firſt of the Engliſh Nobility: And whenever he is pleaſed to viſit *England*, he has Right to Precedence to all our Nobles, and to aſſiſt or inſtruct himſelf at their Councils. However he is qualified for the former, he will improve as an Engliſhman, by being obſervant of Pleadings at the Court of Judicature wherein is our laſt Appeal. He may learn our Laws of Perſons who have come into that Houſe through their Merit in Knowledge of them, and from ſuch as are fit to converſe with and inform Princes (without a ſervile Awe of their Quality) how to be Bleſſings to Mankind, and how to ſcorn any Power over Men but ſuch as God uſes, a Power which rejects any Obedience but what flows from their Hearts and Affections,

and

and no other Sovereignty can be looked upon as of Right Divine.

THIS *Examiner* has one honeſt Line: *We hope that the Vacancy of the Throne is at a great Diſtance off.* This is what every good Subject will join with him in. But he goes on to ſay, *We have not yet heard of any Reſignations, and we are confident, that an Active Faction, and a Paſſive Government, will not always be the Caſe.* Will not always be the Caſe! Where, or how is it now the Caſe? I cannot but urge this Sentence upon the *Examiner*, and muſt own as a Reader, that he never offended me more in his Life than in this laſt Sentence. The Government under which the *Examiner* writes, might very well demand of him what Government he means. If it may be preſumed he means the Government of that Kingdom in which the Language wherein he writes is ſpoken, he has called it deſpicable; for no one will deny that a Paſſive Government can be any other.

BUT this Man has the leaſt Judgment of any Creature in the World, except thoſe who, if they have it in their Power, do not ſilence, or bring him to Juſtice.

WHILE he is tolerated, or any other that ſcribble to the Diſadvantage of my Country, I will, in Juſtice to all my Countrymen their Readers, explain their So-

phiſms, and bring them to the Examination of Reaſon and Juſtice. This will I certainly do with firm Reſolution; and now I name the Word Reſolution, I muſt ſay ſomething proper for the Theme at Top of my Paper, which Ornament is become a great Faſhion. I will go on ſecure of a Reward, as needing none; for Virtue (ſays my Author) will ſhine with unblemiſh'd Honour, in ſpite of all the Repulſes it can meet with. There is a Manuſcript, which I had not out of the ſame Library from which the Aſſerter of Hereditary Right borrowed his Quotations; but I won't ſay where. The Story is this; (it runs mightily upon the Word certain)

'There was a certain Husbandman, in a 'certain Kingdom, who lived in a cer-'tain Place under a certain Hill, near a 'certain Bridge. This poor Man was a 'little of a Scholar, and given to Coun-'try Learning, ſuch as Aſtrological Pre-'dictions of the Weather, and the like. 'One Night, in one of his Muſings about 'his Houſe, he ſaw a Party of Soldiers 'belonging to a Prince in Enmity with 'his own coming towards the Bridge: He 'immediately ran and drew up that Part 'which is called the Draw-bridge, and 'calling all his Family, and getting his 'Cattle together, he put his Plough, be-'hind that his Stools, and his Chairs be-

'hind

‘ hind them, and by this Means ſtopped
‘ the March till it was Daylight, when all
‘ the neighbouring Lords and Gentle-
‘ men ſaw the Enemy as well as he. They
‘ crowded on with great Gallantry to op-
‘ poſe the Foe, and in their Zeal and
‘ Hurry throwing our Husband-man o-
‘ ver Bridge, and his Goods after him,
‘ effectually kept out the Invaders. This
‘ Accident (ſays my Author) was the
‘ Safety of that Kingdom; yet no one
‘ ought be diſcomfited from the publick
‘ Service for what happened to this Ru-
‘ ſtick, for though he was neglected at
‘ the preſent, and every Man ſaid he
‘ was an honeſt Fellow, that he was no
‘ one's Enemy but his own in expoſing
‘ his All, and that no Body ſaid he was
‘ every one's Friend but his own, the
‘ Man had ever after the Liberty, that
‘ he, and no other but he and his Fa-
‘ mily, ſhould beg on that Bridge in all
‘ Times following.

N° 3. *Monday, April* 26.

Qui Bavium non odit amet tua Carmina Mævi. Virg.

IN my laſt I took notice of that ſublime Writer the *Examiner*. The next to him among the Journaliſts in Dignity and Order is the *Poſt-Boy*: This Writer is excellent in his Kind; but preſenting them both to my Imagination at one View, makes me turn to a Paſſage of a Paper publiſhed in the Volume of *Medleys*, called *The Whig-Examiner*. There the Author, ſpeaking of a Paper entitled, *A Letter to the Examiner*, finds it neceſſary to conſider the Nature of Nonſenſe; and afterwards very pleaſantly, exquiſite pleaſantly, repreſents to us the Difference we ought to make between High Nonſenſe and Low Nonſenſe. A Reader cannot ſee any thing any where that has more Wit and Humour in it, nor that is more neceſſary to prepare him for the reading the Authors of whom I am ſpeaking. A Page or two of his will make up for many a Page of mine, therefore I ſhall rehearſe him. The *Whig-Examiner*, Numb. 4. has it thus.

‘ *HU-*

'*HUDIBRAS* has defined Non-
'ſenſe (as *Cowley* does Wit) by Negatives.
'Nonſenſe (*ſays he*) is that which is nei-
'ther true nor falſe. Theſe two great
'Properties of Nonſenſe, which are always
'eſſential to it, give it ſuch a peculiar Ad-
'vantage over all other Writings, that it
'is incapable of being either anſwered or
'contradicted. It ſtands upon its own Ba-
'ſis like a Rock of Adamant, ſecured by its
'natural Situation againſt all Conqueſts or
'Attacks. There is no one Place about
'it weaker than another, to favour an E-
'nemy in his Approaches: The Major and
'the Minor are of equal Strength. Its
'Queſtions admit of no Reply, and its Aſ-
'ſertions are not to be invalidated. A
'Man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh Co-
'lours in the Midſt of Darkneſs, as to
'find out what to approve and diſapprove
'in Nonſenſe. You may as well aſſault
'an Army that is buried in Intrenchments.
'If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay
'hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot
'confute it: In a Word, there are great-
'er Depths and Obſcurities, greater In-
'tricacies and Perplexities, in an elaborate
'and well-written Piece of Nonſenſe, than
'in the moſt abſtruſe and profound Tract
'of School-Divinity.

'AFTER this ſhort Panegyrick upon
'Nonſenſe, which may appear as extrava-

'gant

'gant to an ordinary Reader as *Eraſmus's*
'*Encomium of Folly*; I muſt here ſolemnly
'proteſt, that I have not done it to curry
'Favour with my Antagoniſt, or to reflect
'any Praiſe in an oblique Manner upon
'the *Letter to the Examiner*: I have no
'private Conſiderations to warp me into
'this Controverſie, ſince my firſt entring
'upon it. But before I proceed any fur-
'ther, becauſe it may be of great Uſe to
'me in this Diſpute to ſtate the whole Na-
'ture of Nonſenſe, and becauſe it is a Sub-
'ject entirely new, I muſt take notice that
'there are two Kinds of it, *viz.* High
'Nonſenſe and Low Nonſenſe.

'LOW Nonſenſe is the Talent of a
'cold phlegmatick Temper, that in a poor
'diſpirited Stile creeps along ſervilely
'through Darkneſs and Confuſion. A
'Writer of this Complexion gropes his
'Way ſoftly amongſt Self-Contradictions,
'and grovels in Abſurdities: *Videri vult*
'*pauper, & eſt pauper*: He has neither
'Wit nor Senſe, and pretends to none.

'ON the contrary, your High Non-
'ſenſe bluſters and makes a Noiſe; it ſtalks
'upon hard Words, and rattles thro' Po-
'lyſyllables. It is loud and ſonorous,
'ſmooth and periodical. It has ſomething
'in it like Manlineſs and Force, and makes
'one think of the Name of Sir *Hercules*
'*Nonſenſe* in the Play called *The Neſt of*
'*Fools.*

'*Fools*. In a Word, your High Nonſenſe 'has a majeſtick Appearance, and wears 'a moſt tremenduous Garb, like *Eſop*'s 'Aſs cloathed in a Lion's Skin.

'WHEN *Ariſtotle* lay upon his Death-'bed, and was asked whom he would ap-'point for his Succeſſor in his School, two 'of his Scholars being Candidates for it, 'he called for two different Sorts of Wine, 'and by the Character which he gave of 'them, denoted the different Qualities, 'and Perfections that ſhewed themſelves 'in the Stile and Writings of each of the 'Competitors. As rational Writings have 'been repreſented by *Wine*, I ſhall repre-'ſent thoſe Kinds of Writings we are now 'ſpeaking of by *Small-Beer*.

'LOW Nonſenſe is like that in the 'Barrel, which is altogether flat, taſteleſs 'and inſipid. High Nonſenſe is like that 'in the Bottle, which has in Reality no 'more Strength and Spirit than the other, 'but frets, and flies, and bounces, and by 'the help of a little Wind that is got in-'to it, imitates the Paſſions of a much no-'bler Liquor.

'WE meet with a low groveling Non-'ſenſe in every *Grub-ſtreet* Production; 'but I think there are none of our preſent 'Writers who have hit the Sublime in Non-'ſenſe, beſides Dr. *S——l* in Divinity, 'and the Author of this Letter in Poli-

ticks;

‘ ticks; between whoſe Characters in their
‘ reſpective Profeſſions, there ſeems to be
‘ a very nice Reſemblance.

‘ THERE is ſtill another Qualificati-
‘ on in Nonſenſe which I muſt not paſs o-
‘ ver, being that which gives it the laſt
‘ Finiſhing and Perfection. This is when
‘ an Author without any Meaning ſeems
‘ to have it, and ſo impoſes upon us by
‘ the Sound and Ranging of his Words, that
‘ one is apt to fancy they ſignifie ſome-
‘ thing. After having peruſed ſuch Writ-
‘ ing, let the Reader conſider what he has
‘ learnt from it, and he will immediately
‘ diſcover the Deceit.

AS this excellent Diſcourſe was admirably ſuited to the Day or Time on which it was publiſhed, *viz. Octob.* 5, 1710; ſo, like all things that are truly good, it is ſtill new and uſeful, and will prove very ſerviceable to Perſons who would be Criticks in the modern Writings, eſpecially thoſe of the Journaliſts. The *Examiner* began with that ſort of Spirit which is deſcribed by *High Nonſenſe*; but of late has uſed that Kind only which was laſt deſcribed, as putting off no Meaning *by the Sound and Ranging of Words.* Give me Leave therefore to expreſs, as a Reader, what Sentiments ariſe in me, and what Temper I am left in by the Peruſal of the *Examiner* and

Poſt-

Poſt-Boy. The chief Aim and Purpoſe of theſe Authors are *Defamation*, which both carry on with Security. The *Examiner* eſcapes Puniſhment by being concealed; the *Poſt-Poy* by being below Reſentment. There was about the Time of the Revolution a natural Fool they called *Job* in one of the Colleges of *Oxford*. The Waggs of that Time uſed to teach him ſcandalous Verſes, which he had Memory enough to repeat, tho' not Wit enough to underſtand. The *Poſt-Boy* is thus made uſe of by our Dabblers in Politicks; he is the Vent for their Crudities, before they appear in them themſelves, and the *Examiner* is to argue them into Reputation. Both theſe good Works are carried on by the Vehicle of Nonſenſe. The Nonſenſe of the *Examiner* is compoſed of Malice and Impudence; that of the *Poſt-Boy* of Ignorance and Stupidity. The *Examiner* is a Criminal which is not yet taken; the *Poſt-Boy* an Acceſſory that we know could not of himſelf have entered into the Guilt. The *Examiner* flies from the Law; the *Poſt-Boy* need not fly, becauſe he is exempt from it as an Ideot. But as this is really the State of the Caſe, I muſt own I cannot but be highly ſurprized why ſeveral of the good Subjects of theſe Realms are afflicted or exalted at any of the Nonſenſe uttered by thoſe Authors; for no one ought to hold himſelf

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ſelf commended or diſparaged by thoſe who do not themſelves ſtand in the View of Mankind, under the ſame Rules of Examination as to their own Actions with the reſt of the World. I therefore, by the Force of natural Juſtice and Reaſon, pronounce all the Nonſenſe which the *Examiner* ever has, or ever ſhall utter, let it be never ſo ſublime, or never ſo miſchievous in it ſelf, to be of no Effect, or of any Moment with regard to Life, Limb, Honour, or Fame of any of Her Majeſty's Subjects, becauſe no one knows who he is; and I pronounce the ſame of the *Poſt-Boy*, becauſe every body knows who he is.

INDEED I could not but wonder how the *Poſt-Boy* ſhould grow ſo very famous in this Nation as he has, ever ſince I was ſhewed the Man's Perſon; for he is a Perſonage of a very inconſiderable Figure for one that makes ſo much Noiſe in the World; whereas all others who have riſen by Nonſenſe have had ſomething overbearing and arrogant, and have had uſually robuſt Figures and lofty Language to ſet themſelves off. But I ſhall do my Endeavour in my future Lectures to explain to the World how it has happened that Nonſenſe has been ſo prevalent at ſundry Times in theſe Kingdoms; but I cannot go into that Matter till I have made the Force of

Nonſenſe

Nonſenſe in general a little better underſtood, and ſhewed from *Machiavil* how by two Kinds of Perplexity, which he calls in the Italian, *Nonſenſe to the Underſtanding, and Nonſenſe to the Conſcience*, he could, for the Uſe of the Ambitious, make the Terms Honour, Juſtice, and Truth meer Words, and of no other Signification, but what ſhall ſerve the Self-Intereſt of him who ſhall utter them for his own private Emolument.

N° 4. *Wedneſday, April* 28.

——Nefas animam præferre pudori. Juv.

AFTER I had in my laſt Lecture conſidered High Nonſenſe and Low Nonſenſe, I proceeded in my Diſcuſſion to a ſecond Diviſion of it, from a Manuſcript of the great *Machiavil*, to wit, into Nonſenſe to the Underſtanding, and Nonſenſe to the Conſcience. That famous Politician avers, that to carry conſiderable Points, eſpecially in Aſſemblies, (next to the Hardneſs of caring for nothing elſe but carrying it) the main Matter is to find out Perſons whom he calls in the Italian

Italian *Almoxarifaſge*, which, as far as we can reach it in the Engliſh, ſignifies *Wrong Fellows*; Men who have the ſame Right from Fortune to be Orators and give their Suffrage, but differ in the Gifts of Nature. Theſe Wrong Fellows have in them ſomething like Senſe which is not Senſe, but enough to confound all the Senſe in the World. They are from being incapable of conceiving right at firſt, alſo incapable of being ſet right after they have vented their Perplexities. He recounts you a famous Inſtance of this among the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, the Parties of *Italy*. There was, ſaid he, among them a Perſon of the firſt Quality, whom no one in the World ever did or could poſſibly like, that was in Nature both in Mind and Body a Puzzle, from Head to Foot hideouſly aukward, from his firſt Conception to the utmoſt extent of his Judgment ridiculouſly abſurd. This Animal, the Leader of the *Ghibelins*, uſed to put others upon ſaying what he thought fit to interrupt Buſineſs, or break into what he was aſhamed, or believed improper to begin himſelf. This Perſon was Maſter of that Nonſenſe, which was called above *Nonſenſe to the Underſtanding*. What he ſaid every body could obſerve had nothing in it, and at the very beſt, which happened but ſeldom, was but like the Truth; but how to break in upon

on him, perplexed all the great Orators of the *Guelfs*. Thus he ſtood impregnable, and the Leader, inſtead of having Compunction for ſuch a Piece of Humanity, to the Diſgrace of our Nature, ſtanding in an illuſtrious Aſſembly caſting forth Blunders and Inconſiſtencies, uſed to ſit ſneering to obſerve how impregnable his Fool was, and exulting in himſelf that it was not in the Compaſs of all the Sciences either wholly to aver he had uttered nothing to the purpoſe, or to bring him to it. Many others the Cheiftain of the *Ghibelins* had to ſupport each other againſt the firſt Aſſaults of Senſe and Reaſon; and brought Nonſenſe ſo far into Faſhion, that they who knew better would ſpeak it by way of Triumph over thoſe who went upon the Rules of Logick. Wrong Fellows were his Orators, but this could not do only, without Perſons who were as much Maſters of that kind of Nonſenſe, which my Author calls *Nonſenſe to the Conſcience*.

NONSENSE to the Conſcience is when the Party has arrived to ſuch a Diſregard to Reaſon and Truth, as not to follow it or acknowledge it when it preſents it ſelf to him. This is the hardeſt Task in the World, and had very juſtly the greateſt Wages from the Cheiftain: For indeed, if we were to ſpeak ſeriouſly, this is the loweſt Condition of Life that can

poſſibly be imagined; for it is literally giving up Life, as it is humane, which deſcends to that of a Beaſt when it is not conducted by Reaſon, and ſtill is worſe when it is puſhed againſt Reaſon. Now all thoſe Parties of the Species which we call *Majorities*, when they do Things upon the meer Force of being ſuch, are actuated by the Force of Nonſenſe of Conſcience; by which *Machiavil* meant, that the doing any thing with Nonſenſe, that is without Senſe of the Honour and Juſtice of it, was what he called Puſhing Things by the Nonſenſe of Conſcience. But that arch Politician proceeds in the Manuſcript I am ſpeaking of, to obſerve, that Nonſenſe was not to be uſed but as an Expedient; for it would fail in the Repetition of it, and the Underſtanding would ſo goad the Conſcience, that no Potentate has Revenue enough to pay reaſonable Men for a long Series of nonſenſical Service. They will, quoth he, occaſionally, and now and then, give into an Enormity, and paſs by what they do not approve, and laugh at themſelves for ſo doing: But there is ſomething latent in the Dignity of their Nature, which will recoil, and raiſe in them an Indignation againſt herding for ever with the Half-witted and the Abſurd; and being conſcious that their Concurrence is an aggravated Tranſgreſſion, in

that

that it is the Support of thoſe who in themſelves are incapable either of the Guilt or Shame of what they are managed to promote.

MY Author further adds, that the Uſe of Nonſenſe of Conſcience will fail alſo in Proceſs of Time, not only from the Defection of the Numbers of thoſe who act under it, but alſo from the little Effect it would ſoon have upon all the World, beſides thoſe Numbers; for which Reaſon he adviſes, that now and then they ſhould be put upon ſomething that is good to ſatisfy the Multitude. For, ſays that ſagacious Man, the People are always honeſt; you lead them into wrong Things but as long as you keep up the Appearance of Right; for which Reaſon he adviſes never to forbear the Uſe at leaſt of *Veriſimilitudes*; and indeed, he ſays, it was by neglecting that, all the ſenſible Men, both *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, came together out of meer Shame, and received one another without making Explanations or Expoſtulations upon what had happened when they differed, when they could end in nothing but how fillily you acted? How contemptibly you ſuffered?

THE moſt excellent Authors of this our Age, as to Proficiency in Nonſenſe, are thoſe who talk of Faction, and pretend to tell others that they are Spreaders

of falſe Fears and Jealouſies. The *Examiner* of the 26th ſays, ‘ We have a Faction in ‘ our Bowels, who, when it comes to their ‘ Turn to ſubmit, make no Difference be- ‘ tween Liberty and Power, that all their ‘ Buſineſs may be only to ſquabble about ‘ the Profits.—Now he ſays this either as an Incendiary or an Informer; if the latter, let him name who are in this Faction; if he will not do that, we are to ſet down the Word Faction among the reſt of his Jargon of High Nonſenſe, and diſmiſs him with an Inclination only, not Power, to do more Miſchief. But, as I conceive, he had a younger Brother born to him the ſame Day of my firſt Appearance, and is named the *Monitor*. He begins with the old Trick of the Pickpockets, who commit a Robbery, and join in the Cry after the Offender. The Purpoſe of his Paper, if it is not to paſs into the Realms of Nonſenſe alſo, is to lay a Foundation for making Exceptions againſt a certain Prince's Behaviour who is expected in *England*. He lays before us, ‘ That the Duke of ‘ *Guiſe* was an hot and ambitious Prince, ‘ who took ill Courſes and undid himſelf. ‘ Had the King, *ſays he*, with a timely ‘ Severity, taken Care to have cauſed ‘ thoſe Libels, however trifling and how- ‘ ever inſignificant, to be ſuppreſſed, or ‘ by ſolid Reaſon and good Evidence to

‘ have

‘ have been detected and exposed, the fa-
‘ tal Effects which they produced had been
‘ in a great Measure avoided. Then for
Application he says of Libelling, ‘ Seeing
‘ then the same Evil, and that with too
‘ much Success, is already begun among
‘ us, and the same Neglect of it appears
‘ in our Government as did in *France*,
‘ thinking them not capable of doing so
‘ much Mischief as they really did; why
‘ may we not apprehend Consequences,
‘ tho' not so extraordinarily fatal, yet suf-
‘ ficiently dangerous, and such as call for
‘ a timely Redress?' I find there is no Help for it, this Writer must be passed upon the Foot of the Nonsensical also: Does he tell a Government they *are guilty of Neglect*, and call any other Men Libellers? He must name his Offenders, and bring them before Justice, or he is one himself. It is strange Want of Skill (in the *Examiner*, and such Imitators of him as this same *Monitor* begins to shew himself) in the Choice of Tools, to make use of Creatures that say Things, in which it would be a Fault to tolerate them, if they were not employed by themselves.

BUT I shall take upon me to keep a strict Eye upon their Behaviour, and scribble as fast as they: For when they give up all Rules of Honour and Conscience to hurt and betray the Liberties of Mankind,

I ſhall ſacrifice ſmaller Conſiderations, and venture now and then to write Nonſenſe for the Good of my Country——

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Faction is humbly deſired to read carefully the following Satyr againſt Sedition in the Examiner, *and amend their Lives if they underſtand it.*

'WHAT a noble Opportunity would 'the ſame *Cervantes* have, to improve his 'Art, and carry this way of Writing much 'further; were he now alive, and as con-'verſant in our Affairs, as in the Hu-'mours of his own Country? The ſame '*Martial Madneſs* is broke out among us; 'a Diſtemper more raging and violent, 'and productive of more ridiculous, and 'far more dangerous Effects. Inſtead of 'touching here and there a weak Head, 'or reaching only to a few frolickſome In-'dividuals, it has infected whole Bodies 'and Societies of Warlike *Enthuſiaſts*: 'The Party is almoſt as ſtrong as the De-'luſion with which they are animated; 'and our *Romantick Madmen* march up 'and down in Troops and Squadrons: 'The Regularity and Reſemblance of 'their Frenzy creates Order and Diſci-'pline. We have our *Books* and *Legends* 'of *Chivalry*, containing the Feats and 'Adventures of *Errant Saints*, of *Holy Almanzors* and *Drawncanſires*, bound

'by

‘ by ſtrict Vow, and aſſiſted by *Sages* and
‘ *Magicians*: who deſtroyed Nations,
‘ made whole Kingdoms do Homage and
‘ pay *Tribute* to their Mightineſs; tamed
‘ the *Beaſt*, and kept the great *Whore* un-
‘ der; trod upon the Necks of *Kings*, and
‘ kick'd *Crowns* and *Septres* before them;
‘ relieved the Diſtreſſed by changing their
‘ Condition; freed Mankind for their
‘ own Uſe, and turned the World, as Ar-
‘ tificers whirl about the *Globe*, to prove
‘ the Regularity of its Motion. Some of
‘ theſe Knights were by Birth gentle and
‘ of low Degree; ſo called from the *Peſtle*,
‘ the *Golden Fleece*, the *Truncheon*, or
‘ the *Brazen Helmet*: Others had been
‘ *Pages*, *Dwarfs*, and *Squires*, and many
‘ of them were forced to go a great way
‘ in Search of their Parentage: And yet
‘ the Honours they acquired, the Spoils
‘ they won, and the Dominions they con-
‘ quered, vaſtly ſurpaſs'd the leſſer Ac-
‘ quiſitions of a *Miſtreſs's Scarf*, a *Sala-*
‘ *din's Daughter*, a *Sett of Armour*, a *Cup-*
‘ *board of Plate*, won at ſome *Tournament*;
‘ a *Caſtle*, a *Palace*, or even than the rich
‘ Poſſeſſions of the Iſlands of *Pines*, *Bat-*
‘ *tarara* or of *Forc'd-meat Balls*.

Nº 5. *Friday, April* 30.

——— *Ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentemque novæ Carthaginis Arcem. Virg.

I Take upon me, as a Reader, among other Things, to make my plain Obſervations upon the Papers as they come out; and the News I read Yeſterday has given Occaſion to the following Letter, which, out of Zeal to my Country, I writ to my Lord Mayor's Gentleman of the Horſe, who I think ought to ſend us Scribblers, when we are ſawcy, to the *Green-Yard*, as well as unruly Hackney-Coachmen and other Tranſgreſſors in the Streets of *London*. But all I can do is only to take notice of Things, and leave the Redreſs to the proper Officers.

To the Sword-Bearer of London.

SIR,

'THOUGH I have not the Honour
' to be acquainted with you, yet I
' have always with great Delight and Sa-
' tisfaction beheld you carry that awful
' Weapon which you have the Honour to
' bear

‘ bear before the chief Magiſtrate of this
‘ renowned and wealthy City. The ma-
‘ ny Fears and Jealouſies which are with
‘ much Care and Diligence ſpread among
‘ the Multitude, only becauſe ſome People
‘ have not as much Courage as others, have
‘ been apt to intimidate me, among many
‘ other well-meaning good Subjects. Thoſe
‘ Rumours are chiefly about the Pretend-
‘ er, and the Demolition of *Dunkirk*; as
‘ if the *French* King, who has done us
‘ no manner of Harm ever ſince the Time
‘ was expired in which he ſhould have de-
‘ moliſhed that Place, would do it now.
‘ This is being ſuſpicious out of meer Hu-
‘ mour and Temper of Mind, not from
‘ Reaſon. It is true indeed, he has de-
‘ ſtroyed the Works of the Town, but
‘ that was ſince it was an *Engliſh* Garri-
‘ ſon; and though he is obliged in Ho-
‘ nour not to hurt us, who can blame him
‘ for not leaving it in our Power to hurt
‘ him? *Dunkirk* then is demoliſhed as it
‘ is an *Engliſh* Garriſon, but is it not yet in
‘ Being as it is a *French* Harbour? And
‘ now when Things are in this Condition, I
‘ think we cannot enough applaud his moſt
‘ Chriſtian Majeſty, in that we have not re-
‘ ceived any manner of Hurt from him,
‘ though ſo much is in his Power. There-
‘ fore I muſt needs ſay, and I ſay it from
‘ a great Reſpect to his Majeſty's Faith

‘ and

‘ and Honour, that I am of Opinion he
‘ will not ſend the Pretender amongſt us;
‘ but if Ambition ſhould come into the
‘ Thoughts of ſo pious a Prince, after the
‘ Disbanding ſo many of our Forces, and
‘ that the few we have left lie in Parts ſo
‘ diſtant from each other, I place great
‘ Confidence, let me tell you, Sir, in you,
‘ and hope that on ſuch an Occaſion you
‘ will exert your ſelf according to your
‘ Office. Be pleaſed, Sir, to remember,
‘ that a Lord Mayor of *London*, in the
‘ Reign of King *Richard*, diſpatched *Wat*
‘ *Tyler* at the Head of his Followers. He
‘ did it, as the Hiſtory ſays, with a Dag-
‘ ger: How much more, Sir, is it expect-
‘ ed of you to cut off the Pretender with
‘ that great Sword which you bear with
‘ ſo much Calmneſs, which is always a Sign
‘ of Courage? Let me tell you, Sir, in the
‘ preſent poſture of Affairs, I think it ſeems
‘ to be expected of you; and I cannot but
‘ adviſe you, if he ſhould offer to land, or
‘ indeed if he ſhould ſo much as come up
‘ the River, to take the Water-Bayliff with
‘ you, and cut off his Head. I would not
‘ ſo much, if I were you, as tell him who
‘ I was till I had done it. He is Outlaw'd,
‘ and I ſtand to it, that if the Water Bay-
‘ liff is with you, and concurs, you may
‘ do it on the *Thames*; but if he offers to
‘ land, it is out of all Queſtion you may
‘ do

‘ do it by Vertue of your Poſt, without
‘ waiting for Orders. It is from this Com-
‘ fort and Support that, in ſpite of what
‘ all the Malecontents in the World can
‘ ſay, I have no manner of Fear of the
Pretender.

‘ STOCKS riſe meerly upon Reports
‘ to the Diſadvantage of the Pretender;
‘ you may eaſily imagine how much they
‘ will riſe, if you will be ſo good as to cut
‘ off his Head. To tell you the Truth, what
‘ makes me preſs the Matter ſo much is,
‘ that one of the News Papers of Yeſter-
‘ day has it thus;

London, April 29.

“ YESTERDAY arrived Letters
“ from *Dunkirk* dated the 22d of *April*.
“ They adviſe that on the *Friday* follow-
“ ing, 15 Battalions were expected there,
“ to begin to cut the new Harbour deſign-
“ ed to be made at *Mardyke*, which ’twas
“ judged will be more commodious than
“ ever that of *Dunkirk* was: That 200
“ Carpenters are employed to take up and
“ ſave the Timber of the Jettées of the
“ Harbour of *Dunkirk*, that it may be
“ uſed in the new intended Harbour.
“ They add, that Men were going hard
“ to work to fill up that Part of the Har-
“ bour of *Dunkirk* next the Town, and
“ therefore all the Shipping in that Part of

“ the

" the Harbour were ordered to fall down
" to the Haven-Port in three or four Days
" at furtheſt.

' I beg of your Serenity to be upon your
' Guard, for I am one of thoſe that hate
' to have it in any one's Power to do me
' a Miſchief. Suppoſe theſe 15 Battalli-
' ons ſhould have a Mind and get Leave
' to come for *England* with the Pretend-
' der, if you do not look ſharp and do
' your Office like a brave Man and a wor-
' thy Citizen, how do you know but we
' might be undone before we could get
' Fifteen Battallions together againſt him?
' But it ſeems thoſe Battallions are brought
' down only to work at a new Harbour
' in the Neighbourhood of that which
' they have now at *Dunkirk*. You may
' be ſure that muſt be a Jeſt; for ſure the
' *French* could not have the Impudence to
' do ſuch a thing? I ſwear to you, I think
' that would be uſing us worſe than for-
' bearing to aboliſh the Harbour they have
' already. This would be an Injuſtice to
' our Properties, but that would be an In-
' ſult alſo upon our Underſtandings. We
' ſhould be the Shame of Nations to be put
' off with ſo palpable an Evaſion. But if
' there ſhould be any ſuch Attempt as com-
' ing upon us, I earneſtly recommend it
' to your Serenity to draw that dead-do-

' ing

‘ ing Blade, and you will be had in ever-
‘ laſting Honour by,

SIR, Your great Admirer,

and moſt humble Servant,

Engliſh Reader.

Extract from a Pamphlet, called, The Importance of ‘*Dunkirk* conſidered.

‘ THAT the *Britiſh* Nation expect
‘ the immediate Demolition of it.

‘ THAT the very common People
‘ know, that within two Months after the
‘ ſigning of the Peace, the Works towards
‘ the Sea were to be demoliſhed, and with-
‘ in three Months after it the Works to-
‘ wards the Land.

‘ THAT the ſaid Peace was ſigned
‘ the laſt of *March* O. S.

‘ THAT the *Britiſh* Nation received
‘ more Damage in their Trade from the
‘ Port of *Dunkirk*, than from almoſt all
‘ the Ports of *France*, either in the Ocean
‘ or in the Mediterranean.

‘ THAT the Pretender ſailed from
‘ thence to *Scotland*; and that it is the on-
‘ ly Port the *French* have till you come to
‘ *Breſt*, for the whole Length of St. *George*'s

‘ Chan-

‘ Channel, where any conſiderable Naval
‘ Armament can be made.

‘ THAT the Situation of *Dunkirk* is
‘ ſuch, as that it may always keep Run-
‘ ners to obſerve all Ships ſailing on the
‘ *Thames* and *Medway*.

‘ THAT whether it may be advan-
‘ tageous to the Trade of *Holland* or not
‘ that *Dunkirk* ſhould be demoliſhed, it
‘ is neceſſary for the Safety, Honour, and
‘ Liberty of *England* that it ſhould be ſo.

‘ THAT when *Dunkirk* is demoliſh-
‘ ed, the Power of *France*, on that Side,
‘ ſhould it ever be turned againſt us, will
‘ be removed ſeveral hundred Miles fur-
‘ ther off of *Great Britain* than it is at
‘ preſent.

‘ *THAT the Demolition of* Dunkirk
‘ *will remove* France *many hundred Miles*
‘ *further off from us.*

A CAVEAT.

THE Paper called *The Monitor* is impudent and traiterous: He dared Yeſterday to print the Words hereafter recited. He is a Follower of the *Examiner*, a Tool who, like him, under Pretence of vindicating Her Majeſty's Servants, ſuggeſts things againſt Her Honour and Dignity, which it is criminal to mention, but to remind thoſe in Power to vindicate Her ſacred Name

Name and Character from his Scurrility. His Words are theſe:

‘ HOW can it but be *uneaſie to* Her ‘ Majeſty, to have a People whom ſhe ‘ has done ſo much for, and whom, with ‘ ſo much Juſtice, Moderation, Clemen- ‘ cy, and Goodneſs ſhe has govern'd; ‘ whoſe Safety has been ſo much Her ‘ Care, and to whom ſhe never deny'd ‘ any thing; now fall upon Her Admini- ‘ ſtration as dangerous to the Nation, and ‘ reproach Her with Deſigns to betray ‘ them to the *Pretender?*

N° 6. *Monday, May* 3.

The Conſtitution *in* Church and State *muſt be the Meaſure and Standard of every Publick Perſon's Character, the Sum of his Pretenſions, the Mark of his Converſion or Steddineſs, and the* Tenure *of his Greatneſs and Authority.*

Exam. Numb. 44.

A Reader that has any Underſtanding is naturally a Commentator. This is a moſt remarkable Sentence, which I have taken out of the laſt *Examiner:* It occaſioned me to turn to ſome Aſſertions

Aſſertions in an Half-Sheet, intitled, *A Letter to Sir* Miles Wharton *concerning Occaſional Peers.* The Writer of that Letter ſays, ‘ When I conſider the Dan-
‘ ger of making Occaſional Lords, and
‘ lay before the World this fatal Novelty,
‘ as it affects the Queen's moſt excellent
‘ Majeſty, the Houſe of Peers, and the
‘ whole People of *England*; I aſſert, that
‘ the numerous Creation of Peers is the
‘ greateſt Wound that can be given to the
‘ Prerogative. A Peer and his Heirs are
‘ Checks in the Legiſlature to the Queen
‘ and Her Heirs; that Part of the Legiſ-
‘ lature which is in the Queen, is appa-
‘ rently diminiſhed by ſo much as She gives
‘ out of it from her own into other Fami-
‘ lies. This is equally deſtructive with
‘ relation to the Merit of the Perſons on
‘ whom Honour is conferred; if they hap-
‘ pen to be Men who are barely unblame-
‘ able, without Talents or high Qualifica-
‘ tions, they do but crowd that illuſtrious
‘ Aſſembly, and like all other Crowds,
‘ they are ſerviceable and hurtful but juſt
‘ as they are inſpired by thoſe who have
‘ Skill to lead them. *As to the Houſe of*
‘ *Peers*, it is viſible that the Power of
‘ each Lord is ſo much leſs conſiderable
‘ as it is repeated in other Perſons; but
‘ the great Hardſhip to that great and aw-
‘ ful Body, whoſe Privileges have ſo of-

‘ ten

‘ ten been a Safety and Protection to the
‘ Rights of us below them; I ſay, the great
‘ Hardſhip to theſe Noble Patriots is, that
‘ when they are prepared with the moſt
‘ ſtrict Honour and Integrity to do their
‘ Duty in relation to their Prince and
‘ Country, all their Determinations may
‘ be avoided by a Set of People brought
‘ in the Moment before they come to
‘ a Queſtion. Now when we come to
‘ conſider the Introduction of *Occaſional*
‘ *Lords with regard to the People*, what
‘ can be more plain, than that it is doing
‘ all that is neceſſary to take from them
‘ both Liberty and Property at once: For
‘ from the very Moment a Man has a Pa-
‘ tent, and is introduced into the Houſe
‘ of Peers, Men appeal to him from the
‘ Decree of all the Judges. Beſides this,
‘ the Lords are perpetual Legiſlators, and
‘ have an Hand in the repealing as well as
‘ making Laws; by which means the
‘ whole Conſtitution may be ſubverted by
‘ this one Innovation. And it is plain,
‘ that the Prince who ſhould place ſo en-
‘ tire a Confidence in his Miniſtry, as to
‘ give Peerage upon their Recommenda-
‘ tion, would enable them by that Power
‘ in the Legiſlature, joined to the Execu-
‘ tion of the Regal Authority as Miniſters,
‘ to give that Prince and Nation to the
‘ next Potentate who ſhould be powerful

'enough to receive and mantain ſo vaſt a
'Preſent.

THE *Examiner* has of late a Second, who ſets out as harden'd in Iniquity as himſelf, who is an old Sinner; I mean the *Monitor*. He has the ſame heavy Endeavour to be witty, the ſame Choler corrected by the ſame Phlegm. This Author ſays, His Buſineſs *is not much with the Authors of Pamphlets, but with the Deſign of them.* He does not ſtick to this Declaration, which (as the Lyes of his Abettors are only for one Day) was to ſerve but for that Page. At the Beginning of the next Page, without Regard to any Decency in the World, he owns he falls upon a Gentleman, who is a Man of Dignity. 'We begin, ſays he, with a Man
'of Character, lately become a Scribe with-
'out Doors, the well known *Bullyman-*
'*dra*. A Man of great Words he had
'long been, but confined himſelf to the
'Speeches occaſionally made in Publick
'Aſſemblies; till of late finding it needful
'to ſpeak more extenſively, he liſted in
'the Roll of Libellers, and became a Pro-
'ficient in moſt of their Talents, eſpecial-
'ly that of *Arrogance* and LYING.

THIS ſtupid doggrel Term of *Bullymandra* is given to turn an open Behaviour and honeſt Countenance, a noble Elocution, and many other Qualities which render

der the Gentleman the Object of Reſpect and Love to all that know him, into Burleſque. But theſe little Tools may well endeavour to debaſe thoſe Excellences and Endowments which render their pitiful Shifts and Artifices uſeleſs. This Gentleman is a perfect Maſter in Buſineſs, and has ſo clear an Head, that he communicates his Thoughts as perſpicuouſly as they are placed in his own Mind. For this Reaſon every wily Block-head, whoſe Brain dribbles crude Conceptions, on a Tongue that heſitates in the Repreſentation of them, looks with Envy at a Capacity that at once both expoſes and confutes him. A manly Reſolution to perſiſt in the Right in an honeſt Cauſe, and Qualities to make that Cauſe ſhine in the Midſt of all that Iniquity and Craft can invent to oppreſs it, are never to be forgiven. It has been ever the Cuſtom of theſe Tools, to turn all the Inſinuations which they believe may affect Courtiers upon Her Majeſty. After he has in a cavilling way fallen upon this worthy Gentleman as no leſs than a Liar, for ſaying *Dunkirk* was not demoliſhed, and *that the Completion of that Work would be deferred to* Chriſtmas; he has the Impudence to take no Notice that it is not yet done, and to add, *Notoriouſly falſe! For it was begun when Her Majeſty thought it proper*, and the *compleating* it *not limited*

to any Time. After this barbarous Inſinuation againſt our Sovereign, that Gentleman may well reſt ſatisfied with his Share of Slander from him. It is worthy Repetition; this Man ſays the Demolition was begun when Her Majeſty thought it proper, and the compleating it not limited to a Time.

THIS Author forms himſelf upon the *Examiner* in the Practice of Impudence, Scandal, and Prevarication; and goes on in his Paper to attack a much leſs conſiderable Man than the former, againſt whom, indeed, he has the Vote of the preſent ſitting Houſe of Commons. But there is nothing in that Vote which authoriſes any Man to call Mr. *Steele* a Liar for what he has ſaid about *Dunkirk*. The heavy Diſpleaſure of the Commons of *Great Britain* would have been a Protection from Inſult with a Man of any Humanity, rather than have given Occaſion to add to the Diſtreſs. It would have become a good Subject and an honeſt Man, rather to have lamented this Misfortune of a Commoner of *Great Britain* expelled from his Seat, and have made Arguments in Behalf of himſelf and all his Fellow-Subjects, that the like Penalty for leſs Offences may not befall better Men in future Parliaments. Put the Caſe that any great Man ſhould at any time lay a Deſign of removing a Man

he

he did not like out of the Houſe of Commons, and ſhould be able to effect it upon Accuſations of him for the Errors of his former Life: Now I ſay ſuppoſing this, and granting that the Crown can make Lords when it pleaſes; Lords added by half Dozens, and Commoners removed one by one, would quickly invert the Conſtitution, and deſtroy the Britiſh Government.

THE dull Rogue aocuſing *Steele* of writing Lies, and ſpeaking of the *Criſis*, ſays, *Yet here alſo palpable Falſhood is apparent*; and then quotes theſe Words, *The moſt important Article between* France *and* England *is the demoliſhing of* Dunkirk. *That is falſe in it ſelf*, ſays the *Monitor*; and naming other Circumſtances, among which is the Renunciation of *Spain* by *France* and *France* by *Spain*, he avers of them, that they are more important than the Demolition of *Dunkirk*. Why it may be ſo, and yet *Steele* may have ſpoken very honeſtly. Suppoſe I ſhould ſay Adultery is the greateſt of all Sins, can you reckon me a Liar becauſe you think Idolatry a greater? But it is endleſs to talk to theſe muddy, perplexed, malicious, blundering Rogues; they cannot diſtinguiſh between what a Man ſays by way of Opinion, and what he relates as a Repreſentation of a Fact.

BUT I am glad to hear, now I am ſpeaking of Mr. *Steele*, that he is turning his Thoughts to Services which may be of greater Uſe to the Publick, and leſs exceptionable with regard to himſelf, than controverſial Writings can poſſibly be from a Man againſt whom there is formed ſo ſtrong a Prejudice. There are, I am informed, in his Cuſtody, proper Materials for the Hiſtory of the War in *Flanders*; and it ſeems the Relation will commence from the Date of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Commiſſions of Captain-General and Plenipotentiary, and end with the Expiration of thoſe Commiſſions. I doubt not but he knows well enough how much a Partizan he is thought, and will therefore produce ſufficient Authorities for what he ſhall write. It is not doubted but this Hiſtory, formed from the moſt authentick Papers, and all the moſt ſecret Intelligence which can be communicated with Safety to Perſons now living, and in the Confidence of foreign Courts, will be very entertaining, and put the Services of Her Majeſty's Miniſters at home and abroad in a true Light. The Work is to be in *Folio*, and Propoſals for the Encouragement of it may be ſeen at Mr. *Tonſon*'s, Bookſeller, in the *Strand*.

Wedneſday,

N° 7. *Wedneſday, May* 5.

Men engaged in ill Deſigns muſt ſuit their Tools to their Work, and make choice of Agents fit to do the Buſineſs that is aſſigned them.

Exam. May 3, 1714.

THERE can be no greater Commendation to an Author, than that he acts and comes up in his Practice to the Maxims which he lays down for the Inſtruction of others. The *Examiner* ought therefore to be juſtly celebrated for making the above Apology in Behalf of thoſe who employ him, and of himſelf, who has performed to his utmoſt Ability the Work in which he was employed. The profeſſed, or at leaſt apparent, Deſign of this Author ſince he firſt began, has been to villifie an Adminiſtration which rendered the Kingdom of *England* the Terror of its Enemies and the Refuge of its Friends; and he has done as much in this good Work as the Cauſe would bear, which could not poſſibly be promoted but by two Methods, the one to keep up popular Prejudices, the other to diſparage

Men of great Reputation on the contrary Side.

THIS is so truly his Character, that there is no one Paper of his which does not afford us Examples of this Practice. As to the Point of general Prejudice, he says of those whom he calls the *Whigs*, 'If they 'could not find Men either more zealous 'for a *single Family* than for the Constitu-'tion, or who were in possession of some 'Principles prejudicial either to the Rights 'of the *Crown* or the *Church*, or who 'had given Proofs of their preferring the 'Interests of their *Party* to the *Laws*, '*Religion*, and *Liberties* of their Country: 'If they could not meet with Persons at 'least indifferent in their Sentiments of '*Loyalty* and Regard for the *Church*, ra-'ther than want Tools, or hazard their 'Cause in the Hands of honest Men, they 'would resort to the open implacable E-'nemies of both, and lavish their Favours 'upon profess'd *Republicans*, *Free-think-'ers*, *Deists*, *Socinians*, *Occasional-Con-'formists*, both by themselves and all their 'Acquaintance.

THIS long Accusation alludes to no one Circumstance in the World, nor was there ever one Man of that Character preferred under the late Ministry. And this great Master in Tautology, who has said the same thing ten thousand times with the most

moſt impudent Falſhood, has never produced one ſingle Inſtance of ſuch a Miſapplication of the publick Favour. In this Particular therefore the *Tool* has very well acquitted himſelf of the Employment to which he was *aſſigned*.

NOW as to the diſparaging Men of great Reputation, he has abuſed every Man that was conſpicuous in the late War for the Liberties of Mankind, from the Emperor of *Germany* to a disbanded Subaltern. But I ſhall not run back to his former great Exploits, but conſider only his laſt Paper, with principal Regard to his Aſſertion which I have placed at the Head of this. He ſays, ‘ *Leſſer Ills* muſt be ſupported by ‘ *Greater*; and *Providence* hath ſo order-‘ ed it, for the Good of Mankind and Peace ‘ of Societies, that *ill Principles* and *ill* ‘ *Conduct* naturally go together. But ſtill ‘ I inſiſt, that, in general, the Deſign of ‘ theſe Men to ſtrengthen themſelves, to ‘ find out and to diſtinguiſh what they ‘ call'd *Merit* and *Service*, to keep their ‘ Body cloſely and firmly united, and to ‘ cruſh all Oppoſition in its earlieſt At-‘ tempts, was a Proof of their excelling in ‘ Prudence and worldly Wiſdom; and they ‘ thereby ſhew'd themſelves to be at leaſt ‘ as *wiſe in their Generation* as thoſe who ‘ came after them.

THIS

THIS is a very plain Declaration that *theſe Leaders of the Whigs excelled in Prudence and Worldly Wiſdom.* One would have thought worldly Wiſdom would never have been mentioned as a ſubordinate Character in Men of Buſineſs; but it ſeems thoſe of that Character now, according to this Aſſertion of the *Examiner*, are Babes of Grace: The Innocents are averſe to the Wiles and Stratagems of the Wicked, and they are too pious for the Affairs of this World. They, alas! good Men, carry the Chriſtian Inſtruction of forgiving their Enemies to an Exceſs that is to be allowed to Men abſtracted from all the Temptations of this Life; and know that whatever can happen, it muſt go well with the Saints.

THE *Examiner* has plainly ſhewn, that the chief Imputation againſt the late *Leaders* in the Faſhion of the World, was their Sinfulneſs; and the Weakneſs of the preſent, their too much Piety. Speaking of the former and the latter, he ſays *They ſhewed themſelves to be at leaſt as wiſe in their Generation as thoſe who came after them.* This godly Phraſe of *as wiſe in their Generation*, tho' it may aptly fit the Wicked, of whom he ſpeaks it ; yet there is a Tranſpoſition of Perſons and Things, which makes it approach very near to what we call Nonſenſe. It is an odd way of ſpeaking,

ing, to compare a Man's Carriage to that of thoſe who come after him; but at the ſame time I acknowledge it a Favour that he allows them as wiſe, though they had not the Advantage of their Example. But alas! when we conſider that they were only as wiſe in things of this World, we muſt, by that Circumſtance, account, that what Good they were capable of doing had a Duration accordingly, and could not poſſibly be ſo laſting and effectual as thoſe which are done by Saints and new Converts.

IF Men take Things as we ought, and with the Chearfulneſs this good Man the *Examiner* adviſes upon the *thorough Reformation which is now openly talk'd of*, and, our Author ſays, *ſome Steps have been taken towards it*; the Saints are contriving for the Edification of ſome People, who, perhaps, for want of a ſpiritual Caſt, make take it for an Affliction to loſe an Employment. Our Author exhorts them againſt Temptation in the following comfortable Words: 'Their Diſmiſſion, which 'was only a *Right* before, would then 'become an Act of *Juſtice*, highly ſafe 'and neceſſary, if they ſhould aſſume a 'new Spirit of Turbulency and Uneaſineſs 'at their going off; and their very Friends, 'inſtead of pitying their Misfortune, would 'then

‘ then be more ready to wonder why it
‘ happen'd no ſooner.

THIS righteous Author ſpeaks this as a Churchman, and has his Eye only upon the Goods of the Spirit: He prepares therefore all ſuch as are to receive Diſgraces and Afflictions, not to miſtake them as Things not meant for their Good. An Action is always to be underſtood and interpreted by the Character of the Perſon who does it. Let no one therefore take an Injury that's done him by a Saint, or new Convert, to proceed from Ill-will. How could a ſanctified Perſon lay a greater Obligation upon another, than by being the Inſtrument of begetting in him the Virtue of Patience? Suppoſe a Soldier ſhould have paſſed through ten Campaigns under a Commander that had reduced his Heart to the Love of the vain Pomps and Vanities of this World, by leading him through a continual Scene of Triumph, what could a new Convert do for him better than to ſend him a ſtarving? This would be the true Way for thoſe who are above worldly Wiſdom to diſtinguiſh *Merit and Service*. Such muſt be the Treatment of Mankind from thoſe who are but comparatively *wiſe in their Generation*, to thoſe who are expoſed in another Scripture Phraſe as *delighting in War*.

THE

THE *Monitor* of the Day following, to wit, on the Inſtant of my preſent Writing, *May* 4, after abuſing his Brother-Scribblers, which we don't meddle with, as having it in themſelves to revenge, abuſes a Reverend Divine in malicious Doggrel, and then proceeds to an Account of a written Libel, giving an Invitation to the Duke of *Cambridge* to come over into *England*. He takes Occaſion to tell a very ſilly Diſcourſe in the flatteſt manner imaginable, between a Country Farmer and a Neighbouring Townſman, and ends it with leaving amongſt us this Queſtion, *What would they have him* (to wit the Duke of *Cambridge*) *come hither for, if it is not to make him a King?* I ſee no Danger in anſwering the Queſtion, which is to make him a good King when it comes to his Turn. But the *Examiner*, who is as wiſe in his Generation as the *Monitor* who comes after him, has been inquiſitive about this Matter before; He asked, *Would the coming of the young Prince demoliſh* Dunkirk *more effectually? would* Toby Butler's *Recruits immediately deſert? Wou'd it raiſe the Siege of* Barcelona? *break the Peace? change the nature of* French *Tyranny? or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of* Lorain? *I believe they will not venture to ſay, that a Prince, however powerful, yet a Subject ſtill, would, upon his firſt Landing, interpoſe ſo vigorouſly in publick Affairs.*

And

And if ſo, then it is plain from the Conduct of the Whigs themſelves, that all theſe Clamours which they have ſo long dwelt upon, taking each particular Caſe as their own Advocates have ſtated it, are perfectly groundleſs, and the Proteſtant Religion is in no Danger from any of theſe Incidents; unleſs they would loyally and modeſtly inſinuate, that the ſame things which they call Grievances under Her M——, would ceaſe to be ſo if any of Her Proteſtant Heirs were reſident amongſt us. And I anſwer'd, Though the Arrival of the Duke of *Cambridge* would not demoliſh *Dunkirk*, yet it would make us leſs fearful of the ill Conſequences from its being undemoliſhed; one of which may be an Attempt of impoſing upon us the Pretender, whoſe Invaſion would be leſs dreaded, when one who is a Prince of the Blood was ready to fight againſt him, and animate all good Subjects in Her Majeſty's and his own Cauſe againſt him. *Toby Butler*'s Recruits might not, perhaps, deſert; but it would make Mr. *Butler*'s Promiſe to them, of ſeeing their Maſter ſoon in theſe Dominions, more unlikely than at preſent, when ſo valorous a Prince as the Duke of *Cambridge* was ready to oppoſe him; the Duke of *Cambridge*, who before now has kept the Field when the Pretender fled out of it. His Arrival would not raiſe the Siege of *Barcelona*, but it

it would animate the Beſieged, that this Inſtance of the Prevalence of the Cauſe of Liberty in ſo powerful a Nation as *Great Britain*, had this Reinforcement. His Arrival would not break the Peace, but it would make our Affairs more confirmed and cemented both in Time of Peace and in caſe of a War. It would not change the Nature of a *French* Tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of *Lorain*; but it would certainly render them both leſs formidable to all who are Friends to the Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hanover*. After the Queſtions, he inſinuates in his Reflections above, That a buſie Behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of *Cambridge*: And I agree with him that it would not, but his very Reſidence in *England* would have all the good Effects abovementioned.

I ſhall add to theſe Anſwers, that I am convinced the Court thinks it an Argument of Safety againſt the Pretender, that the Duke of *Cambridge* is coming; and I attribute to an Intelligence of it, before the Publick knew it, that a Proclamation againſt the ſaid Pretender was thought unneceſſary.

Friday,

Nº 8. *Friday, May 7.*

Reſinata *bibis Vina*, Falerna *fugis*. Mart.

THE following Letter, written in that Stile, the Praiſe of which is Simplicity, may be uſeful to that Part of the Word who are never quite drunk or ſober, but go to Bed mellow every Night. I believe, as it is written by a Vintner, he deſigned it particularly for the Uſe of ſome good Club that uſe his Houſe, and whom he fears might be ſucceeded by a more temperate Generation, if they ſhould drop off; beſides that, it is remarkable, Sets of Tipplers go faſt one after another, when one of their Number is taken from among them.

To the READER.

SIR,

'THE Love which by your Paper you
'ſeem to have for your Country,
'gives a good Example for others to fo!-
'low, and prompts me, in particular, to
'repreſent to you a Converſation I have
'had

'had of late, in which ſome things paſſed,
'which, I think, are not improper to be
'communicated to the *Engliſh* Reader.

'I live in a Part of *Great Britain* which
'has formerly traded much to *France*,
'*Spain*, and *Portugal*, and in a Town
'where we have (notwithſtanding all the
'Contraſts occaſioned by Elections) ſtill
'ſo much Humanity left among ſome of
'us, as to meet now and then at a Ta-
'vern.

'NOT long ſince ſome of our Mer-
'chants, having their Doctor with them,
'meeting there, the Maſter of the Houſe,
'according to Order, brought up one
'Bottle of *Claret*, and one of *Red-Port*,
'and aſſured the Company, upon his Ho-
'nour, they were both Neat, and Flowers
'in their Kind.

'YOU know, Sir, the Honour of this
'Sort of Men is very great when they are
'vending their own Goods; and that 'tis
'common with ſome of them to pawn
'their Salvation, after ſuch a manner as
'if they thought we had Reaſon to doubt
'them.

'WELL, Sir, a Glaſs of each Sort
'was drunk round to the Queen. The
'French Merchants in the Company lik-
'ed the Flavour of a Wine they had for-
'merly, with much Pleaſure, drank in
'that Country; but at the ſame time own-

'ed it was somewhat low, and not so cor-
'dial as heretofore in *France*. To which
'it was replied, That this was the Effect
'of their Age, (which wanted a stronger
'Liquor) and not of the Wine which they
'now drank; and that, to take off this
'Inconveniency, the Quantity should be
'enlarged, and instead of one Bottle
'apiece they should drink two.

'THE Vintner, who stood by, smil-
'ed at this, and could not forbear saying,
'*That Gentleman was much in the Right,*
'*and he was of the same Opinion.*

'THE Doctor (who all this while
'seemed to amuse himself with his Pipe)
'being observed to prefer the *Port*, was
'desired to give his Opinion of these two
'Sorts of Wine in general: Upon which
'he reply'd, "Gentlemen, I will do it
"readily; but must, by way of Preface
"to my Discourse, desire only to know,
"whether you would drink Wine for Plea-
"sure or for Health? If you say for Plea-
"sure, I shall be apt to reply, You are
"then better Friends to the Men of my
"Profession, than to your selves and your
"own Families. I think it would be un-
"pardonable in me to advise any Man to
"drink or eat to his Prejudice. Which
"of these two Sorts of Wine, *Port* or
"*Bourdeaux*, is fittest for the common
"Draught of *England* will evidently ap-
"pear

" pear from the following Conſiderations.
" Let a Man drink of *Port*, it ſhall in a
" ſmall Quantity anſwer the Deſign of
" Wine, and neither injure his Pocket nor
" his Conſtitution. One, two, or three
" Glaſſes, at or after Dinner, and the like
" Quantity before he goes to Bed, makes
" him digeſt his Meat well, ſleep kindly,
" and wake refreſhed the next Morning.
" This Man has ſeldom any *ſoure Riſings*,
" or any *Sickneſs at Stomach* the next
" Day. Indeed, if he happens to drink
" to an Exceſs over Night, he may, from
" the Generoſity of the Liquor, complain
" of his Head, but rarely of his Stomach.
" It is a very rare thing to ſee a Man diſ-
" gorge after drinking good *Port Wine*;
" and when it does happen, it is ſcarce
" ever known to be with thoſe ill Symp-
" toms which often attend a Debauch on
" *Claret*. In the former Caſe, the Mat-
" ter thrown up is ſeldom *offenſive*; in the
" latter, little better than *Verjuice*. And
" for the Truth of this Obſervation, I ap-
" peal to all. the old ſtanch Drunkards of
" theſe two Sorts of Wine in Town and
" Country.

" AND now, Gentlemen, (to go on a
" little further in the Way of my Profeſſi-
" on, and build upon the Foundation I
" have laid) as you cannot but have heard,
" That many Chronical Diſtempers, and

" not a few of the Acute, do, in the O-
" pinion of the beſt Phyſicians, take their
" Riſe, in a great Degree, from *Indigeſti-*
" *on*, you cannot but allow, that where
" there is ſo much *Indigeſtion*, as of Courſe
" muſt follow from the drinking of *French*
" Wine habitually, the ill Effects of it
" muſt be very great: And accordingly
" we find, among the Topers of greateſt
" Reputation, who ſurvive thoſe who
" have been long dead-drunk, and are
" troubled with the *Gout*, *Stone*, *Rheu-*
" *matiſm*; much more of theſe Diſeaſes
" may, upon a fair Computation, be im-
" puted to *French*, than to *Portugal* Wine.

" BUT, *ſays a French Merchant then*
" *in Company*, do we not find by Experi-
" ence, that *French* Wine exhilerates be-
" yond all other Sorts imported into this
" Iſland? Do not our great Wits, and
" Men of the beſt Converſation, prefer it
" to all others? Are not deep Councils
" and great Diſpatches owing to this
" Wine? And is not the beſt Society
" chiefly kept up by it?

" SIR, *replied the Doctor with ſome-*
" *thing of Warmth*, I do not find but that
" Men among us who have drunk little
" or none of the *French Wines*, have had
" as mueh Wit, and Wiſdom too, as any
" of thoſe who have drunk moſt of them.
" Mr. *Shakeſpear*, I dare ſay, drank but

" little

" little *Claret*; old *Ben*'s Wine was *Cana-*
" *ry*; Mr. *Waller* was not fond of any
" Wine, only now and then (as I am cre-
" dibly informed) enough to waſh his Head
" and Temples with. There is no Man-
" ner of Doubt but that *Spain*, *Italy*, and
" *Greece* have produced as great Wits as
" any Nation in *Europe*; and is this ow-
" ing to *French Claret?* Did *Homer*, *Ari-*
" *ſtophanes*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Miguel*
" *de Cervantes* drink *French Claret?*

" BUT, Sir, (becauſe I will be eaſy to
" you in the Argument) grant that *French*
" *Wine* will make an Engliſhman chearful
" and pleaſant, and fit him to write a
" Song, a Poem, or a Play; or to tell his
" Story, and make his Addreſs with an
" Air extraordinary; is this an Argument
" why this Wine ſhould be made a *natio-*
" *nal Drink?* Let the Men of Wit have
" their Proportion of this Wine, (if they
" muſt have it) and take the Inconveni-
" ences of it; but ſhall we ſet up for a *Na-*
" *tion of Wits?* Let us endeavour at a lit-
" tle Diſcretion, and drink of ſuch Wines,
" in ſuch Proportions, and at ſuch Times,
" as ſhall anſwer the Deſign of this great
" Bleſſing to Mankind; that is, ſo as to
" make it moſt conducive to our Health;
" *which*, I poſitively aver, *in Engliſh Con-*
" *ſtitutions, generally ſpeaking, is better*

" *preſerved by a proper Uſe of* Portugal
" *than of* French *Wines.*

'THIS Argument of the Doctor's 'made the greater Impreſſion on the Com-'pany, for that we knew him to be no 'way concerned in Merchandize; and 'that, as his Age and Profeſſion had given 'him Opportunity to make Obſervations 'of the Matter he ſpoke of, ſo the entire 'Love he has for his Country will not 'ſuffer him to advance any Propoſition, 'which he thinks is not for the Good of 'it.

'SIR, I am the more ready to commu-'nicate to you the Sum of this Converſa-'tion, for that I remember about thirty 'Years ſince, when *London Claret* (as it 'was then called) was in Faſhion, the Ma-'ſter with whom I then lived in the City, 'with many others, made that Wine, by 'mixing *Bourdeaux* with Red of the *Spa-'niſh* Grape, which gave a Compoſition 'more grateful to the Palate, and leſs in-'jurious to the Stomach, than the *French 'Wine* was of it ſelf. Theſe Hands of 'mine have thus brewed many a Ton.

'I hope it may not be amiſs if I endea-'vour, as far as in me lies, to ſet forth in 'a proper Light *this great Errour in our 'Liquors*, and from good and undeniable 'Arguments beat down that *impetuous, 'humourſome, unreaſonable, overweening*

'Love

'Love for *Claret*, which, to the great 'Prejudice of the Engliſh Nation, does 'ſo much prevail among us; and ſhew 'that we act in this, as in too many o-'ther Particulars, *as if our Welfare and* '*Happineſs were the leaſt Part of our* '*Care.*

'I have heard a very experienced Vint-'ner ſay, That he had obſerved great Dif-'ference between the Tempers of his Cla-'ret and Port-Cuſtomers. The old Age 'of the Claret-Drinker is generally pee-'viſh and fretful; that of him who uſes 'Port calm, and at the worſt dull. The 'Blood of a Claret-Drinker grows Vine-'gar, that of your Port-man Mum. The 'Effect of Claret is to make Men reſtleſs, 'of Port to make them ſleepy. But Port, 'moderately uſed, had all the good Ef-'fects which can come from the beſt Cla-'ret, and none of the ill Effects which 'flow from the immoderate Uſe of it ſelf.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Ruburb Hearty.

N° 9. *Monday, May* 10.

——Nefas animam præferre pudori. Juv.

I Have found by following the Whiſpers of the Town, that my Paper *Numb.* 4. which bore at the top of it the ſame Piece of Latin which I have affixed to this, has very much revived a Sort of Feeling which for ſome time had been utterly loſt among many People, and is commonly called the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience. My Diſcourſe on that Day was taken from a Hint of *Machiavil*, and explained that State of Mind which that great Politician calls *Nonſenſe to the Conſcience.* The Deſcription I gave there is this, *Nonſenſe to the Conſcience is when the Party has arrived to ſuch a Diſregard to Reaſon and Truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it preſents it ſelf to him.* All the Impudent, to a Man, are Maſters of this great Qualification for riſing in the World. Whoever is the Author of the Paper called *The Weekly Packet*, let him look to it; for he has printed a Speech as if ſpoken by his *Sicilian* Majeſty, which begins with a Paragraph

graph in the moſt ſublime Degree formed from Nonſenſe of Conſcience. The ſaid Packet of *April* the 24th has it thus:

Sicily.

'ON the 22d of *March*, the States of 'Sicily met, and the King being ſeated 'on the Throne, made the following 'Speech to them.

'THE ardent Deſire we had to pro-'vide for the Neceſſities and Ad-'vantage of this faithful Kingdom, the 'Dominion whereof we acknowledge 'we have received at the Hand of 'God, made us very willingly diſregard, 'not only the Difficulties of the Voyage, 'but alſo all the other Motives, which the 'Condition of the reſt of our Dominions 'might have furniſhed for inducing us to 'retard our Coming, and defer the Satis-'faction we have in this Aſſembly.

'OUR Pleaſure of ſeeing the Repre-'ſentatives of the Kingdom here aſſem-'bled, is ſo much the greater, in that we 'have found you full of Zeal and Affecti-'on towards us, and convinced of the 'Aſſurance you ought to have of being 'look'd upon with a Fatherly Love.

IT is certain this was never ſpoken, for if it had, it had been the moſt ſolemn Ban-

ter

ter that ever was put upon any Aſſembly of People. All the World knows that the Contingences in the Intereſts of *European* Princes produced that Alotment of Empire to the Duke of *Savoy*; and no Man can ſuppoſe that a Prince of his good Underſtanding, without regard to Facts ſo notoriouſly known, would ſlap-daſh put his *Divine Right and fatherly Love* upon a Crowd of reaſonable Creatures, who knew well enough who made him their King, and that he was become their Father without their Adoption. No Man ſhall make me believe this Speech was ever ſpoken; for if it had, it had been a Stroak of Paſſive Obedience in the Subject to the Divine Right of *Sicily*, not to have laughed out in the Preſence of their new-made Monarch. There is ſomething ſo great in the Nature of Men, that they are not to be ruled but upon the Principles of Reaſon and Juſtice, and Abſolute Power cannot poſſibly ſubſiſt without the Extirpation of Arts and Sciences, without the ſtricteſt Adminiſtration of Juſtice, to which if a Monarch ties himſelf, it is for his Eaſe and Glory to govern by Laws of his Peoples own making. All Demagogues keep themſelves in Faſhion by the Force of Nonſenſe to the Conſcience; but Politicians know they are undone when they are reduced to it. Shame and Confuſion for hard Uſage of their Fellow-

low-Creatures, ariſing from a Deference they owe to them as rational, would diſable their Progreſs upon any manifeſt falſe Step in which they ſhould be detected. But *Demagogues* are never confounded by their Errours, but from their Nonſenſe of Conſcience go on in committing more under the manifeſt Diſlike of all the World, and are inſenſible of any thing that is criminal which paſſes with Impunity. Men of ſuch coarſe and inſenſible Spirits, can fancy themſelves in an happy Condition as long as they can deceive the Vulgar; and would prefer a Power over a Crowd of *Barbarians*, to the Applauſe and Approbation of a few polite *Athenians*.

FROM this Nonſenſe of Conſcience proceed all the Evils which can poſſibly betide Mankind; for it naturally brings Men to be ſatisfied with Appearances inſtead of Things, and is apt to make an ill Man believe that he is not wicked, becauſe no body dares tell him he is ſo. For this Reaſon I have done an Act of Charity, by ſending a Couple of Letters to two certain Perſons by Meſſengers who were very proper to carry them. If the Gentlemen concerned will read them, it may be of very great Uſe; if not, I have done my Duty, and they are ſafe by their Impregnable Armour, the Nonſenſe of Conſcience. One of theſe Epiſtles I have ſent

by

by the *Examiner*, the other by the *Monitor*. The firſt is as follows.

'I Am told there is of late ſuch a Liber-
' ty taken in opening Letters, that I
' would not ſend this by any but the Bearer,
' who loves you at his Soul, and has ha-
' zarded it for your Service. The enclo-
' ſed, called *a Letter to the* Examiner, is
' what you ought to give him Inſtructions
' to anſwer, and not deſert the poor Man,
' who has done nothing but repeated the
' Word Faction for ſome Weeks laſt paſt.
' The Writer of the Letter bids him ex-
' amine the Methods of negotiating the
' Peace by the 8th Article of the Grand
' Alliance; and deſires him to ſhew, That
' the Part acted in the Field, while the
' Peace was tranſacting, was the moſt effe-
' ctual way to ſecond what was doing at
' *Utrecht*.

' THAT the Scheme of a general
' Peace agreed between us and *France*, is
' better than that deſigned by the Prelimi-
' naries of 1709.

' THAT the Peace was general at the
' Time we ſign'd.

' THAT the ſettling of the Spaniſh
' Monarchy in the Houſe of *Bourbon*, is
' no Addition of Strength and Power to
' *France*.

' THAT

'THAT it can be no Prejudice to 'us, that *France* is permitted to trade to 'the *West-Indies*, which they never were 'before.

'THAT it would have been the ſame 'thing to the Trade of *Great Britain*, to 'whomever *Spain* and the *Indies* had been 'given.

'THAT King *Philip* will not favour '*France* more than *England*, nor the '*French* underſell us in their Markets.

'THAT *Portugal* is in no Danger 'of becoming a Province to *Spain*.

'THAT the *Catalans* are not an un-'fortunate People from their Adherence 'to the common Cauſe.

'THAT the Method taken in the 'Demolition of *Dunkirk* agrees with the 'Letter of the Treaty.

'HE adds abundance of other Queſti-'ons, which he knows in his own Con-'ſcience need no Anſwer, the Juſtice of 'what he excepts againſt being viſible to 'all the World. But however, ſince there 'are ſome ſpecious odd Inſinuations in 'the Book, I beg of you to ſpeak intelli-'gibly to the Bearer, and furniſh him with 'Anſwers; otherwiſe the Man muſt go 'on in an empty Triumph, from the Non-'ſenſe of Conſcience, which renders him 'unable to do you any further Service, to 'the great Grief of all your Well-wiſhers,

'who

‘ who are enumerated in the following
‘ Blank.

MY ſecond Letter, carried by the *Monitor*, is as follows.

‘ THE Bearer I ſend to you, becauſe I
‘ know you have a Reſpect for one
‘ of the Perſons concerned in his follow-
‘ ing Expreſſion in the *Monitor* of *Satur-*
‘ *day*. *Fears and Apprehenſions of remote*
‘ *Slavery, and of a contemptible deſtitute*
‘ Pretender, *are contrary to all Reaſon.*
‘ This is plain Diſreſpect to the Duke of
‘ *Lorain*, to call a Man deſtitute and con-
‘ temptible who is under his Protection.
‘ Juſt after the Pardon granted to Mr. *Bed-*
‘ *ford*, he has the Impudence to arraign
‘ Her Majeſty of being guilty of Mercy
‘ to a Fault, in theſe Words; *This Nati-*
‘ *tion is at preſent under the Bleſſing of a*
‘ *Pacifick Reign, under a Queen whoſe*
‘ *perſonal Behaviour is untainted with*
‘ *Crime* (*except that of too much Clemency*)
‘ *a Queen who is a Pattern of Virtue and*
‘ *Piety*.

‘ I hope you will take the proper Me-
‘ thods for doing Juſtice in this Caſe, by
‘ ſending the Bearer to the Stocks; for

‘ being

'being exalted to publick View and a 'higher Pedeſtal, is a Diſtinction which 'he has known already; and is ſo little 'the better for it, that he calumniates the 'Clemency which he has ſince known by 'a Pardon for *ſubſequent Offences.*

'IF you, who are a Juſtice of Peace, 'let theſe things paſs, I can only ſay with 'Mr. *Bays, I'll write no more.*



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LOVER.

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